

. T H E
NEW-TEA-TABLE
MISCELLANY.

A
C O L L E C T I O N
O F

Three hundred and nineteen of the
most Celebrated.

SCOTS and ENGLISH
S O N G S,

Collected from

The TEA-TABLE	PHOENIX.
MISCELLANY.	And
The CHARMER.	ORPHIUS.

G L A S G O W,

Printed by JAMES KNOX, and sold at his
Shop in the Salt-mercato opposite to Gib-
son's Land. M DCC LII.

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I N D E X.

Beginning with the first letter
of every SONG.

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(II)
A CHOICE
COLLECTION
OF
SONGS.

A SONG.

DEAR Chloe, while thus beyond measure
You treat me with doubts and disdain,
You rob all your youth of its pleasure,
And hoard up an old age of pain.
Your maxim, That love is still founded
On charms that will quickly decay,
You'll find to be very ill grounded,
Whence once you its dictates obey.

The love that from beauty is drawn,
By kindness you ought to improve.
Soft looks and gay smiles are the dawn,
Fruition's the sun-shine of love.
And though the bright beams of your eyes
Were clouded, that now are so gay,
And darkness obscure all the skies,
We ne'er can forget it was day.

Old Darby, with Joan by his side,
You have often regarded with wonder.
He's dropical, she is dim-ey'd,
Yet they're ever uneasy asunder.
Together they totter about,
Or sit in the sun at the door;
And at night when old Darby's pot's out.
His Joan will not smoke a whiff more,

(12)

No beauty nor wit they possess,
Their several failings to cover.
Then what are the charms, can you guess,
That make them so fond of each other?
'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,
The endearments that youth did bestow,
The thoughts of past pleasure and truth,
The best of our blessings below.

Those traces for ever will last,
Nor sickness nor time can remove :
For when youth and beauty are past,
And age brings the winter of love,
A friendship insensibly grows,
By reviews of such raptures as these ;
The current of fondness still flows,
Which decrepit old age cannot freeze,

S O N G.

Tune, I wish my love were in a mire.

BElinda, see, from yonder flowers,
The bees flies loaded to its cell ;
Can you perceive what it devours ?
Are they impair'd in show or smell ?

So, though I robb'd you of a kiss,
Sweeter than their ambrosial dew ;
Why are you angry at my bliss ?
Has it at all impoverish'd you ?

'Tis by this cunning I contrive,
In spite of your unkind reserve,
To keep my famish'd love alive,
Which you inhumanly would starve.

The

The COBLE.

OF all the vessels on the sea,
 The coble is the best ;
 Where we may sail from dangers free,
 And with our mates be blest,
As a fishing we do go, do go,
As a fishing we do go.

Here love our only pilot is ;
 Our compass is the heart ;
 That touch'd, points strongly to our bliss;
 Nor knows the varying art,
As a fishing we do go, &c.

Our stars are all the brightest eyes,
 Where brightest eyes prevail ;
 Our winds are captive lovers sighs,
 Which gently swell our sail,
As a fishing we do go, &c.

Our colours are the white and red,
 On modest cheeks that glow ;
 Our streamers are the tresses spread
 On necks of softest snow,
As a fishing we do go, &c.

Fitted thus for social pleasure,
 We pass the day in sport ;
 And at night with beauty's treasure,
 Steer, glad, to Hymen's port ;
Where an anchoring we do go, do go,
Where an anchoring we do go.

A lesson for a COQUET. A song.

WHen a nymph at her toilet has spent the whole
 To shine in brocade at a ball or the play, (day,
 Her rival the butterfly, vain to excess,
 May be justly more proud, if there's merit in dress.
 The purple and gold in his plumage display'd.
 Than velvet's more soft, and more gay than brocade.
 But, with all this advantage of dress, you may see
 That the butterfly still is less lov'd than the bee.

B

For

For the bee, though he shines with no purple and gold,
 We provide a good lodging to fence from the cold :
 For his honey we love him, altho' he will sting,
 And despise the gay insects that flutter and sing.
 And hence the coquet this plain lesson may find,
 " That the useful alone are the lov'd of mankind."
 Let the foolish and vain at the toilet still vie,
 In a fruitless endeavour to rival a fly;
 Which, if they cou'd do, like the fly, for a day,
 By fools they'd be play'd with, and then thrown away.
 Let me, like the bee, ev'ry moment improve,
 And merit a love which no time shall remove.

The SPARROW and DIAMOND. A song.

I Lately saw, what now I sing,
 Fair Lucia's hand display'd;
 This finger grac'd a diamond ring,
 On that a sparrow play'd.
 The feather'd play-thing the carest,
 She stroak'd its head and wings;
 And while it nestled on her breast,
 She lisp'd the dearest things.
 With chizzel bill a spark ill set
 He loosen'd from the rest,
 And swallow'd down to grind his meat,
 The easier to digest.
 She seiz'd his bill with wild affright,
 Her diamond to descry:
 'Twas gone! she sicken'd at the sight,
 Moaning her bird wou'd die.
 The tongue-ty'd knocker none might use,
 The curtains none undraw,
 The footmen went without their shoes,
 The street was laid with straw.
 The doctor us'd his oily art,
 Of strong emetic kind,
 Th' apothecary play'd his part,
 And engineer'd behind.

When

ple and gold,
in the cold :
will sting,
and sting.
may find,
of mankind, y'
still vie,
for a day,
hrown away.
prove,
remove.

A song.

When physic ceas'd to spend its store

To bring away the stone,

Dicky, like people given o'er,

Picks up, when let alone.

His eyes dispell'd their sickly dews,

He peck'd behind his wing;

Lucia recov'ring at the news,

Relapses for the ring.

Mean while within her beauteous breast

Two diff'rent passions strove;

When Av'rice ended the contest,

And triumph'd over Love.

Poor little, pretty, fluttering thing,

Thy pains the sex display,

Who, only to repair a ring,

Cou'd take thy life away.

Drive Av'rice from your breasts, ye fair,

Monster of foulest mien;

Ye would not let it harbour there,

Cou'd but its form be seen.

It made a virgin put on guile,

Truth's image break her word,

A Lucia's face forbear to smile,

A Venus kill her bird.

The Perplexed Lovers.

Thomas loves Mary passing well;

And Mary she loves Harry;

Whilst Harry sighs for bonny Bell,

But finds his love miscarry.

For bonny Bell for Thomas burns,

Tho' Mary flights his passion;

So strangely freakish are the turns

Of human inclination.

As much as Mary, Thomas grieves;

Proud Hall despises Mary:

When

B 2

A

And all the flouts that Bell receives
From Tom, she vents on Harry.

Thus all, by turns, are woo'd and woo;
No turtles can be truer;
Each love the object they pursue,
But hate the kind pursuer.

Molly gave Hall a wreath of flowers;
Which he, in amorous folly,
Consign'd to Bell; and, in few hours,
It came again to Molly.

If one of all the four has frown'd,
You ne'er saw people grummer;
If one has smil'd, it catches round,
And all are in good humour.

Then, lovers, from this lesson learn,
Throughout the British nation,
How much 'tis every one's concern
To smile a reformation.

And still, thro' life, pursue this rule,
Whatever object strikes you,
Behave with complaisance to all,
That she you love may like you.

A S O N G.

O How could I venture to love one like thee,
Or thou not despise a poor conquest like me!
On Lords thy admirers could look with disdain,
And tho' I was nothing, yet pity my pain!
You said, when they teaz'd you with nonsense and
When real the passion, the vanity's less; (drefs,
You saw thro' that silence which others despise,
And while beaux were prating, read love in my eyes.
Oh! where is the nymph that like thee ne'er can cloy,
Whose wit can enliven the dull pause of joy;
And when the sweet transport is all at an end,
From *beautiful mistress* turn *sensible friend*!
When I see thee I love thee, but hearing adore,
I wonder, and think you a woman no more;

Till

Till mad with admiring I cannot contain,
 And kissing those lips find you woman again.
 In all that I write I'll thy judgment require,
 Thy taste shall correct what thy love did inspire;
 I'll kiss thee, and press thee, till youth is all o'er,
 And then live on friendship when passion's no more.

The frugal Maid.

I.

I Am a poor maiden forsaken,
 Yet I bear a contented mind;
 I am a poor maiden forsaken,
 Yet I'll find another more kind:
For altho' I be forsaken,
 Yet this I would have you to know,
I ne'er was so ill provided,
 But I'd two'r three strings to my bow

II.

I own that once I lov'd him,
 But his scorn I could never endure;
Nor yet that height of perfection,
 For his flights to love him the more.
I own he was very engaging,
 Yet this I would have you to know,
I ne'er was so ill provided,
 But I'd two'r three strings to my bow.

III.

Ye maidens who hear of my ditty,
 And are unto loving inclin'd,
Mens minds they are subject to changing,
 And wavering like the wind;
Each object creates a new fancy:
 Then this I would have you to do;
Be easy and free, take pattern by me,
 And keep two'r three strings to your bow.

M A S O N S S O N G.

Tune, *Leave off your foolish prattling.*

I.

WE have no idle prattling,
 Of either Whig or Tory; **B₃** But

But each agrees
To live at ease,
And sing, or tell a story.

CHORUS.

*Fill to him to the brim ;
Let it round the table roll ;
The divine tells you, wine
Cheers the body and the soul.*

II.

We will be men of pleasure,
Despising pride or party ;
Whilst knaves and fools
Prescribe us rules,
We are sincere and hearty,
Fill to him, &c.

III.

If any are so foolish,
To whin for courtiers favour,
We'll bind him o'er
To drink no more
Till he has a better flavour.
Fill to him, &c.

IV.

If an accepted mason
Should talk of high and low church,
We'll set him down
A shallow crown,
And understanding no church.
Fill to him, &c.

V.

The world is all in darkness ;
About us they conjecture ;
But little think
A song and drink
Succeeds the mason's lecture.
Fill to him, &c.

VI.

Then, landlord, bring a hog'shead,
And in the corner place it ;
'Till it rebound

With

With hollow sound,
Each mason here shall face it.
Fill to him, &c.

A good excuse for drinking.

UPBRAID me not, capricious fair
With drinking to excess;
I should not want to drown despair,
Were your indifference less.
Love me, my dear, and you shall find
When this excuse is gone,
That all my bleſs, when Chloe's kind,
Is fix'd on her alone.
The god of wine the victory
To beauty yields with joy;
For Bacchus only drinks like me,
When Ariadne's coy.

The MAGPY

I.

GOOD people, draw near,
A story ye's hear,
A story both pleasant and true;
Which happened of late,
And's not out of date;
I am going to tell it to you.

II.

It was of an old cobler,
Who ſoal'd shoes at Doubler,
And lov'd to drink the juice of good barely;
And then with his wife,
As dear as his life,
When drunk he lov'd for to parley.

III.

This cobler, they ſay,
Being drunk on a day,
His wife ſhe did murmur and chat;
This cobler, they ſay,

Did thrash her that day,
And cry'd, what a pox wad ye be at?

IV.

He had a magpye
That was very fly,
That used for to murmur and chat;
Who soon got the tone,
Before it was long,
Of, what a pox wad ye be at?

V.

And this magpye,
Who was so very fly,
He into a meeting-house gat;
And as the old parson
Was canting his lesson,
Cry'd, what a pox wad ye be at?

VI.

The parson, surpris'd,
Did lift up his eyes:
Now help us, pray, Father, in need;
For Satan's fear
Does visit us here;
So help us, pray, Father, with speed.

VII.

The parson again
Began to explain
To those around him that sat;
But Magie i' deed
Flew over his head,
And cry'd, what a pox wad ye be at?

VIII.

Then the parson did skip,
Five yards at a leap,
From his pulpit quite down to the floor;
And left every faint,
Quite ready to faint,
Leaping out of the meeting-house door.

IX.

Then some without hats,
And some without hoods

Then

Then out of thee meeting-house gat;
 And Magie happ'd after,
 Which caused much laughter,
 Crying, what a pox wad ye be at?

X.

Then a sanctify'd soul,
 Who thought to controul,
 Look'd Magie quite full in the face,
 Said, Satan, how dare
 You thus to appear
 In this our sanctify'd place?

XI.

But Magie he pranc'd,
 He skip'd and he danc'd,
 And out of the meeting-house gat;
 And all the way long,
 He kept up his song,
 Of a, what a pox wad ye be at?

The Nurse's song.

Tune, Yellow Stockings.

I.

HHEY! my kitten, a kitten,
 Hey! my kitten, a deary;
 Such a sweet pett as this
 Is neither far nor neary:
 Here we go up, up, up;
 Here we go down, down, downy;
 Here we go backwards and forwards,
 And here we go round, round, roundy.

II.

Chicky, cockow, my lilly cock;
 See, see, sic a downy;
 Gallop a trot, trot, trot,
 And hey for Dublin towny.
 This pig went to the market.
 Squeek mouse, mouse, mousy;
 Shoe, shoe, shoe the wild colt,
 And hear thy own dol dousy.

Where

Where was a jewel and petty,
 Where was a sugar spicy;
 Hush a baba in a cradle,
 And well go abroad in a tricy;
 Did-a papa torment it?
 Did-e vex his own baby? did-e?
 Hush a baba in a bosie;
 Take ous own sucky: did-e?

Goodmorrow, a pudding is broke;
 Slavers a thread o' crystal.
 Now the sweet posset comes up;
 Who said my child was pifs'd all?
 Come water my chickens, come, clock,
 Leave off, or he'll crawl you, he'll crawl you;
 Come, gie me your hand, and I'll beat him:
 Wha was it vexed my baby?

Where was a laugh and a craw?
 Where was, was, was a gigling honey
 Goody, good child shall be fed,
 But naughty child shall get nony.
 Get ye gone raw-head and bloody bones,
 Here is a child that won't fear ye.
 Come, pissy, pissy, my jewel,
 And ik, ik ay, my deary,

The Worth of Wine.

Tune, *Let's be jovial.*

'TIS wine that clears the understanding,
 Makes men learn'd withoutten books;
 It fits the general for commanding,
 And gives fogers fiercer looks.
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.

'Tis wine that gives a life to lovers,
 Heightens beauties of the fair;

Truth

Truth from falshood it discovers,
 Quickens joys, and conquers care,
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.

III.

Wine will set our souls on fire,
 Fit us for all glorious things ;
 When rais'd by Bacchus we aspire
 At flights above the reach of kings,
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.

IV,

Bring in bonny magnums plenty,
 Be each glass a bumper crown'd ;
 None to flinch till they be empty,
 And full fifty toasts gone round.
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.

Dunt, dunt, pittie, pattie.

Tune, Yellow-hair'd Laddie.

I.

ON Whitsunday morning
 I went to the fair,
 My yellow hair'd laddie
 Was selling his ware ;
 He gied me sick a blyth blink
 With his bonny black eye,
 And a dear blink, and a fair blink
 It was unto me.

II.

I wist not what ail'd me
 When my laddie came in,
 The little wee starnies
 Flew ay frae my een ;
 And the sweat it dropt down
 Frae my very eye-brie,
 And my heart play'd ay
 Dunt, dunt, dunt, pittie, pattie.

I wist not what ail'd me,
 When I went to my bed,
 I tossed and tumbled,
 And sleep frae me fled.
 Now its sleeping and waking
 He is ay in my eye,
 And my heart play'd ay
 Dunt, dunt, dunt, pittie, pattie.

JONNY FAA, *The Gypsie laddie.*

I.

THE gypsies came to our lord's gate,
 And wow but they sang sweetly ;
 They sang sae sweet, and sae very con pleat,
 That down came the fair lady.

II.

And she came tripping down the stair,
 And a' her maids before her ;
 As soon as they saw her well-far'd face,
 They coost the glammer o'er her.

III.

Gae tak frae me this gay mantle,
 And bring to me a plaidie,
 For if kith and kin and a' had sworn,
 I'll follow the gypsie laddie.

IV.

Yestreen I lay in a well-made bed.
 And my good lord beside me ;
 This night I'll ly in a tenant's barn,
 Whatever shall betide me.

V.

Come to your bed, says Jonny Faa,
 Oh come to your bed, my deary ;
 For I vow and I swear by the hilt of my sword,
 That your lord shall nae mair come near ye.

VI.

I'll go to bed to my Jonny Faa,
 And I'll go to bed to my deary ;

For

For I vow and swear by what past yestreen
That my lord shall nae mair come near me.

VII,

I'll mak a hap to my Jonny Faa,
And I'll make a hap to my deary,
And he's get a' the goat gaes round,
And my lord shall nae mair come near me.

VIII.

And when our lord came hame at e'en,
And speir'd for his fair lady,
The tane she cried, the other reply'd,
She's away with the gypsie laddie.

IX.

Gae saddle to me my black black steed,
Gae saddle and make him ready.
Before that I either eat or sleep.
I'll gae seek my fair lady.

X.

And we were fifteen well-made men.
Altho' we were nae bonny ;
And we were a' put down for aye,
A fair young wanton lady.

Sailors Song.

HOW happy are we,
Now the wind is abaft ;
And the bosson he pipes,
Hawl both our sheets aft.
Steady, steady, says the master,
It blows a fresh gale ;
We'll soon reach our port, boys,
If the wind does not fail.
Then drink about Tom,
Altho' the ship roll ;
Then drink about Tom,
Altho' the ship roll :
Well save our rich liquor,
We'll save, &c.

By slingin' our bowl.

C

ANDRO

ANDRO *and his cutty Gun*

BLYTH, blyth, blyth was she,
 Blyth was she butt and ben;
 And well she loo'd a Hawick gill,
 And leugh to see a tappit hen.
 She took me in, and set me down,
 And heght to keep me lawing free;
 But, cunning carling that she was,
 She gart me birle my bawbie.

II.

We loo'd the liquor well enough;
 But waes my heart my cash was done,
 Before that I had quench'd my drowth,
 And laith I was to pawn my shoon.
 When we had three times toom'd our stoup,
 And the niest chappin new begun,
 In started, to heeze up our hope,
 Young Andro with his cutty gun.

III.

The carling brought her kebbuck ben,
 With girdle-cakes well toasted brown,
 Well does the canny kimmer ken,
 They gar the feuds gae glibber down.
 We ca'd the bicker aft about;
 Till dawning we ne'er jee'd our bun:
 And ay the cleanest drinker out
 Was Andro with his cutty gun.

IV.

He did like ony mavis sing,
 And as I in his oxter fat,
 He ca'd me ay his bonny thing,
 And mony a sappy kiss I gat,
 I hae been east, I hae been west,
 I hae been far ayont the sun;
 But the blythest lad that e'er I saw,
 Was Andro with his cutty gun.

SONG

SONG

Tune, *Lillibullero.*

THE modes of the court so common are grown,
 That a true friend can hardly be met;
 Friendship for interest is but a loan,
 Which they let out for what they can get.
 'Tis true you find,
 Some friends so kind.
 Who will give you good counsel themselves to defend,
 In sorrowful ditty,
 They promise, they pity,
 But shift you for money, from friend to friend.

A SONG.

Tune, *An old woman cloathed in grey, &c.*

THROUGH all the employments of life,
 Each neighbour abuses his brother:
 Whore and rogue they call husband and wife,
 All professions be rogue one another;
 The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,
 The lawyer be-knaves the divine;
 And the statesman, because he's so great;
 Thinks his trade as honest as mine.

Meddlers out of Season.

I.

COME, lads, ne'er plague your heads
 With what is done in Spain,
 But leave to them
 Who are supreme,
 To settle peace again:
 Debating, prating, jumbling, grumbling,
 Pays no nation's debt;
 'Tis time must clear it,
 Just like claret,
 When it is on the fret.

C 2

II. Each

II.

Each one should mind his own,
 Not business of the state:
 This all we get.
 By meddling yet,
 More troubles to create,
 Our wrangling, jangling, clam'ring hamm'ring,
 But disturb the town;
 Such men of mettle,
 In a kettle,
 Make two holes for one.

III.

If you the dangers knew
 Of those that wear a crown,
 You'd scarce envy
 A state so high,
 But wisely use your own:
 Unsteady, giddy, busy, dizzy.
 With the dazling height;
 Yet daily stooping,
 Almost drooping
 Underneath the weight.

IV.

Low swains that range the plains,
 Their native freedom keep,
 Who yet command,
 With crook in hand,
 Their faithful dog and sheep:
 Their leisure, pleasure, sporting, courting,
 None but time deceive;
 Whilst Amaryllis,
 Jug and Phillis,
 Flow'ry garlands weave.

The Milking-Pail.

I.

YE nymphs and Silvan gods,
 That love green fields and woods,
 When

When spring newly born herself does adorn
 With flowers and blooming buds :
 Come sing in the praise, while flocks do graze.
 On yonder pleasant vale,
 Of those that chose to milk their ewes,
 And in cold dews with clouted shoes,
 To carry the milking-pail.

II.

You goddesses of the morn,
 With blushes you adorn,
 And take the fresh air, whilst linets prepare
 A consort on each green thorn :
 The black-bird and thrush, on every bush,
 And the charming nightingale,
 In merry vein, their throats do strain,
 To entertain the jolly train
 Of those of the milking-pail.

III.

When cold bleak winds do rore,
 And flowers will spring no more,
 The fields that were seen so pleasant and green
 With winter's all candid o'er
 See how the town lass looks with her white face,
 And her lips so deadly pale ?
 But it is not so with those that go
 Thro' frost and snow, with cheeks that glow,
 And carry the milking-pail.

IV.

The miss of courtly mold,
 Adorn'd with pearl and gold,
 With washes and paint her skin does so taint,
 She's wither'd before she's old .
 While she of commode puts on a cart load
 And with cushions plums her tail.
 What joys are found in rushy ground,
 Young, plump and round, nay sweet and sound,
 Of those of the milking-pail.

V.

When

You girls of Venus game,
 That venture health and fame,

In practising feats, with cold and heats,
 Makelovers grow blind and lame :
 If men were so wise to value the prize
 Of the wares most fit for the sale,
 What store of beaux would daub their clothes,
 To save a nose, by following of those
 Who carry the milking-pail ?

VI.

The country lad is free
 From fears and jealousy,
 Whilst upon the green he is often seen
 With his lass upon his knee ;
 With kisses most sweet he doth her so treat,
 And swears she'll never grow stale :
 But the London lass, in every place,
 With brazen face despises the grace
 Of those of the milking pail,

The fairest of her days.

I.

WHO'E'R beholds my Helen's face,
 And says not that good hap has she ;
 Who hears her speak, and tents her grace,
 Shall think nane ever spake but she.
*The short way to rebound her praise,
 She is the fairest of her days.*

II.

Who knows her wit, and not admires,
 He maun be deem'd devoid of skill :
 Her virtues kindle strong desires
 In them that think upon her still.
The short way, &c.

III.

Her red is like unto the rose
 Whase buds are opening to the sun,
 Her comely colours do disclose
 The first degree of ripeness won.
The short way, &c.

And

And with the red is mixt the whyte,
 Like to the sun or fair moon shine
 That does upon clear waters light,
 And makes the colour seem divine.
*The short way to resound her praise,
 She is the fairest of her days.*

Cast away Care.

I.

CARE away gae thou frae me,
 For I am no fit match for thee,
 Thou bereaves me of my wits,
 Wherefore I hate thy frantick fits:
 Therefore I will care no moir,
 Since that in cares comes no reistoir;
 But I will sing hey down a dee,
 And cast doilt care away frae me.

II.

If I want, I care to get,
 The moir I have, the moir I fret;
 Love I much, I care for moir,
 The moir I have I think I'm poor:
 Thus grief and care my mind opprefs,
 Nor wealth or wae gives no redress;
 Therefore I'll care no moir in vain,
 Since care has cost me meikle pain.

III.

Is not this world a sliddry ball?
 And thinks men strange to catch a fall?
 Does not the sea baith ebb and flow?
 And fortune's but a painted show.
 Why shou'd men take care or grief,
 Since that by these comes no relief?
 Some careful saw what careles reaps,
 And wasters ware what niggarts scrape,

IV.

Well then, ay learn to know thy self,
 And care not for this worldly pelf:
 Whether thy 'state be great or small,
 Give thanks to GOD whate'er befall,

And

Sac

Sae fall thou than ay live at ease,
 No sudden grief shall thee displease;
 Then mayst thou sing, hey down a dee,
 When thou hast cast all care frae thee.

The Invitation.

I.

COME, love, let's walk by yonder spring,
 Where we may hear the black-bird sing,
 The robin-red-breast and the thrush,
 And nightingale in thorny bush,
 The mavis sweetly caroling;
 This to my love, this to my love,
 Content will bring.

II.

See where the nymph, with all her train,
 Comes skipping through the park again,
 And in this grove she mean's to stay,
 At barley-breaks to sport and play;
 Where we may sit us down, and see
 Fair beauty mixt, fair beauty mixt
 With chastity.

III.

In yonder dale are finest flowers,
 With mony pleasant shady bowers,
 A purling brook, whose silver streams
 Are beautified with Phoebus's beams;
 Which iteal out-thro' the trees for fear,
 Because Diana, because Diana
 Bathes her there.

IV.

All her delight is as ye see,
 Thus way to sport, and here to be
 Delyting in this calour spring,
 Only to bathe herself therein,
 Until Acteon her espy'd;
 Then to the thicker, then to the thicker,
 Did she glyde.

And

And there by magick art she wrought,
 And in her heart she thus bethought
 With secret speed away to flee,
 And he a hart was turn'd to be ;
 Because he follow'd Diana's train,
 His life he lost, his life he lost,
 Her love to gain.

Slighted Love fair to bide.

I.

I Had a heart, but now I heartless gae ;
 I had a mind, but daily was oppress'd ;
 I had a friend that's now become my fae ;
 I had a will that now has freedom lost :
 What have I now ?
 Naithing I trow,
 But grief where I had joy :
 What am I than ?
 A heartless man :
 Could love me thus destroy !

I love, I serve ane whom I much regard,
 Yet for my love disdain is my reward.

II.

Where shall I gang to hide my weary face ?
 Where shall I find a place for my defence ?
 Where my true love remains the fittest place,
 Of all the earth that is my confidence.
 She is my heart
 'Till I depart :

Let her do what she list,
 I cannot mend,
 But still depend,
 And daily to insist,

To purchase love, if love my love deserve ;
 If not for love, let love my body starve.

III.

O lady fair ! whom I do honour most,
 Your name and fame within my breast I have :

Let

Let not my love and labour thus be lost,
 But still, in mind I pray thee to engrave,
 That I am true,
 And fall not rue
 Anew word that I have said :
 I am your man,
 Do what you can,
 When all these plays are plaid.
 Then save your ship unbroken on the sand,
 Since man and goods are all at your command.

The country Lass's ambition.

I.

WHAT tho' they call me country lass?
 I read it plainly in my glass,
 That for a dutchess I might pass :
 Oh ! could I see the day !
 Wou'd fortune but attend my call,
 At park, at play, at ring, and ball,
 I'd brave the proudest of them all,
 With a stand-by, clear the way.

II.

Surrounded by a crowd of beaux,
 With smart toupees, and powder'd clothes,
 At rivals I'll turn up my nose ;
 Oh ! could I see the day !
 I'll dart such glances from these eyes,
 Shall make some duke, or lord, my prize ;
 And then, oh ! how I'll ty rannize,
 With a stand-by, clear the way.

III.

Oh ! then for every new delight,
 For Equipage, and diamonds bright,
 Quadrille, and balls, and plays, all night :
 Oh ! could I see the day !
 Of love and joy I'd take my fill,
 The tedious hours of life to kill,
 In every thing I'd have my will,
 With a stand-by, clear the way.

Pet.

Petticoat wooing.

DEAR Colin, prevent my warm blushes,
 How can I speak without pain ?
 My eyes have oft told you their wishes :
 Why can't you the meaning explain ?

II.

My passion wou'd loose by expression,
 And you too might cruelly blame ;
 Then pray don't expect a confession
 Of what is too tender to name.

III.

Since yours is the province of speaking,
 How can you expect it from me ?
 Our wishes shou'd be in our keeping,
 Till you tell us what they shou'd be.

IV.

Then quickly why don't you discover ?
 Did your heart feel such tortures as mine,
 I need not tell over and over
 What I in my bosom confine.

COLIN'S Reply.

I.

GOOD madam, when ladies are willing,
 A man must needs look like a fool ;
 For me I wou'd not give a shilling
 For one that does love without rule.

II.

At least ye should wait for our offers,
 Not snatch like old maids in despair ;
 Had you liv'd to these years without proffers,
 Your sighs were all spent in the air.

III.

You shou'd leave us to guess by your blushing,
 And not tell the matter so plain ;
 'Tis ours to be writting and pushing,
 And yours to affect a disdain.

IV. But

But you're in a terrible taking,
By all the fond olgings I see;
The fruit that can fall without shaking
Indeed is too mellow for me.

CELIA and SABINA.

I.

THIRSI S, a young and am'rous swain,
Saw two, the beauties of the plain,
Who both his heart subdue:
Gay Celia's eyes were dazzling fair;
Sabina's easy shape and air,
With softer musick drew.

II.

He haunts the stream, he haunts the grove,
Lives in a fond romance of love,
And seems for each to die;
Till each a little spiteful grown,
Sabina Celia's shape ran down,
And she Sabina's eye.

III.

Their envy made the shepherd find
Those eyes that love could only blind;
So set the lover free,
No more he haunts the grove or stream.
Or, with a true love-knot or name,
Engraves a wounded tree.

IV.

Ah Celia! fly Sabina cry'd,
Tho' neither love, we're both deny'd,
Let either fix the dart.
Poor girl! says Celia, say no more;
That spite which broke his chains before,
Would break the other's heart.

The serious Lover.

I.

BELIEVE my sighs, my tears, my dear,
Relive the heart you've won

Be-

Believe
Or, J
You say,
At ev
Of all th
I ne'

My hea
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In love,
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If I fro
'Tis
He is b
Who
Who is

Believe my vows to you sincere,

Or, Jenny, I'm undone.

You say, I'm fickle, and apt to change

At every face that's new:

Of all the girls I ever saw,

I ne'er lov'd one but you.

II

My heart was like a lump of ice,

Till warm'd by your bright eye;

And then it kindled in a trice,

A flame that ne'er can die.

Then take and try me, you shall find

That I've a heart that's true;

Of all the girls I ever saw,

I ne'er lov'd one like you.

SILVIA to ALEXIS.

ALEXIS, how artless a lover!

How bashful and silly you grow!

In my eyes can you never discover

I mean yes when I often say no?

I mean, &c.

II

When you pine and you whine out your passion,

And only intreat for a kiss;

To be coy and deny is the fashion,

Alexis should ravish the bliss.

Alexis should, &c.

III

In love, as in war, 'tis but reason

To make some defence for the town:

To surrender without it were treason,

Before that the outworks were won.

Before that, &c.

IV.

If I frown, 'tis my blushes to cover,

'Tis for honour and modesty's sake;

He is but a pitiful lover

Who is foil'd by a single attack.

Who is, &c.

D

But

But when we by force are o'er power'd,
 The best and the bravest must yield;
 I am not to be won by a coward,
 Who hardly dares enter the field.
Who hardly, &c.

CUPID *mistaken.*

AS after noon, one summer's day,
 Venus stood bathing in a river,
 Cupid a shooting went that way,
 New strung his bow, and fill'd his quiver:
 With skill he chose his sharpest dart,
 With all his might his bow he drew,
 Swift to his beauteous parent's heart,
 The too well guided arrow flew.

II

I faint! I die! the goddess cry'd:
 O cruel! cou'dst thou find none other
 To wreak thy spleen on? parricide,
 Like Nero, thou hast slain thy mother!
 Poor Cupid, sobbing, scarce cou'd speak;
 Indeed, mamma, I did not know ye:
 Alas! how easy the mistake,
 I took you for your likeness Chloe.

Tell me, my Heart.

I.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
 Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
 I would approach, but dare nor move:
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

II.

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
 No other voice but her's can bear,
 No other wit but her's approve:
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

III

If she some other swain commend,
 Tho' I was once his fondest friend,
 That instant enemy I prove :
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

IV

When she is absent, I no more
 Delight in all that pleas'd before,
 The clearest spring, or shady grove :
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

V.

When arm'd with insolent disdain,
 She seem'd to triumph in my pain ;
 I strove to hate, but vainly strove :
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

Nought but Love.

I.

THE sun was sunk beneath the hill,
 The western clouds were lin'd with gold,
 The sky was clear, the winds were still,
 The flocks were pent within the fold ;
 When, from the silence of the grove,
 Poor Damon thus despair'd of love!

II.

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant rose
 From the bare rock, or oozy beach ;
 Who from each barren weed that grows
 Expects the grape, or blushing peach ;
 With equal faith may hope to find
 The truth of love in woman kind.

III.

I have no herds, no fleecy care,
 No fields that wave with golden grain,
 No pastures green, nor gardens fair,
 A maiden's venal heart to gain :
 Then all in vain my sighs must prove,
 For I, alas! have nought but love.

IV.

How wretched is the faithful youth,
 Since womens hearts are bought and sold?

They ask not vows of sacred truth,
 Whene'er they sigh, they sigh for gold.
 Gold can the frowns of scorn remove,
 But I, alas! have nought but love.

V.

To buy the gems of India's coast,
 What wealth, what treasure can suffice?
 Not all their shine can ever boast
 The living lustre of her eyes:
 For these the world too cheap would prove;
 But I, alas! have nought but love.

VI.

O Silvia! since nor gems, nor oar,
 Can with your brighter charms compare,
 Consider that I offer more,
 More seldom found, a soul sincere:
 Let riches meaner beauties move,
 Who pays thy worth, must pay in love.

*The Girl that's blyth and gay.*Tune, *Black Jack*.

OF all the girls in our town,
 Or black, or yellow, or fair, or brown,
 With their soft eyes, and faces so bright;
 Give me a girl that's blyth and gay,
 As warm as June, and as sweet as May,
 With her heart free, and faithful as light.
 What lovely couple then cou'd be
 So happy and so blest as we!
 On whom the sweetest joys wou'd smile,
 And all the cares of life beguile,
 Entranc'd in bliss each rapt'rous night.

The Rival.

I.

OF all the torment, all the care,
 By which our lives are curst,
 Of all the sorrows that we bear,

A Rival

A Rival is the worst,
 By partners in another kind
 Afflictions easier grow,
 In love alone we hate to find
 Companions in our woe.

II.

Silvia, for all the griefs you see
 Arising in my breast,
 I beg not that you'd pity me,
 Would you but slight the rest,
 Howe'er severe your rigours are,
 Alone with them I'd cope,
 I can endure my own despair,
 But not another's hope.

BELINDA.

WOULD fate to me Belinda give,
 With her alone I'd chuse to live,
 Variety I'd ne'er require,
 Nor a greater, nor a greater,
 No, a greater bliss desire.

II.

My charming nymph, if you can find
 Amongst the race of human kind,
 A man that loves you more than I,
 I'll resign you, I'll resign you,
 I'll resign you, tho' I die.

III.

Let my Belinda fill my arms,
 With all her beauty, all her charms;
 With scorn and pity I'd look down
 On the glories, on the glories,
 On the glories of a crown.

The Bottle preferr'd.

I.

PROUD woman, I scorn you,
 Brisk wine's my delight,

D 3.

I'll

I'll drink all the day,
And I'll revel all night.

II.

As great as a monarch,
The moments I pass,
The bottle's my globe,
And my scepter's the glass.

III.

The table's my throne,
And the tavern's my court,
The drawer's my subject,
And drinking's my sport.
Here's the chief of all joy,

IV.

Here's a mistress ne'er coy;
Dear cure of all sorrows,
And life of all bliss:
I'm a king when I hug you,
But more when I kiss.

*The Play of Love.**First Act.*

THE play of love is now begun,
And thus the actions do go on;
Strephon, enamour'd, courts the fair,
She hears him with a careless air,
And smiles to find him in love's snare.

Second Act.

The act tune play'd, they meet again,
Here pity moves her for her pain,
Which she evades with some pretence,
And thinks she may with love dispense,
But pants to hear a man of sense.

Third Act.

The third approach her lover makes,
She colours up whene'er he speaks;
But with feign'd slights she puts him by,
And faintly cries, she can't comply,
Altho' she gives her heart the ly.

Fourb;

Now the plot raises, he seems shy,
 As if some other fair he'd try;
 At which she swells with spleen and fear,
 Lest some more wise his love should share,
 Which yet no woman e'er can bear.

Fifth Act.

The last act now is wrought so high,
 That thus it crowns the lover's joy;
 She does no more his passion shun,
 He strait into her arms does run:
 The curtain falls, the play is done.

The modern Marriage Question.

HAPPY the world in that blest age,
 When beauty was not bought and sold,
 When the fair mind was uninflam'd
 With the mean thirst of baneful gold.
With the mean thirst, &c.

II.

Then the kind shepherd when he sigh'd,
 The swain, whose dog was all his wealth,
 Was not by cruel parents forc'd
 To breathe the am'rous vow by stealth.
To breathe, &c.

III.

Now the first question fathers ask,
 When for their girls fond lovers sue,
 is,—*What's the settlement you'll make?*
 You're poor!—*he flings the door at you.*
 You're poor! &c.

The wise Penitent.

Sung by Mr. GAY.

I.

DAPHNIS stood pensive in the shade,
 With arms across, and head reclin'd; Pale

Pale looks accus'd the cruel maid,
 And sighs reliev'd his love sick-mind:
 His tuneful pipe all broken lay,
 Looks, sighs, and actions seem'd to say,
 My Chloe is unkind.

II.

Why ring the woods with warbling throats?
 Ye larks, ye linnets, cease your strains;
 I faintly hear in your soft notes
 My Chloe's voice, that wakes my pains.
 But why should you your songs forbear?
 Your mates delight your songs to hear,
 But Chloe mine disdains.

III.

As thus he melancholy stood
 Dejected, as the lonely dove,
 Sweet sound broke gently thro' the wood,
 I feel a sound my heart-strings move:
 'Twas not the nightingale that sung;
 No, 'tis Chloe's sweeter tongue:
 Hark! hark! what says my love?

IV.

How simple is the nymph, she cries,
 Who trifles with her lover's pain?
 Nature still speaks in womenseyes,
 Our artful lips are made to feign.
 Oh Daphnis! Daphnis! 'twas my pride,
 'Twas not my heart thy love deny'd:
 Come back, dear youth, again.

V

At i' other day my hand he seiz'd,
 My blood with trickling motion flew,
 Sudden I put on looks displeas'd,
 And hasty from his hold withdrew:
 'Twas fear alone, thou simple swain;
 Then hadst thou press'd my hand again,
 My heart had yielded too.

VI.

'Tis true, thy tuneful reed I blam'd,
 That swell'd thy lip and rosy cheek;

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Think not thy skill in song defam'd,
 Thy lip should other pleasures seek.
 Much much thy musick I approve,
 Yet break thy pipe, for more I love
 Much more to hear thee speak.

VII.

My heart forbodes that I'm betray'd ;
 Daphnis, I fear, is ever gone !
 Last night with Delia's dog he play'd ;
 Love by such trifles first comes on.
 Now, now, dear shepherd, come away,
 My tongue would now my heart betray.
 Ah Chloe ! thou art won.

VIII.

The youth stept forth with hasty pace,
 And found where wishing Chloe lay ;
 Shame sudden lightned in her face,
 Confus'd, she knew not what to say :
 At last, in broken words, she cry'd,
 To morrow you in vain had try'd,
 But I am lost to day.

Buttery May.

I.

IN yonder town there wons a May,
 Snack and perfyte as can be ony,
 She is sae jimp, sae gamp, sae gay,
 Sae capernoytie, and sae bonny :
 She has been woo'd and loo'd by mony,
 But she was very ill to win ;
 She wadna hae him except he were bonny :
 Tho' he were ne'er so noble a kin.

II.

Her bonnynefs has been foreseen
 In ilka town baith far and near,
 And when she kirns her minny's kirn
 She rubs her face till it grows clear ;

But

But when her minny she did perceive

Sic great inlack amang the butter,
Shame fa' that filthy face of thine,

'Tis crish that gars your grunzie glitter.
*There's Dunkyson, Davyson, Robie Carniel,
The las with the petticoat dances right well,
Sing Stidrum, Stouthrum, Suthrom Stony,
Ann ye dance ony mair, wese tell mefs Johny.
Sing, &c.*

HODGE of the mill and buxome NELL.

I.

YOUNG Roger of the mill,
One morning very soon,
Put on his best apparel,
New hose and clouted shoon ;
And he a wooing came
To bonny buxome Nell,
Dear las, cries he, cou'dst fancy me,
I like thee wond'rous well.

II.

My horses I have drest,
And gi'en them corn and hay,
Put on my best apparel :
And having come this way,
Let's sit and chat a while
With thee, my bonny Nell,
Dear las, cries he, cou'dst fancy me,
I'll like thy person well.

III.

Young Roger, you're mistaken,
The damsel then reply'd,
I am not in such a haste
To be a plowman's bride ;
Know I then live in hopes
To marry a farmer's son :
If it be so, says Hodge, I'll go ;
Sweet mistress, I have done.

Your

Your horses you have drest,
Good Hodge, I heard you say,
Put on your best apparel ;
And being come this way,
Come sit and chat a while,
O no indeed, not I,
I'll neither wait, nor sit, nor prat,
I've other fish to fry.

NELL.

V.

Go take your farmer's son,
With all my honest heart :
What tho' my name be Roger,
That goes at plow and cart ?
I need not tarry long,
I soon may gain a wife ;
There's buxome Joan, it is well known
She loves me as her life.

VI.

Pray what of buxome Joan ?
Can't I please you as well ?
For she has ne'er a penny,
And I am buxome Nell ;
And I have fifty shillings.
The money made him smile :
Oh then, my dear, I'll draw a chair,
And chat with thee a while.

VII.

Within the space of half an hour
This couple a bargain struck,
Hoping that with their money
They both wou'd have good luck.
To your fifty I've forty,
With which a cow we'll buy ;
We'll join our hands in wedlock bands,
Then who but you and I ?

Your

Tarry

Tarry Woo.

I.

TARRY woo, tarry woo,
 Tarry woo is ill to spin,
 Card it well, card it well,
 Card it well e'er ye begin.
 When 'tis carded, row'd and spun,
 Then the work is hastens done ;
 But when woven, drest and clean,
 It may be cleading for a queen.

II.

Sing my bonny harmless sheep
 That feed upon the mountains steep,
 Bleating sweetly as ye go
 Through the winter's frost and snow.
 Hart and hynd, and fallow deer,
 No be haff sae useful are ;
 Frae kings to him that hads the plow
 Are all oblig'd to tarry woo.

III.

Up ye shepherds, dance and skip,
 O'er the hills and valleys trip,
 Sing up the praise of tarry woo,
 Sing the flocks that bear it too ;
 Harmless creatures without blame,
 That clead the back, and cram the wame,
 Keep us warm and hearty fou ;
 Leese me on the tarry woo.

IV.

How happy is a shepherd's life!
 Far frae courts, and free of strife,
 While the gimmers bleet and bae,
 And the lambkins answer mae :
 No such musick to his ear,
 Of thief or fox he has no fear ;
 Sturdy kent, and colly too,
 Well defend the tarry woo.

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He lives content and envies none,
 Not even a monarch on his throne,
 Tho' he the royal scepter sways,
 Has not sweeter holy days.
 Who'd be a king, can ony tell,
 When a shepherd sings sae well ;
 Sings sae well, and pays his due.
 With honest heart and tarry woo.

*Smirky Nan.*Tune, *Nannio.*

I

A H! woes me, poor Willy cry'd,
 See how I'm wasted to a span?
 My heart I lost, when first I spy'd
 The charming, lovely milk-maid Nan.
 I'm grown so weak, a gentle breeze
 Of dusky Roger's winnowing fan
 Would blow me o'er yon beachy trees,
 And all for thee, my smirky Nan.

II.

The ale-wife misses me of late,
 I us'd to take a hearty can ;
 But I can neither drink nor eat,
 Unless 'tis brew'd and bak'd by Nan.
 The baker makes the best of bread,
 The flower he takes, and leaves the bran ;
 The bran is every other maid,
 Compar'd with thee, my smirky Nan.

III.

But Dick of th' green, that nasty lown,
 Last Sunday to my mistress ran,
 He snatch'd a kiss : I knock'd him down,
 Which hugely pleas'd my smirky Nan.
 But hark ! the roaring foger comes,
 And rattles Tantara Taran,
 She leaves her cows for noisy drums,
 Woes me, I've lost my smirky Nan !

E

Ths

Ho

HAPPINESS

Tune, To all you ladies now at land.

I

MY dearest maid, since you desire
To know what I wou'd wish,
What store of wealth I would require
To gain true happiness;
This faithful inventory take
Of all that life can easy make.

II.

Here happy only are the few
Who wish to live at home,
Who never do extend their view
Beyond their small income,
An income which should ever be
The fruit of honest industry.

III.

A soul serene and free from fears,
With no contentions vex'd,
Nor yet with vain and anxious cares
To be at all perplex'd.
A body that's with health endow'd,
An open temper, yet not rude,

IV.

A heart that's always circumspect,
Unknowing to deceive,
Yet ever wisely can reflect,
Not easy to believe.
As to my dress, let it be plain,
Yet always neat without a stain.

V.

A cleanly hearth and chearful fire
To drive away the cold,
A moderate glass one would require
When merry tales are told:
The company of an easy friend,
My like in fortune and in mind.

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Some shelves of books of the right kind,
 For knowledge and delight,
 Not intricate, nor interlin'd
 With narrow party spite:
 A garden fair, to paint me clear
 Nature's gradations through the year.

VII.

To give true relish to delight,
 A chaste and chearful wife,
 With sweetest humour to unite
 Our hearts as long as life:
 Sound sleep, whose kind delusive turn,
 Shall join the evening to the morn.

VIII,

So would we live agreeably,
 And ever be content,
 To Providence ay thankful be
 For all those blessings lent.
 O sovereign power! but grant me this,
 No more I'll ask, no more I'll wish.

*Merry Beggars.**First Beggar.*

I Once was a poet at London,
 I kept my heart still full of glee;
 There's no man can say that I'm undone,
 For begging's no new trade to me.
Toll deroll, &c.

Second beggar.

I once was an attorney at law,
 And after a knight of the post;
 Give me a brisk wench and clean straw,
 And I value not who rules the roast.
Toll deroll, &c.

Third beggar.

Make room for a soldier in buff,
 Who valiantly strutted about,
 'Till he fancy'd the peace breaking off,

And then he most wisely fold out.
Toll deroll, &c.

Fourth beggar.

Here comes a courtier polite. Sir,
Who flatter'd my lord to his face;
Now railing is all his delight, Sir,
Because he mis'd getting a place,
Toll deroll, &c.

Fifth beggar,

I still am a merry gut-scrapers,
My heart never yet felt a qualm;
Tho' poor, I can frolick and vapour,
And sing any tune but a psalm.
Toll deroll, &c.

Sixth beggar.

I was a fanatical preacher,
I turn'd up my eyes when I pray'd;
But my hearers half-starv'd their teacher,
For they believ'd not one word that I said.
Toll deroll, &c.

First beggar.

Whoe'er would be merry and free,
Let him list, and from us he may learn;
In palaces who shall you see
Half so happy as we in a barn?
Toll deroll, &c.

CHORUS of all

Whoe'er wou'd be merry, &c.

Love, drink and debt.

I.

I have been in love, and in debt, and in drink,
These many and many a year;
And these are plagues enough I shou'd think
For any poor mortal to bear.
'Twas love made me fall into drink,
And drink made me fall into debt;
And tho' I have struggled and strove,
I cannot get out of them yet.

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There's nothing but money can cure me,
 And rid me of all my pain :
 'Twill pay all my debts,
 And remove all my lets ;
 And my mistress, that cannot endure me,
 Will love me, and love me again :
 Then then I shall fall to my loving & drinking again,

A love song in the modern Taste, by
Dr. SWIFT.

I.

FLUTT'RING spread thy purple pinions,
 Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart ;
 I a slave in thy dominions,
 Nature must give way to art.

II

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
 Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
 See my weary days consuming
 All beneath yon flowery rocks.

III.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping,
 Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth,
 Him the boar, in silence creeping,
 Gor'd with unrelating tooth.

IV.

Cynthia tune harmonious numbers,
 Fair discretion string the lyre,
 Sooth my ever waking numbers,
 Bright Apollo lend thy choir.

V.

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,
 Arm'd in adamantine chains,
 Lead me to the crystal mirrors
 Wat'ring soft Elysian plains.

VI.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
 Gilding my Aurelia's brows.

Morpheus hov'ring o'er my pillow.
Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII.

Melancholy, smooth meander
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry charlets crown'd :

VIII.

Thus when Philomela, drooping,
Softly seeks her silent mate ;
See the birds of Juno stooping :
Melody resigns to fate.

The Sailor's Rant.

HOW pleasant a sailor's life passes,
Who roams o'er the watery main?
No treasure he ever amasses,
But chearfully spends all his gain.
We're strangers to party and faction,
To honour and honesty true ;
And would not commit a bad action,
For power or profit in view.

CHORUS.

*Then why should we quarrel for riches,
Or any such glittering toy?
A light heart and a thin pair of breeches
Goes thorow the world, brave boy.*

II.

The world is a beautiful garden,
Enrich'd with the blessings of life,
The toiler with plenty rewarding,
Which plenty too often breeds strife.
When terrible tempests assail us,
And mountainous billows affright ;
No grandeur or wealth can avail us,
But skilful industry steers right.
Then why should, &c.

III.

The courtier's more subject to dangers,

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Who rules at the helm of the state,
 Than we, that to politicks are strangers
 Escape the snares laid for the great,
 The various blessings of nature,
 In various nations we try ;
 No mortal than us can be greater,
 Who merrily live till we dy.
 Then why should, &c.

The free Mason's Song.

I.

COME let us prepare,
 We brothers that are
 Assembled, on merry occasion :
 Let's drink, laugh and sing,
 Our wine has a spring ;
 Here's a health to an accepted mason.

II.

The world is in pain
 Our secret to gain,
 And still let them wonder and gaze on :
 They ne'er can divine
 The word, or the sign,
 Of a free and an accepted mason.

III.

'Tis this and 'tis that,
 They cannot tell what,
 Why so many great men of the nation
 Should aprons put on,
 To make themselves one
 With a free and an accepted mason.

IV.

Great kings, dukes and lords,
 Have laid by their swords,
 Our myst'ry to put a good grace on,
 And ne'er been asham'd
 To here themselves nam'd.
 With a free and an accepted mason

V.

Still firm to our trust,
 In friendship were just,

Our

Who

Our actions we guide by our reason :
 By observing this rule,
 The passions move cool
 Of a free and an accepted mason.

VI.

All idle debate,
 About church or the state,
 The springs of impiety and treason :
 These raisers of strife
 Ne'er ruffle the life.
 Of a free and an accepted mason.

VII.

Antiquity's pride
 We have on our side,
 Which adds high renown to our station :
 There's nought but what's good
 To be understood
 By a free and an accepted mason.

VIII

The clergy embrace,
 And all Aaron's race,
 Our square actions their knowledge to place on :
 And in each degree
 They'll honoured be
 With a free and an accepted mason.

IX

We're true and sincere
 In our love to the fair,
 Who will trust us on every occasion :
 No mortal can more
 The ladies adore
 Than a free and an accepted mason.

X.

Then join hand in hand,
 T'each other firm stand,
 Let's be merry and put a good face on :
 What mortal can boast
 So noble a toast
 As a free and an accepted mason?

The Fumblers Rant.

I,

COME carles a' of fumblers ha',
 And I will tell you of our fate,
 Since we have married wives that's braw,
 And canna please them when 'tis late :
 A pint we'll take, our hearts to chear ;
 What faults we have, our wives can tell :
 Gar bring us in baith ale and beer,
 The auldest bairn we hae's our sell.

II,

Christ'ning of weans we are redd off,
 The parish priest 'tis he can tell,
 We aw him nought but a gray groat,
 The off'ring for the house we dwell.
 Our bairns's tocher is a' paid,
 We're masters of the gear our sell ;
 Let either well or wae betide,
 Here's a health to a' the wive's that's yell

III.

Our nibour's auld son and the las,
 Into the barn amang the strae,
 He grips her in the dark beguess,
 And after that comes meikle wae.
 Repentance ay comes afterhin',
 It cost the carle baith corn and hay :
 We're quat of that with little din,
 Sic crosses haunt ne'er you nor I.

IV.

Now merry, merry may we be,
 When we think on our nibour Robie,
 The way the carle doe's we see,
 Wi' his auld son and daughter Maggy :
 Boots he maun hae, pistols, why not ;
 The hussy maun hae corkit shoon :
 We are no sae ; gar fill the pot,
 We'll drink to a the hours at e'en

Here's

Here's a health to John Mackay we'll drink,
 To Hughie, Andrew, Rob and Tam;
 We'll sit and drink, we'll 'nod and wink,
 It is o'er soon for us to gang.
 Foul fa the cock, he's spilt the play,
 And I do trow he's but a fool,
 We'll sit a while, 'tis lang to day,
 For a' the cocks they rave at Yeol.

VI.

Since we have met, we'll merry be,
 The foremast hame shall bear the mell;
 I'll set me down, lest I be fee,
 For fear that I shou'd bear't my sell,
 And I, quoth Rob, and down sat he,
 The gear shall never me out-ride,
 But we'll take a sowp of the barley-bree,
 And drink unto our yell fire-fide.

If e'er I do well, 'tis a wonder.

I.

WHEN I was a young lad,
 My fortune was bad;
 If e'er I do well, 'tis a wonder:
 I spent all my means
 On whores, bawds and queans:
 Then I got a commission to plunder.
Fall all de rall, &c.

II.

The hat I have on
 So greasy is grown,
 Remarkable 'tis for its shinning:
 'Tis stich'd all about
 Without button or loop,
 And never a bit of a lining.
Fall all de rall, &c.

III.

The coat I have on,
 So thread-bare is worn,
 So out at the armpits and elbows,

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That I look as absurd
 As a sailor on board,
 That has ly'n fifteen months in the bilbos.
Fall all de rall, &c.

V.

My shirt it is tore
 Both behind and before,
 The colour is much like a cinder;
 'Tis so thine and so fine,
 That it is my design
 To present it to the muses for tinder
Fall all de rall, &c.

V.

My blue fustain breeches
 Is wore to the stitches,
 My legs you may see what's between them;
 My pockets all four,
 I'm the son of a whore,
 If there's ever one farthing within them.
Fall all de rall, &c.

VI.

I have stockings, 'tis true,
 But the devil a shoe,
 I'm oblig'd to wear boots in all weather;
 Be damn'd the boot-sole,
 Curse on the spur-roll,
 Counfounded be the upper-leather.
Fall all de rall, &c.

VII.

Had ye then but seen
 The sad plight I was in,
 Ye'd not seen such a poet amongst twenty;
 I have nothing that's full,
 But my skirt and my scull,
 For my pocket and belly were empty.
Fall all de rall &c.

The bonny Earl of MURRAY.

That YE highlands and ye lawlands,
 Oh! where have you been?

They

They have slain the Earl of Murray,
And they lay'd him on the green!
They have, &c.

II.

Now wae be to thee, Huntly,
And wherefore did you sae?
I bade you bring him wi' you,
But forbade you him to slay.
I bade, &c.

II.

He was a braw gallant,
And he rid at the ring;
And the bonny Earl of Murray.
Oh! he might have been a king.
And the, &c.

IV.

He was a braw gallant,
And he play'd at the ba';
And the bonny Earl of Murray
Was the flower among them a'
And the, &c.

V.

He was a braw gallant,
And he play'd at the glove;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Oh! he was the queen's love.
And the, &c.

VI.

Oh! lang will his lady
Look o'er the castle down,
E'er she see the Earl of Murray,
Come sounding thro' the town.
E'er she, &c.

The Cobler.

A Cobler there was, and he liv'd in a stall,
Which serv'd him for parlour for kitchen & hall;
No coin in his pocket, no care in his pate,
No ambition had he, nor duns at his gate,
Derry down, down, down, derry down,

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II.

Contented he work'd, & he thought himself happy
If at night he cou'd purchase a cup of brown nappy ;
He'd laugh then and whistle, and sing too most sweet
Saying just to a hair I've made both ends meet.

Derry down, &c.

III.

But love the disturber of high and of low,
That shoots at the peasant as well as the beau,
He shot the poor cobbler quite thro' the heart,
I wish it had hit some more ignoble part.

Derry down, &c.

IV.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,
Where a buxom young damsel continually lay ;
Her eyes shone so bright when she rose every day,
That she shot the poor cobbler straight over the way.

Derry down, &c.

V.

He sung her love-songs as he sat at his work,
But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk :
When ever he spoke, she wou'd flounce, & wou'd tear,
Which put the poor cobbler quite into despair.

Derry down, &c.

VI.

He took up his awl, that he had in the world,
And to make away with himself was resolv'd,
He pierc'd thro' his body instead of the sole :
So the cobbler he dy'd, and the bell it did toll.

Derry down, &c.

SUSAN's Complaint and Remedy.

I.

AS down in the meadows I chanced to pass,
Oh ! there I beheld a young beautiful lass,
Her age, I am sure, it was scarcely fifteen,
And she on her head wore a garland of green :
Her lips were like rubies ; and as for her eyes
They spark'd like diamonds, or stars in the skies,

F

And

And as for her voice it was charming and clear,
And she sung a song for the loss of her dear.

II.

Why does my love Willy prove false and unkind
Ah ! why does he change like the wavering wind
From one that is loyal in ev'ry degree ?
Ah ! why does he change to another from me ?
Or does he take pleasure to torture me so ?
Or does he delight in my sad overthrow ?
Susannah will always prove true to her trust,
'Tis pity lov'd Willy shou'd prove so unjust,

III.

In the meadows as we were a making of hay,
There did we pass the soft minutes away ;
Then was I kiss'd, and set down on his knee,
No man in the world was so loving as he.
And as he went forth to harrow and plow,
I milk'd him sweet syllabubs under my cow :
O then I was kiss'd as I sat on his knee !
No man in the world was so loving as he.

IV.

But now he has left me ! and Fanny the fair
Employs all his wishes his thoughts and his care :
He kisses her lips as she sits on his knee,
And says all the sweet things he once said to me :
But if she believe him, the false hearted-swain
Will leave her, and then she with me may complain
For nought is more certain, believe silly Sue,
Who once has been faithless can never be true.

V.

She finish'd her song, and 'rose up to be gone,
When over the meadow came jolly young John,
Who told her that she was the joy of his life,
And if she'd consent he wou'd make her his wife :
She cou'd not refuse him, so to church thy went,
Young Willy's forgot, and young Susan's content.
Most men are like Willy, most women like Sue ;
If men will be false, why shou'd women be true ?

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LUCY and COLIN.

I.

OF Leister, fam'd for maidens fair,
 Bright Lucy was the grace ;
 Nor e'er did Liffy's limped stream
 Reflect so sweet a face :
 Till luckless love and pining care
 Impair'd her rosy hue,
 Her coral lips and damask cheeks,
 And eyes of glossy blue.

II.

Oh ! have you seen a lilly pale,
 When beating rains descend ?
 So droop'd the slow-consuming maid,
 Her life was near an end.
 By Lucy warn'd, of flatt'ring swains
 Take heed, ye easy fair,
 Of vengeance due to broken vows,
 Ye perjurd swains, beware.

III.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
 A bell was heard to ring ;
 And shreeking at her window thrice,
 The raven flap'd his wing :
 Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
 The solemn bodding sound,
 And thus in dying words bespoke,
 The virgins weeping round :

IV.

I hear a voice you cannot hear,
 ' Which says, I must not stay ;
 I see a hand you cannot see,
 ' Which beckons me away.
 By a false heart and broken vows,
 ' In early youth I die ;
 Was I to blame, because his bride
 ' Was thrice as rich as I ?

' Ah Colin! give not her thy vows,
 ' Vows due to me alone;
 ' Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
 ' Nor think him all thy own.
 ' To morrow in the church to wed,
 ' Impatient both prepare:
 ' But know, fond maid, and know false man,
 ' That Lucy will be there.

VI.

' Then bear my coarse, my comrades, bear,
 ' This bridegroom blyth to meet;
 ' He in his wedding-trim so gay,
 ' I in my winding-sheet.
 She spoke, she dy'd: her coarse was born,
 The bridegroom blyth to meet;
 He in his wedding-trim so gay,
 She in her winding-sheet.

VII.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts?
 How were these nuptials kept!
 The brides men flock'd round Lucy dead,
 And all the village wept.
 Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
 At once his bosom swell;
 The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
 He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

VIII.

From the vain bride (ah bride no more!)
 The varying crimson fled,
 When stretch'd before her rival's coarse,
 She saw her husband dead.
 Then to his Lucy's new made grave,
 Convey'd by trembling swains,
 One mold with her, beneath one sod,
 For ever now remains.

IX.

Oft at his grave, the constant hind,
 And plighted maids are seen;
 With garlands gay and true love knots
 They deck the sacred green.

But

But swain foresworn, whoe'er thou art,
 This hallow'd spot forbear ;
 Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
 And fear to meet him here.

Gently touch, &c.

I.

GENTLY touch the warbling lyre,
 Chloe seems inclin'd to rest,
 Fill her soul with fond desire,
 Softest notes will sooth her breast.
 Pleasing dreams assist in love,
 Let them all propitious prove.

II.

On the mossy bank she lyes,
 (Nature's verdant velvet-bed)
 Beauteous flowers meet her eyes,
 Forming pillows for her head.
 Zephyrs waft their odours round,
 And indulging whispers sound.

IMITATED.

I.

GENTLY stir and blow the fire,
 Lay the mutton down to roast :
 Get me, quick, 'tis my desire,
 In the dreeping-pan a toast,
 That my hunger may remove ;
 Mutton is the meat I love.

II.

On the dresser see it lyes :
 Oh the charming white and red !
 Finer meat ne'er met my eyes,
 On the sweetest grass it fed :
 Swiftly make the jack go round,
 Let me have it nicely brown'd.

III.

On the table spread the cloth,
 Let the knives be sharp and clean ;

Pickles get of every sort,
 And a sallad crisp and green :
 Then with small beer and sparkling wine,
 O ye gods ! how I shall dine.

On Masonry.

I.

BY Mason's art, the aspiring dome
 In various columns shall arise ;
 All climates are their native home,
 Their godlike actions reach the skies.
 Heroes and Kings revere their name,
 And Poets sing their deathless fame.

II.

Great, gen'rous, noble, wise and brave,
 Are titles they most justly claim ;
 Their deeds shall live beyond the grave,
 Which babes unborn shall loud proclaim ;
 Time shall their glorious acts inroll,
 Whilst love and friendship charm the soul.

The Toper's Petition.

I.

O Grant me, kind Bacchus,
 The god of the vine,
 Not a pipe nor a tun,
 But an ocean of wine,
 With a ship that's well man'd
 With such rare-hearted fellows,
 Who ne'er left the tavern
 For a portlerly ale-house.

II.

Let the ship spring a leak,
 To let in the tippie,
 Without pump or long-boat,
 To save ship or people :
 So that each jolly lad
 May always be bound,
 Or to drink, or to drink,
 Or to drink, or be drown'd.

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III.

When death does prevail,
 It is my design
 To be nobly intomb'd
 In a wave of good wine :
 So that living or dead,
 Both body and spirit,
 May float round the world.
 In an ocean of claret.

Bonny Barbara Allan.

I.

IT was in and about the Martinmas time,
 When the green leaves were a falling,
 That Sir John Graeme in the west country
 Fell in love with Barbara Allan.

II.

He sent his man down through the town,
 To the place where she was dwelling,
 O haste and come to my master dear,
 Gin ye be Barbara Allan.

III.

O hooly, hooly rose she up,
 To the place where he was lying,
 And when she drew the curtain by,
 Young man, I think you're dying.

IV.

O its I'm sick, and very very sick,
 And 'tis a' for Barbara Allan.
 O the better for me ye's never be,
 Tho' your heart's blood were a spilling.

V.

O dinna ye mind, young man, said she,
 When ye was in the tavern a drinking,
 That ye made the healths gae round and round,
 And slighted Barbara Allan.

VI.

He turn'd his face unto the wall,
 And death was with him dealing;

Adieu

When

Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
And be kind to Barbara Allan.

VII.

And slowly, slowly raise she up,
And slowly, slowly left him ;
And sighing, said, she cou'd not stay.
Since death of life hath rest him.

VIII.

She had not gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the dead-bell ringing,
And every jow that the dead-bell geid,
It cry'd, Woe to Barbara Allan.

IX.

O mother, mother, make my bed,
O make it fast and narrow.
Since my love died for me to day,
I'll die for him to morrow.

Bellaspelling

I.

ALL you that would refine your blood
As pure as sam'd Lewelling,
By water clear, come every year
And drink at Bellaspelling.
Tho' pox or itch your skin enrich
With rubies past the telling,
'Twill clear your skin, ere you have been
A month at Bellaspelling.

II.

Tho' ladies cheeks be green as leeks
When they come from their dwelling,
The kindling rose within them blows
While she's at Bellaspelling.
The suttie brown just come from town,
Grows here as fresh as Helen ;
Then back she goes to kill the beaus
By dint of Bellaspelling.

III.

Our ladies are as fresh and fair
As Ros's or bright Dunkelling.

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And Mars might make a fair mistake,
 Were he at Bellaspelling.
 We must submit as they think fit,
 And there is no rebelling;
 The reason's plain, our ladies reign
 Our queens at Bellaspelling.

IV.

By matchless charms and conquering arms,
 They have the way of quelling
 Such desperate foes, as dare oppose
 Their power at Bellaspelling.
 Cold water turns to fire and burns,
 I know't because I fell in
 The happy stream where a fair dame
 Did bathe at Bellaspelling.

V.

Fine beaus advance, equipt for dance,
 And bring their Anne and Nell in
 With so much grace, I'm sure no place
 Can vie with Bellaspelling.
 No politicks, or subtiler tricks,
 No man his country selling;
 We eat and drink, and never think,
 Like rogues at Bellaspelling.

VI.

The pain'd in mind, the puff'd with wind,
 They all come here pell-mell in,
 And they are sure to find a cure
 By drinking Bellaspelling.
 Tho' dropsy fill you to the gill,
 From chin to toe high swelling,
 Pour in, pour out, you need not doubt
 A cure at Bellaspelling.

VII.

Death throws no darts in these good parts,
 No sextons here are knelling:
 Come judge and try, you'll never die
 While you're at Bellaspelling;
 Except you feel darts tip'd with steel,
 Which here are every belle in,

When

When from their eyes sweet ruin flies,
You die at Bellaspelling.

VIII.

Good cheer, good air, much joy, no care,
Your sight, your taste and sinelling,
Your ears, your touch, transported much
Each day at Bellaspelling.

Within this bound we all sleep found,
No noisy dogs are yelling,
Except you wake for Celia's sake
All night at Bellaspelling.

IX.

Here all you see, both he and she,
No lady keeps her cell in,
But all partake the mirth we make,
Who live at Bellaspelling.
My rhyme is gone, I think I've done,
Unless I shou'd bring hell in;
But since we're here to heav'n so near,
I can't at Bellaspelling.

O my heavy heart !

Tune of, *The Broom of Cowdenknows.*

I.

O My heart, my heavy, heavy heart,
Swells as't won'd burst in twain !
No tongue can e'er describe its smart ;
Nor I conceal its pain.

II.

Blow on ye winds, descend soft rains,
To sooth my tender grief :
Your solemn musick lulls my pain,
And yields me short relief.
O my heart, &c.

III.

In some lone corner would I sit,
Retired from human kind ;
Since mirth, nor show, nor sparkling wit,
Can ease my anxious mind.
O my heart, &c.

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IV.

The sun which makes all nature gay,
 Torments my weary eyes,
 And in dark shades I pass the day,
 Where echoe sleeping lyes.
O my heart, &c.

V.

The sparking stars which gayly shine,
 And glittering deck the night,
 Are all such cruel foes of mine,
 I sicken at their sight.
O my heart, &c.

VI.

The gods themselves their creatures love,
 Who do their aid implore ;
 O learn of them, and bless the nymph
 Who only you adore.
O my heart, &c.

VII.

The strongest passion of the mind,
 The greatest bliss we know,
 Arises from successful love,
 If not the greatest woe.
O my heart, &c.

Kind ROBIN lo'es me.

ROBIN.

WHILST I alone your soul possesst,
 And none more lov'd your bosom prest,
 Ye gods, what king like me was blest,
 When kind Jeany lo'ed me !
 Hey ho Jeany, quoth he,
 Kind Robin lo'es thee.

JEANY.

Whilst you ador'd no other fair,
 Nor Kate with me your heart did share,
 What queen with Jeany cou'd compare,
 When kind Robin lo'ed me !
 Hey ho Robin, &c.

ROBIN.

ROBIN.

Katy now commands my heart,
 Kate who sings with so much art,
 Whose life to save with mine I'd part ;
 For kind Katy lo'es me.
Hey ho Jeany, &c.

JEANY.

Paty now delights mine eyes,
 He with equal ardour dies,
 Whose life to save I'd perish twice :
 For kind Paty lo'es me.
Hey ho Robin, &c.

ROBIN.

What if I Kate for thee disdain,
 And former love return again,
 To link us in the strongest chain ;
 For kind Robin lo'es me.
Hey ho Jeany, &c.

JEANY.

Tho' Paty's kind as kind can be,
 And thou more stormy than the sea,
 I'd chuse to live and die with thee,
 If kind Robin lo'es me.
Hey ho Robin, &c.

Watty and Madge.

An imitation of William and Margaret,

I.

T WAS at the shining mid-day hour,
 When all began to gaunt,
 That hunger rugg'd at Watty's breast,
 And the poor lad grow faint.

II.

His face was like a bacon ham
 That lang in reek had hung,
 And horn hard was his tawny hand
 That held his hazel-rung.

III.

So wad the fastest face appear

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Of the maist dressy spark,
And such the hands that lords wad hae,
Were they kept close at wark.

IV.

His head was like a heathery bush
Beneath his bonnet blew,
On his braid cheeks, frae lug to lug,
His bairdy bristles grew.

V.

But hunger, like a gnawing worm,
Gade rumbling through his kyte,
And nothing now but solid gear
Cou'd give his heart delyte.

VI.

He to the kitchen ran with speed,
To his lov'd Madge he ran,
Sunk down into the chimney-nook
With visage fowr and wan.

VII.

Get up, he cryes, my crishy love,
Support my sinking faul
With something that is fit to chew,
Be't either het or caul,

VIII.

This is the how and hungry hour,
When the best cures for grief
Are Cogue-fous of the lythy kail,
And a good junt of beef.

IX.

Oh Watty, Watty, Madge replies,
I but o'er justly trow'd
Your love was thowless, and that ye
For cake and pudding woo'd.

X.

Bethink thee, Watty, on that night,
When all were fast asleep,
How ye kiss'd me frae cheek to cheek,
Now leave these cheeks to dreep.

XI.

How cou'd ye ca' my hurdies fat,

Of

G

And

And comfort of your sight ?
How cou'd ye roose my dimpled hand,
Now all my dimples slight ?

XII.

Why did you promise me a snood,
To bind my locks sae brown ?
Why did you me fine garters heght,
Yet let my hose fa' down ?

XIII.

O faithless Watty, think how aft
I ment your sarks and hose !
For you how many bannocks stown,
How many cogues of brose.

XIV.

But hark ! — the kail-bell rings, and I
Maun gae link aff the pot ;
Come see, ye hash, how fair I sweat,
To stegh your guts, ye sot.

XV.

The grace was said, the master serv'd,
Fat Madge return'd again,
Blyth Watty raise and rax'd himsell,
And sidg'd he was sae fain.

XVI.

He hy'd him to the savoury bench,
Where a warm haggies stood,
And gart his gooly through the bag
Let out its fat heart's blood.

XVII.

And thrice he cry'd, Come eat, dear Madge,
Of this delicious fare ;
Syne claw'd it aff most cleverly,
Till he could eat nae mair.

Were not my heart light, I wad die.

I.

THere was anes a May, and she loo'd na me
She biggit her bonny bower down in yon glen

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But now she crys dool ! and a well-a-day !
Come down the green gate, and come here away.
But now she crys dool ! &c.

II.

When bonny young Johnny came o'er the sea
He said he saw naithing sae lovely as me ;
He heght me baith rings and mony braw things ;
And were na my heart light, I wad die.
He heght, &c.

III.

He had a wee titty that loo'd na me,
Because I was twice as bony as she ;
She rais'd sic a pother 'twixt him and his mother,
That were na my heart light I wad die.
She rais'd, &c.

IV.

The day it was set, and the bridal to be,
The wife took a dwam, and lay down to die ;
She main'd and she grain'd out of dolour and pain,
Till he vow'd he never wad see me again.
She main'd, &c.

V.

His kin was for ane of a higher degree,
Said, what had he to do with the like of me ?
Albeit I was bonny I was na for Johnny ;
And were na my heart light, I wad die.
Albeit I was, &c.

VI.

They said, I had neither cow nor caff,
Nor dribbles of drink rins thro w the draff,
Nor pickles of meal rins throw the mill eye ;
And were na my heart light I wad die.
Nor pickles of, &c.

VII.

His titty she was baith wylie and slee,
She spy'd me as I came o'er the lee ;
And then she ran in and made a loud din,
Believe your ain een, an ye trow na me.
And then she, &c.

His bonnet stood ay fou round on his brow,
His auld ane looks ay as weel as some's new :
But now he lets't wear ony gate it will hing,
And cast himsell dowie upon the corn-bing.
But now he, &c.

IX.

And now he gaes drooping about the dykes,
And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes :
The live-lang night he nœ'er steeks his eye,
And were na my heart light, I wad die.
The live-lang, &c.

X.

Were I young for thee, as I hae been,
We shou'd hae been gallopping down on yon gre
And linking it on the lilly-white lee ;
And wow gin I were but young for thee.
And linking, &c.

The Scullion's Complaint.

I.

BY the side of a great kitchen fire,
A scullion so hungry was laid,
A pudding was all his desire ;
A kettle supported his head.
'The hogs that were fed by the house,
To his sigh with a grunt did reply ;
And the guttur that car'd not a louse.
Ran mournfully muddily by.

II.

But when it was set in a dish,
Thus sadly complaining he cry'd,
My mouth it does water, and with,
I think it had better been fry'd ;
The butter around it was spread,
'Twas as great as a prince in his chair :
Oh ! might I but eat it, he said,
The proof of the pudding lies there.

How

How foolish was I to believe

It was made for so homely a clown,

Or that it would have a reprieve

From the dainty fine folks of the town.

Could I think that a pudding so fine

Would ever uneaten remove :

We labour that others may dine,

And live in a kitchen on love.

IV.

What tho' at the fire I have wrought

Where puddings we boil and we fry,

Tho' part of it hither be brought,

And none of it ever set by.

Al! Colin ! thou must not be first,

Thy knife and thy trencher resign ;

There's Marg'ret will eat till she burst,

And her turn is sooner than mine.

V.

And you my companions so dear,

Who sorrow to see me so pale,

Whatever I suffer, forbear,

Forbear at a pudding to rail,

Tho' I shou'd through all the rooms rove,

'Tis in vain from my fortune to go ;

'Tis its fate to be often above,

'Tis mine still to want it below.

VI.

If while my hard fate I sustain,

In your breasts any pity be found,

Ye servants that earliest dine,

Come see how I ly on the ground :

Then hang up a pan and a pot,

And sorrow to see how I dwell ;

And say, when you grieve at my lot,

Poor Colin lov'd pudding too well.

VII.

Then back to your meat you may go,

Which you set in your dishes so prim,

Where sauce in the middle does flow,

And flowers are strew'd round the brim :
 Whilst Colin, forgotten and gone,
 By the hedges shall dismally rove,
 Unless when he sees the round moon,
 He thinks on a pudding above.

Great lamentation for the loss of sweet

SENISINO.

I.

AS musing I rang'd in a meadow alone,
 A beautiful creature was making her moan,
 Oh! the tears they did trickle full fast from her eye
 She pierc'd both the air and my heart with her cry
Oh! the tears, &c.

II.

I gently requested the cause of her moan,
 She told me her sweet Senision was flown ;
 And in that sad posture she'd ever remain,
 Unless the dear charmer wou'd come back again.
And in, &c.

III.

Why, who is this mortal so cruel, said I,
 That draws such a stream from so lovely an eye!
 To beauty so blooming what man can be blind!
 To passion so tender what monster unkind!
To beauty, &c.

IV.

'Tis neither for man, nor for woman, said she,
 That thus in lamenting, I water the lee,
 My warbler celestial, sweet darling of fame,
 Is a shadow of something, a sex without name.
My warbler celestial, &c.

V.

Perhaps, 'tis some linnet, some black-bird, said I,
 Perhaps 'tis your lark that has soar'd to the sky ;
 Come dry up your tears, and abandon your grief,
 I'll bring you another to give you relief.
Come dry, &c.

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VI.

No linnet, no black-bird, no sky-lark, said she,
But one much more tuneful by far than all three ;
My sweet Senifino, for whom I now cry,
Is sweeter than all the wing'd songsters that fly.
My sweet, &c.

VII.

Adieu Farinelli, Cuzzoni likewise,
Whom stars and whom garters extol to the skies ;
Adieu to the opera, adieu to the ball,
My darling is gone, and a fig for them all.
Adieu, &c.

Sweet WILLIAM'S Ghost.

I.

THERE came a ghost to Marg'ret's door,
With many a grievous groan,
And ay he tirl'd at the pin,
But answer made she none.

II.

Is that my father Philip ?
Or is't my brother John ?
Or is't my true love Willy
From Scotland new come home ?

III.

'Tis not thy father Philip,
Nor yet thy brother John ;
But 'tis thy true love Willy
From Scotland new come home.

IV.

O sweet Marg'ret ! O dear Marg'ret !
I pray thee speak to me,
Give me my faith and troth, Marg'ret,
As I gave it to thee.

V.

Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
Nor yet will I thee lend,
Till that thou come within my bower,
And kiss my cheek and chin.

If

VI.

If I shou'd come within thy bower,
 I am no earthly man ;
 And shou'd I kiss thy rosy lips,
 Thy days will not be lang.

VII.

O sweet Marg'ret ! &c. *as 4th Stanza.*

VIII.

Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
 Nor yet will I thee lend,
 Till you take me to yon kirk-yard,
 And wed me with a ring.

IX.

My bones are buried in yon kirk-yard,
 Afar beyond the sea ;
 And it is but my spirit, Marg'ret,
 That's now speaking to thee.

X.

She stretch'd out her lilly white hand,
 And for to do her best,
 Hae there's your faith and troth, Willy,
 God send your soul good rest.

XI.

Now she has kilted her robes of green
 A piece below her knee,
 And a' the live-lang winter night
 The dead corp followed she.

XII.

Is there any room at your head, Willy ?
 Or any room at your feet ?
 Or any room at your side, Willy,
 Wherein that I may creep ?

XIII.

There's no room at my head, Marg'ret ;
 There's no room at my feet ;
 There's no room at my side, Marg'ret,
 My coffin's made so meet.

XIV.

Then up and crew the red red cock,
 And up then crew the gray,

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'Tis time 'tis time, my dear Marg'ret,
That you were going away.

XV.

No more the ghost to Marg'ret said,
But, with a grievous groan,
Evanish'd in a cloud of mist,
And left her all alone.

XVI.

O stay, my only true love, stay,
The constant Marg'ret cryd ;
Wan grew her cheeks, she clos'd een,
Stretch'd her soft limbs and dy'd.

The King and the Miller.

I.

HOW happy a state does the miller possess !
Who wou'd be no greater, nor fears to be less ;
On his mill and himself he depends for support,
Which is better than servilely cringing at court.
What tho' he all dusty and whit'ned does go,
The more he's bepowder'd, the more like a beau:
A Clown in his *dress* may be honest far,
Than a Courtier who struts in his Garter & Star.

II.

Tho' his hands are so daub'd, they're not fit to be seen,
The hands of his Betters are not very clean ;
A palm more polite may as dirtily deal,
Gold in handling will stick to the fingers like meal.
What if, when a pudding for dinner he lacks,
He cribs without scruple from other mens sacks ;
In this of right noble example he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other mens bags.

III.

Or shou'd he endeavour to heap an estate,
In this too he mimicks the Tools of the state,
Whose aim is alone their coffers to fill,
And all his concern's to bring grist to his mill ;
He eats when he's hungry, and drinks when he's dry,
And down when he's weary contented does ly,
Then rises up chearful to work and to sing :
If so happy a Miller, then who'd be a King ?

Rare Willy drown'd in Yarrow.

I

Willy's rare, and Willy's fair,
 And Willy's wondrous bony;
 And Willy heght to marry me,
 Gin e'er he married ony.

II.

Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,
 This night I'll make it narrow;
 For a' the live-lang winter night
 I ly twin'd of my marrow,

III.

O came you by yon water-side,
 Pou'd you the rose or lilly?
 Or came yon by yon meadow green?
 Or saw ye my sweet Willy?

IV.

She fought him east, she fought him west,
 She fought him braid and narrow;
 Syne in the cleaving of a Craig
 She found him drown'd in Yarrow.

HERO and LEANDER.

An old BALLAD.

I.

LEANDER on the bay
 Of Hellepont all naked stood,
 Impatient of delay,
 He leap'd into the fatal flood:
 The raging seas,
 Whom none can please,
 'Gainst him their malice show,
 The heavens lowr'd,
 The rain down pour'd,
 And loud the winds did blow.

II.

Then casting round his eyes,

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Thus of his fate he did complain,
 Ye cruel rocks and skies!
 Ye stormy winds, and angry main!
 What 'tis to miss
 The lover's bliss,
 Alas! ye do not know;
 Make me your wreck
 As I come back,
 But spare me as I go.

III.

Lo! yonder stands the tower
 Where my beloved Hero lyes,
 And this the appointed hour
 Which sets to watch her longing eyes.
 To his fond suit
 The gods were mute;
 The billows answer, No:
 Up to the skies
 The surges rise,
 But sunk the youth as low.

IV.

Mean while the was wishing maid,
 Divided 'twixt her care and love,
 Now does his stay upbraid;
 Now dreads he shou'd the passage prove:
 O fate! said she,
 Nor heaven, nor thee,
 Our vows shall e'er divide.
 I'd leap this wall,
 Cou'd I but fall
 By my Leander's side.

V.

At length the rising sun
 Did to her sight reveal, too late,
 That Hero was undone;
 Not by Leander's fault, but fate.
 Said she, I'll shew,
 Tho' we are two,
 Our loves were ever one:
 This proof I'll give,

I will

I will not live,
Nor shall he die alone.

VI.

Down from the wall she leapt
Into the raging seas to him,
Courting each wave she met,
To teach her weary'd arms to swim.
The sea-gods wept,
Nor longer kept
Her from her lover's side
When joined at last,
She grasp'd him fast,
Then sigh'd, embrac'd, and died.

The Birks of INVERMAY.

I.

THe smiling morn, the breathing spring,
Invite the tuneful birds to sing;
And while they warble from the spray,
Love melts the universal lay.
Let us, Amanda, timely wife,
Like them, improve the hour that flies;
And in soft raptures waste the day
Among the birks of Invermay.

II.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear,
At this thy living bloom will fade,
As that will stripe the verdant shade:
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feather'd songsters are no more:
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Invermay.

III.

The lavrocks now and lintwhite sing,
The rocks around with echoes ring;
The maxis and the black-bird vye,
In tuneful strains, to glad the day;
The woods now wear their summer suits;

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To mirth all nature now invites :
 Let us be blythsome then and gay
 Among the birks of Invermay.

IV.

Behold the hills and vales around,
 With lowing herds and flocks abound ;
 The wanton kids and frisking lambs
 Gambol and dance about their dames ;
 The busy bees with humming noise,
 And all the reptile kind rejoice :
 Let us, like them, then sing and play
 About the birks of Invermay.

V.

Hark, how the waters as they fall,
 Loudly my love to gladness call ;
 The wanton waves sport in the beams,
 And fishes play throughout the streams ;
 The circling sun does now advance,
 And all the planets round him dance :
 Let us as jovial be as they
 Among the birks of Invermay.

ETRICK Banks.

I.

ON Etrick banks, in a summer's night.
 At glowming when the sheep drave hame,
 I met my lassie, braw and tight,
 Came wading barefoot, a' her lane :
 My heart grew light, I ran, I sang,
 My arms about her lilly neck,
 And kiss'd and clap'd her there fou lang ;
 My words they were na mony feck.

II.

I said, My lassie, will ye go
 To the highland hills, the Earse to learn ;
 I'll baith gi'e thee a cow and ew,
 When ye come to the brigg of Earn.
 At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
 And herrings at the Broomy Law,
 Chear up your heart, my bony lass,
 There's gear to win ye never saw.

III.

All day when we have wrought enough,
 When winter, frosts and snaw begin;
 Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
 At night when you sit down to spin,
 I'll screw my pipes and play a spring :
 And thus the weary night we'll end,
 Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
 Our pleasant summer back again.

IV.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
 And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
 I'll meet my lass among the broom,
 And lead you to my summer shield.
 Then far frae a' their scornfu' din,
 That make the kindly hearts their sport,
 We'll laugh and kifs, and dance and sing,
 And gar the longest day seem short.

A S O N G.

ON a bank of flowers,
 In a summer day,
 Inviting and undrest,
 In her bloom of youth,
 Fair Celia lay,
 With love and sleep opprest;
 When a youthful swain,
 With admiring eyes,
 Wish'd that she durst
 The sweet maid surprise;
With a fa, la, la, la, &c.
 But fear'd approaching spies.
 As he gaz'd,
 A gentle Zephyr arose,
 That fann'd her robes aside;
 And the sleeping nymph
 Did the charms disclose,
 Which waking she would hide.
 Then his breath grew short,

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And his pulse beat high,
 He long'd to touch
 What he chanc'd to spy ;

With a fa, la, la, &c.

But durst not still draw nigh.

All amaz'd he stood,
 With her beauties fir'd,
 And blest the courteous wind ;
 Then in whispers sigh'd,
 And the Gods desir'd
 That Celia might be kind :

When with hopes grown bold,
 He advanc'd amain ;
 But she laugh'd loud
 In a dream, and again,

With a fa, la, la, &c.

Repell'd the timorous swain.

Yet the amorous youth,
 To relieve his soft pain,
 The slumbering maid caress'd ;
 And with trembling hand
 (O simple poor swain !)

Her glowing bosom press'd :
 When the virgin awak'd,
 And affrighted flew,
 Yet look'd as wishing
 He wou'd pursue :

With a fa, la, la, &c.

But Damon miss'd his cue.

Now, now repenting,
 That he had let her fly,
 Himself he thus accus'd,
 What a dull and a stupid
 Blothead was I,
 That such a chance abus'd ;
 To my shame 'twill now
 On the plains be said,
 Damon a virgin
 Asleep betray'd,
 And let her go a maid.

With a fa, la, la, &c.

H 2

A SONG.

A S O N G.

IN spite of love at length I've found
 A mistress that can please me,
 Her humour free and unconfin'd,
 Both night and day she'll ease me;
 No jealous thoughts disturb my mind,
 Tho' she's enjoy'd by all mankind,
 Then drink and never spare it;
 'Tis a bottle of good claret.

If you, thro' all her naked charms,
 Her little mouth discover,
 Then take her blushing to your arms,
 And use her like a lover;
 Such liquor she'll distill from thence,
 As will transport your ravish'd sense;
 Then kiss and never spare it,
 'Tis a bottle of good claret.

But best of all! she has no tongue,
 Submissive she obeys me,
 She's fully better old than young,
 And still to smiling sways me;
 Her skin is smooth, complexion black,
 And has a most delicious smack;
 Then kiss and never spare it,
 'Tis a bottle of good claret.

If you her excellence would taste,
 Be sure you use her kind, Sir,
 Clap your hand about her waist,
 And raise her up behind, Sir;
 As for her bottom never doubt,
 Push but home, and you'll find it out;
 Then drink and never spare it,
 'Tis a bottle of good claret.

A S O N G.

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A S O N G.

MY Goddess Lydia, heavenly fair,
 As lilly sweet, as soft as air,
 Let loose thy tresses, spread thy charms,
 And to my love give fresh alarms.

O! let me gaze on these bright eyes,
 Tho' sacred lightning from them flies;
 Shew me that soft that modest grace,
 Which paints with charming red thy face.

Give me ambrosia in a kiss,
 That I may rival Jove in bliss,
 That I may mix my soul with thine,
 And make the pleasure all divine.

O hide! thy bosom's killing white,
 (The milky way is not so bright)
 Lest you my ravish'd soul oppress,
 With beauty's pomp, and sweet excess.

Why draw'st thou from the purple flood
 Of my kind heart the vital blood?
 Thou art all over endless charms;
 O! take me dying to thy arms.

A S O N G.

YOU that love mirth, attend to my song,
 A moment you never can better employ;
 Sawny and Teague were trudging along,

A bonny Scots lad, and an Irish dear-joy;
 They neither before had seen a wind-mill,
 Nor had they heard ever of any such name:

As they were a walking,

And merrily talking,

At last by meer chance to a wind-mill they came.

Haha! crys Sawny, what do ye ca' that?

To tell the right name o't I am at a loss.

Teague very readily answer'd the Scot.

Indeed I believe it'sh shaint Patrick's cross.

Says, Sawny, ye'll find your sell meikle mistaken.

For it is saint Andrews cross I can swear;

For there is his bonnet,

And tartans hang on it,

The plaid and the trews our apostle did wear.

Nay, o' my shoul joy, thou tellest all lees,

For that I will shwear is saint Patrick's coat;

I shew't him in Ireland buying the freeze.

And that I'm shure ish the shame that he bought.

And he is a saint muth better than ever

Made either the covenantish sholemn or league

For o' my shalwashion,

He was my relashion,

And had a great kindness for honest poor Teague
Wherefore, says Teague, I will, by my shoul,

Lay down my napshack, and take out my beads,
And under this holy cross, 'fet I will fall,

And shay *pater noster*, and shome of our creeds
So Teague began with humble devotion,

To kneel down before St. Patrick's cross;

The wind fell a blowing,

And fet it a-going,

And it gave our dear-joy a terrible toss.

Sawny tehee'd, to see how poor Teague

Lay scratching his ears, and roll on the grass,

Swearing, it was surely the de'il's whirly-gig,

And none (he roar'd out) of St. Patrick's cross:

But ish it indeed, crys he in a passion,

The cross of our saint that has cross't me so fore

Upo' my salwashion,

This shall be a cawshion,

To trust to St. Patrick's kindness no more.

Sawny to Teague then merrily cry'd,

This patron of yours is a very sad loun,

To hit you sic a fair thump on the hide,

For kneeling before him, and seeking a boon:

Let me advise ye to serve our St. Andrew,

He, by my saul was a special gude man;

For since your St. Patrick

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Has serv'd ye sick a trick,
I'd see him hung up e'er I serv'd him again.

A S O N G

JAMES.

PRITHEE, Susan, what dost muse on,
By this doleful spring?
You are, I fear in love, my dear;
Alas poor thing!

SUSAN.

Truly, Jamie, I must blame ye,
You look so pale and wan;
I fear 'twill prove you are in love;
Alas poor man!

JAMES.

Nay, my Suey, now I view ye;
Well I know your smart,
When you're alone you sigh and groan:
Alas poor heart!

SUSAN.

Jamie, hold; I dare be bold
To say, thy heart is stole,
And know the she as well as thee;
Alas poor soul!

JAMES.

Then, my Sue, tell me who;
I'll give thee beads of pearl,
And ease thy heart of all this smart;
Alas poor girl!

SUSAN.

Jamie, no, if you shou'd know,
I fear 'twoud make you sad,
And pine away both night and day;
Alas poor lad!

JAMES.

Why then, my Sue, it is for you,
That I burn in these flames;
And when I die, I know you'll cry,
Alas poor James!

SUSAN.

SUSAN.

Say you so, then, Jamie, know.

If you shou'd prove untrue,
Then must I likewise cry,
Alas poor Sue!

Quoth he, then join thy hand with mine,
And we will wed to day :
I do agree, here 'tis quoth she,
Come lets away.

A S O N G.

ILL sail upon the *dog-star*,
And then pursue the morning :
I'll chase the moon till it be noon,
I'll make her leave her horning.

I'll climb the frosty mountain,
And there I'll coin the weather ;
I'll tear the rainbow from the sky,
And ty both ends together :

The stars pluck from their orbs too,
And crowd them in my budget ;
And whether I'm a roaring boy,
Let Gresham college judge it :

While I mount yon blew celum,
To shun the tempting gipsies ;
Play at foot-ball with sun and moon,
And fright ye with eclipses.

A S O N G.

MY dear mistress has a heart,
Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
When with love's resistless art,
And her eyes she did enslave me ;
But her constancy's so weak,
She's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break,
Shou'd we live one day asunder.
Melting joys about her move,

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Killing pleasures, wounding blisses ;
 She can dress her eyes in love,
 And her lips can arm with kisses :
 Angels listen when she speaks ;
 She's my delight, all mankind's wonder ;
 But my jealous heart wou'd break,
 Should we live one day asunder.

A S O N G.

YE virgin powers, defend my heart,
 From amorous looks and smiles ;
 From saucy love, or nicer art,
 Which most our sex beguiles.
 From sighs and vows, and awful fears,
 That do to pity move ;
 From speaking silence, and from tears,
 Those springs that water love.
 But if thro' passion I grow blind,
 Let honour be my guide ;
 And when frail nature seems inclin'd,
 There place a guard of pride.
 An heart, whose flames are seen, tho' pure
 Needs every virtue's aid ;
 And she who thinks herself secure,
 The soonest is betray'd.

A S O N G.

JO L I Y mortals, fill your glasses ;
 Noble deeds are done by wine ;
 Scorn the nymph and all her graces :
 Who'd for love or beauty pine ?
 Look upon this bowl that's flowing,
 And a thousand charms you'll find,
 More than in Chloe when just going,
 In the moment to be kind.

Alexander hated thinking :
 Drank about at council board ;

Mad e

Made friends, and gain'd the world by drinking,
More than by his conquering sword.

The tippling Philosophers.

DIOGENES furly and proud,
Who snarl'd at the Macedon youth,
Delighted in wine that was good,
Because in good wine there was truth;
But growing as poor as a Job,
Unable to purchase a flask,
He chose for his mansion a tub,
And liv'd by the scent of the cask.

Heraclitus ne'er wou'd deny
A bumper, to cherish his heart;
And when he was maudlin wou'd cry,
Because he had empty'd his quart:
Tho' some are so foolish to think,
He wept at men's follies and vice,
'Twas only his custom to drink,
Till the liquor flow'd out of his eyes.

Demoeritus always was glad
To tipple and cherish his soul;
Would laugh like a man that was mad,
When over a good flowing bowl;
As long as his cellar was stor'd,
The liquor he'd merrily quaff;
And when he was drunk as a lord,
At them that were sober he'd laugh.

Wise Solon, who carefully gave
Good laws unto Athens of old,
And thought the rich Croesus a slave
(Tho' a king) to his coffers of gold;
He delighted in plentiful bowls;
But drinking much talk would decline,
Because 'twas the custom of fools,
To prattle much over their wine.

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Old Socrates ne'er was content,
 Till a bottle had heighten'd his joys,
 Who in's cups to the oracle went,
 Or he ne'er had been counted so wise :
 Late hours he most certainly lov'd,
 Made wine the delight of his life,
 Or Xantippe would never have prov'd /
 Such a damnable scold of a wife.

Grave Seneca, fam'd for his parts,
 Who tutor'd the bully of Rome,
 Grew wise o'er his cups and his quarts,
 Which he drank like a miser at home;
 And, to shew he lov'd wine that was good
 To the last, (we may truly aver it)
 He tinctur'd his bath with his blood,
 So fancy'd he died in his claret.

Pythagoras did silence enjoin,
 On his pupils who wisdom would seek;
 Because he tipp'd good wine,
 Till himself was unable to speak;
 And when he was whimsical grown,
 With sipping his plentiful bowls,
 By the strength of the juice in his crown,
 He conceiv'd transmigration of souls.

Copernicus too, like the rest,
 Believ'd there was wisdom in wine,
 And thought that a cup of the best
 Made reason the brighter to shine;
 With wine he replenish'd his veins,
 And made his philosophy reel;
 Then fancy'd the world, like his brains,
 Turn'd round like a chariot wheel.

Aristotle, that master of arts,
 Had been but a dunce without wine,
 And what we ascribe to his parts,

Is

Is due to the juice of the vine:
 His belly, most writers agree,
 Was big as a watering-trough;
 He therefore leapt into the sea,
 Because he'd have liquor enough.

Old Plato was reckon'd divine,
 He fondly to wisdom was prone;
 Ev. had it not been for good wine,
 His merits had never been known.
 By wine we are generous made,
 It furnishes fancy with wings,
 Without it we ne'er shou'd have had
 Philosophers, poets, or kings,

A S O N G.

BLeft as th' immortal Gods is he,
 The youth who fondly sits by thee,
 And hears and sees thee all the while,
 Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas this bereav'd my soul of rest,
 And rais'd such tumults in my breast;
 For while I gaz'd in transport tost,
 My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd; the subtle flame
 Ran quick thro' all my vital frame;
 O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
 My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd
 My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd,
 My feeble pulse forgot to play,
 I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

A S O N G.

YES I could love, if I could find
 A mistress fitted to my mind,

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Whom neither gold nor pride could move,
To change her virtue or her love :

Loves to go neat, not to go fine,
Loves for myself, and not for mine ;
Not city proud, nor nice and coy,
But full of love, and full of joy :

Not childish young, nor beldame old,
Not fiery hot, nor icy cold,
Not gravely wife to rule the state,
Not foolish to be pointed at :

Not worldly rich, nor basely poor,
Nor chaste, nor a reputed whore :
If such an one you can discover,
Pray, Sir, intitle me her lover.

Women and Wine.

SOME say women are like sea,
Some the waves, and some the rocks,
Some the rose that soon decays,
Some the weather, some the cocks ;
But if you'll give me leave to tell,
There's nothing can be compar'd so well,
As wine, wine, women and wine,
They run in a parallel.

Women are witches when they will,
So is wine, so is wine,
They make the statesman lose his skill,
The soldier, lawyer and divine ;
They put a gig in the gravest skull,
And send there wits to gather wool ;
'Tis wine, wine, women and wine,
They run in a parallel.

What is't that makes your face so pale,
What is't that makes your looks divine,

Whom

I

What

What makes your courage rise and fall,
 Is it not women, is it not wine?
 Whence proceed th' inflaming doses,
 That set fire to your noses?
 From wine, wine, women and wine,
 They run in a parallel.

A S O N G

A Trifling song ye shall hear,
 Begun with a trifle and ended;
 All trifling people draw near,
 And I shall be nobly attended.

Were it not for trifles a few,
 That lately came into the play,
 The men would want something to do,
 The women want some thing to say.

What makes men trifle in dressing?
 Because the ladies, they know,
 Admire, by often caressing
 That eminent trifle, a beau.

When the lover his moments has trifled,
 The trifle of trifles to gain,
 No sooner the virgin is rifled,
 But a trifle shall part them again.

What mortal wou'd ever be able,
 At Whyte's half a moment to sit?
 Or who is't cou'd bear a tea-table,
 Without talking trifles for wit?

The court is from trifles secure,
 Gold keys art no trifles we see;
 White rods are no trifles I'm sure,
 Whatever their bearers may be.

But if you will go to the place,
 Where trifles abundantly breed;
 The levee will show you, his grace
 Makes promises trifles indeed!

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A coach with six footmen behind,
 I count neither trifle nor sin ;
 But, ye Gods ! how oft do we find
 A scandalous trifle within ?

A flask of Champaign people think it
 A trifle, or something as bad ;
 But if you'll contrive how to drink it,
 You'll find it no trifle by Gad.

A parson's a trifle at sea,
 A widow's a trifle in sorrow,
 A peace is a trifle to day,
 To break it a trifle to morrow.

A black coat a trifle, may cloke,
 Or to hide it the red may endeavour ;
 But if once the army is broke,
 We shall have more trifles than ever.

The stage is a trifle, they say,
 The reason pray carry along ;
 Because that at every new play,
 The house they with trifles so throng.

But with people's malice to trifle,
 And to set us all on a foot ;
 The author of this is a trifle,
 And his song is a trifle to boot.

A S O N G.

O H ! the charming month of May,
 When the breezes
 Fan the trees, is
 Full of blossoms fresh and gay :
Oh ! the charming month of May,
Charming charming month of May.

Oh! what joys our prospects yield,
 When in new livery
 We see every
 Bush and meadow, tree and field :
Oh! what joy, &c. Charming joys, &c.

Oh! how fresh the morning air,
 When the Zephyrs
 And the heifers
 Their odorif'rous breath compare :
Oh! how fresh, &c. Charming fresh, &c.

Oh! how sweet at night to dream,
 On mossy pillows,
 By the trillows
 Of a gentle purling stream,
Oh! how sweet, &c. Charming sweet, &c.

Oh! how kind the country lass,
 Who, her cow milking,
 Leaves her milking
 For a green-gown on the grass :
Oh! how kind, &c. Charming kind, &c.

O! how sweet it is to spy,
 At the conclusion,
 Her deep confusion,
 Blushing cheeks and down-cast eye :
Oh! how sweet, &c. Charming sweet, &c.

Oh! the charming curds and cream,
 When all is over,
 She gives her lover,
 Who on the skimming-dish carves her name!
*Oh! the charming curds and cream,
 Charming & charming, &c.*

A S O N G.

*Sung by Pinkanello, merry Andrew to Leverigo the
Mountebank Doctor.*

HER E are people and sports,
Of all fizes and forts,
Coach'd damsel and squire,
And mob in the mire,
Tarpaulins, Trugmallions,
Lords, ladies, fows babies,
And loobies in scores ;
Some hawling, some bawling,
Some leering, some fleering,
Some loving, some shoving,
With legions of furbelow'd whores :
To the tavern some go,
And some to a show,
See popets for mopets,
Jack puddens for cuddens,
Rope dancing, mares prancing,
Boats flying, Quacks lying,
Pick pockets, pick plackets,
Beasts, Butchers and Beaux.
Fops prattling, dice rattling,
Rooks shaming, Putts daming,
Whores painted, Masks tainted
In taly-mans furbelow'd cloaths.
The mob's joys wou'd ye know,
To yon musick-house go,
See taylors and sailors,
Whores oily and doily,
Hear musick makes you sick ;
Some skipping some tripping,
Some smoaking, some joaking,
Like spiggit and tap ;
Short measure, strange pleasure,
Thus billing and swilling,

Some yearly get fairly
For fairings, pig pork and a clap.

The Second Part.

S E E, Sirs, see here ! a Doctor rare,
Who travels much at home !
Here take my bills, they cure all ills,
Past, present, and to come ;
The cramp, the stitch, the squirt, the ich,
The gout, the stone, the pox,
The mulligrubs, the wanton scrubs,
And all Pandora's box :
Thousands I've dissected.
Thousands new erected,
And such cures effected,
As none e'er can tell ;
Let the pallsie shake ye,
Let the cholick rack ye,
Let the crinkrums break ye,
Let the murain take ye,
Take this, take this, and you are well :
Thousands, &c.

Come wits so keen, devour'd with spleen,
And beaux who've sprain'd your backs,
Great-belly'd maids, old founder'd jades,
And pepper'd vizard cracks ;
I soon remove the pains of love,
And cure the amorous maid,
The hot, the cold, the young, the old,
The living and the dead ;
I clear the lass with wainscot-face,
And from pim ginets free
Plump ladies red like Saracen's head
With toping ratafee.
This, with a jirk, will do your work,
And scour you o'er and o'er ;
Read, judge, and try ; and if you die,
Never believe me more.

A S O N G.

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A S O N G.

YOUNG Corydon and Phillis
 Sat in a lovely grove,
 Contriving crowns of lillies,
 Repeating tales of love,
And something else, but what I dare not name.

But as they were a playing,
 She ogled so the swain,
 It sav'd her plainly saying,
 Let's kiss to ease our pain, &c.

A thousand times he kiss'd her
 Upon the flowery green;
 But as he further prest her,
 A pretty leg was seen, &c.

So many beauties viewing,
 His ardour still increas'd;
 And, greater joys pursuing,
 He wandered o'er her breast, &c.

A last effort she trying,
 His passion to withstand,
 Cry'd, (but 'twas faintly crying)
 Pray take away your hand, &c.

Young Corydon grown bolder,
 The minutes wou'd improve;
 This is the time, he told her,
 To shew how much I love, &c.

The nymph seem'd almost dying,
 Dissolv'd in arm'rous heat;
 She kiss'd, and told him sighing,
 My dear, your love is great, &c.

But

But Phillis did recover
 Much sooner than the swain ;
 she blushing, ask'd her lover,
 Shall we not kiss again ? &c.

Thus love his revels keeping,
 'Till nature at a stand,
 From talk they fell to sleeping,
 Molding each others hand, &c.

A S O N G.

OH! lead me to some peaceful room,
 Where none but honest fellows come
 Where wives loud clappers never found,
 But an eternal laugh goes round.

There let me drown in my wine pain,
 And never think of home again :
 What comfort can a husband have,
 To rule the house where he's a slave.

A S O N G.

TH O' cruel you seem to my pain,
 And hate me because I am true ;
 Yet, Phillis, you love a false swain,
 Who has other nymphs in his view.
 Enjoyment's a trifle to him,
 To me what a heaven it would be ;
 To him but a woman you seem,
 But ah ! you're an angel to me :

Those lips which he touches in haste,
 To them I for ever could grow,
 Still clinging around that dear waist,
 Which he spans as beside him you go ;
 That arm, like a lilly so white,
 Which over his shoulders you lay,

My

My bosom con'd warm it all night,
My lips they would press it all day.

Were I like a monarch to reign,
Were graces my subjects to be,
I'd leave them, and fly to the plain,
To dwell in a cottage with thee.
But if I must feel thy disdain,
If tears cannot cruelty drown,
O! let me not live in this pain,
But give my death in a frown.

A S O N G.

I'll range around the shady bowers,
And gather all the sweetest flowers;
I'll strip the garden and the grove,
To make a garland for my love.

When in the sultry heat of day,
My thirsty nymph does panting ly,
I'll hasten to the fountain's brink,
And drain the stream that she may drink.

At night, when she shall weary prove,
A grassy bed I'll make my love,
And with green boughs I'll form a shade,
That nothing may her rest invade.

And whilst dissolv'd in sleep she lyes,
Myself shall never close these eyes;
But gazing still with fond delight,
I'll watch my charmer all the night.

And then, as soon as cheerful day
Dispells the gloomy shades away,
Forth to the forest I'll repair,
And find provision for my fair.

Thus

Thus will I spend the day and night,
 Still mixing pleasure with delight ;
 Regarding nothing I endure,
 So I can ease for her procure.

But if the maid whom thus I love,
 Shou'd e'er unkind and faithless prove,
 I'll seek some dismal distant shore,
 And never think of woman more.

A S O N G.

LEAVE off your foolish prating,
 Talk no more of Whig and Tory,
 But drink your glafs,
 Round let it pass,
 The bottle stands before ye,
 Fill it up to the top,
 Let the night with mirth be crown'd,
 Drink about, see it out,
 Love and friendship still go round.

If claret be a blessing,
 This night devote to pleasure ;
 Let worldly cares,
 And state affairs,
 Be thought on at more leisure :
 Fill it up to the top,
 Let the night with joy be crown'd,
 Drink about, see it out,
 Love and friendship still go round.

If any is so zealous,
 To be a party-minion,
 Let him drink like me,
 We'll soon agree,
 And be of one opinion :
 Fill your glafs, name your lass,
 See her health go sweetly round,

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Drink about, see it out,
Let the night with joy be crown'd.

A S O N G.

ON a bank beside a willow,
Heaven her covering, earth her pillow,
Sad Amynta sigh'd alone :
From the chearless dawn of morning,
Till the dews of night returning,
Singing, thus she made her moan,
Hope is banish'd,
Joys are vanish'd,
Damon my belov'd is gone.

Time, I dare thee to discover
Such a youth and such a lover :
Oh ! so true, so kind was he !
Damon was the pride of nature,
Charming in his every feature ;
Damon liv'd alone for me :
Melting kisses,
Murm'ring blisses,
Who so liv'd and lov'd as we ?

Never shall we curse the morning,
Never bless the night returning,
Sweet embraces to restore ;
Never shall we both ly dying,
Nature failing, love supplying
All the joys he drain'd before :
To befriend me,
Death, come, end me.
Love and Damon are no more.

A S O N G.

TWAS when the seas were roaring,
With hollow blasts of wind.

Drink

A dam

A damsel lay deploring,
 All on a rock reclin'd.
 Wide o'er the roaring billows,
 She cast a wishful look ;
 Her head was crown'd with willows,
 That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months were gone and over,
 And nine long tedious days ;
 Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
 Why didst thou trust the seas ?
 Cease, cease then, cruel ocean,
 And let my lover rest :
 Ah ! what's thy troubled motion,
 To that within my breast ?

The merchant robb'd of treasure,
 Views tempests in despair ;
 But what's the loss of treasure,
 To losing of my dear !
 Shou'd you some coast be laid on,
 Where gold and diamonds grow,
 You'd find a richer maiden,
 But none that loves you so.

How can they say that nature
 Has nothing made in vain ;
 Why then beneath the water
 Do hideous rocks remain ?
 No eye these rocks discover,
 That lurk beneath the deep,
 To wreck the wandering lover,
 And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholly lying,
 Thus wail'd, she for her dear,
 Repay'd each blast with sighing,
 Each billow with a tear :
 When o'er the white waves stooping,
 His floating corps she spy'd ;

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Then like a lilly drooping,
She bow'd her head, and dy'd.

A S O N G.

DEspairing beside a clear stream,
A shepherd forsaken was laid;
And while a false nymph was his theme,
A willow supported his head.
The wind that blew over the plain,
To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
And the brook in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas ! silly swain that I was;
(Thus sadly complaining he cry'd)
When first I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd:
She talk'd, and I blest her dear tongue,
When she smil'd, it was pleasure too great;
I listen'd, and cry'd when she sung,
Was nightingale ever so sweet ?

How foolish was I to believe,
She could doat on so lowly a clown,
Or that her fond heart would not grieve,
To forsake the fine folk of the town;
To think that a beauty so gay,
So kind and so constant would prove;
Or go clad like our maidens in gray.
Or live in a cottage on love ?

What tho' I have skill to complain,
Tho' the muses my temples have crown'd,
What tho' when they hear my soft strains,
The virgins sit weeping around ?
Ah Colin ! thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel resign,
Thy fair one inclines to a swain,
Whose musick is sweeter than thine.

Then

K.

All

All you my companions so dear,
 Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
 Whatever I suffer, forbear,
 Forbear to accuse the false maid.
 Tho' thro' the wide world I shou'd range,
 'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
 'Twas hers to be false and to change,
 'Tis mine to be constant and die.

If while my hard fate I sustain,
 In her breast any pity is found,
 Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
 And see me laid low in the ground:
 The last humble boon that I crave,
 Is to shade me with cypress and yew;
 And when she looks down on my grave,
 Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
 And deck her in golden array;
 Be finest at every fine show,
 And frolick it all the long day:
 While Colin, forgotten and gone,
 No more shall be talk'd of or seen,
 Unless when beneath the pale moon,
 His ghost shall glide over the green.

A S O N G.

LOVE, thou art the best of human joys,
 Our chiefest happiness below;
 All other pleasures are but toys,
 Musick without thee is but noise,
 Beauty but an empty show.

Heaven that knew best what men cou'd move,
 And raise his thoughts above the brute,
 Said, let him be, and let him love,
 That only must his soul improve,
 Howe'er philosophers dispute.

A S O N G.

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A S O N G.

Would you have a young virgin of fifteen years,
 You must tickle her fancy with sweet and dears,
 Ever toying and playing, and sweetly sweetly
 Sing a love-sonnet, and charm her ears ;

Wittily prettily talk her down,
 Chase her, and praise her if fair or brown ;
 Sooth her and smooth her,
 And tease her and please her,
 And touch but her smicket, and all's your own.

Do ye fancy a widow, well known in men,
 With the front of assurance come boldly on ;
 Be at her each moment, and briskly briskly
 Put her in mind, how her time steals on :

Rattle and prattle altho' she frown,
 Rouse her and rouse her from morn to noon,
 And shew her some hour
 You are able to grapple,
 And get but her writtings, and all's your own.

Do ye fancy a punk of a humour free,
 That's kept by a fumbler of quality,
 You must rail at her keeper, and tell her tell her,
 That pleasure's best charm is variety ;

Swear her much fairer than all the town,
 Try her and ply her when Cully's gone,
 Dog her and jog her,
 And meet her and treat her,
 And kiss with a guinea, and all's your own.

A S O N G.

OF all the girls that are so smart,
 There's none like pretty Sally ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley :

K 2

There

There is no lady in the land
Is half so sweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage nets,
And thro' the streets does cry 'em;
Her mother she sells laces long
To such as please to buy 'em:
But sure such folks cou'd ne'er beget,
So sweet a girl as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely;
My master comes like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely:
But let him bang his belly full,
I'll bear it all for Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days are in the week,
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes betwixt
The Saturday and Monday:
For then I'm drest all in my best,
To walk abroad with Salley,
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamed,
Because I leave him in the lurch,
As soon as text is named:
I leave the church in sermon-time,
And sink away with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

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When Christmasts comes about again,

O! then I shall have money;

I'll hoard it up, and box it all,

And give it to my honey:

And wou'd it were ten thousand pound,

I'd give it all to Sally;

She is the darling of my heart,

And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all

Make game of me and Sally,

And (but for her) I'd better be

A slave and row a galley;

But when my seven long years are out,

O! then I'll marry Sally

O! then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,

But not in our alley.

A S O N G.

FIR Iris and her swain

Were in a shady bower,

Where Thirsis long in vain

Had sought the happy hour;

At length his hand advancing

Upon her snowy breast,

He said, O! kiss me longer,

Longer yet and longer,

If you would make me blest.

IRIS.

An easy yielding maid

By trusting is undone,

Our sex is oft betray'd

By granting love too soon;

If you desire to gain me,

Your sufferings to redress,

Prepare to love me longer,

Longer yet and longer,

Before you shall possess.

The little care you show
 Of all my sorrows past,
 Makes death appear too slow,
 And life too long to last;
 Oh Iris! kiss me kindly,
 In pity of my fate,
 Fair Iris, kiss me kindly,
 Kindly still and kindly,
 Before it be too late.

IRIS.

You fondly court your bliss,
 And no advances make;
 'Tis not for maids to kiss,
 But 'tis for men to take:
 So you may kiss me kindly,
 And I will not rebell,
 Thirsis may kiss me kindly,
 Kindly still and kindly;
 But never kiss and tell.

ALTERNATIVE.

And may I kiss you kindly?
Yes you may kiss me kindly,
 And kindly still and kindly?
And kindly still and kindly.
 And will you not rebell?
And I will not rebell,
 Then, love, I'll kiss thee kindly;
 Kindly still and kindly:
 But never kiss and tell.

A S O N G.

SWEET are the charms of her I love,
 More fragrant than the damask rose,
 Soft as the down of turtle dove,
 Gentle as winds when Zypher blows,
 Refreshing, as descending rains
 To sun-burnt climes and thirsty plains.

True

True as the needle to the pole,
 Or as the dial to the sun,
 Constant as gliding waters roll,
 Whose swelling tides obey the moon;
 From every other charmer free,
 My life and love shall follow thee.

The lamb the flowry thyme devours,
 The dam the tender kid pursues,
 Sweet Philomel, in shady bowers
 Of verdant spring, her note renews;
 All follow what they most admire,
 As I pursue my soul's desire.

Nature must change her beauteous face,
 And vary as the seasons rise;
 As winter to the spring gives place,
 Summer th' approach of autumn flies:
 No change on love the seasons bring,
 Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devouring time, with stealing pace,
 Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow;
 And marble towers and walls of brass
 In his rude march he levells low:
 But time, destroying far and wide,
 Love from the soul can ne'er divide.

Death only with his cruel dart
 The gentle godhead can remove,
 And drive him from the bleeding heart
 To mingle with the blest above,
 Where known to all his kindred train,
 He finds a lasting rest from pain.

Love and his sister fair the soul,
 Twin-born from heaven together came:
 Love will the universe controul,
 When dying seasons lose their name;
 Divine abodes shall own his power,
 When time and death shall be no more.

A S O N G.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black-eyed Susan came on board ;
 Oh ! where shall I my true love find ?
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet William sails among the crew.

William, who high upon the yard,
 Rock'd with the billows too and fro ;
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
 He sig'd, and cast his eyes below :
 The cord slides gently thro' his glowing hands,
 And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast
 (If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear)
 And drops at once into her nest :
 The noblest captain in the British fleet
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet. !

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear !
 My vows shall ever true remain,
 Let me kiss off that falling tear,
 We only part to meet again :
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points at thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind ;
 They'll tell, the sailors when away,
 In ev'ry port a mistress find :
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present wherefoe'er I go :

If to fair India's coast we sail,
 Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,

Thy

Thy breath is Africk's spicy gale,
 Thy skin is ivory so white;
 Thus every beauteous object that I view,
 Takes in my soul some charms of lovely Sue.

Tho' battles call me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn,
 Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms
 William shall to his dear return;
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 Best precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosom spread,
 No longer must she stay aboard:
 They kiss'd; she sigh'd; he hung his head:
 Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land,
 Adieu, she cries; and wav'd her lilly hand.

A S O N G.

WHILST I gaze on Chloe trembling,
 Straight her eyes my fate declare;
 When she smiles I fear dissembling,
 When she frowns I then despair.
 Jealous of some rival lover,
 If a wandering look she give;
 Fain I would resolve to leave her,
 But can sooner cease to live.

Why should I conceal my passion,
 Or the torments I endure?
 I will disclose my inclination:
 Awful distance yields no cure.
 Sure it is not in her nature,
 To be cruel to her slave?
 She is too divine a creature
 To destroy what she can save.

Hap-

Happy's he whose inclination
 Warms but with a gentle heat:
 Never mounts to raging passion,
 Love's a torment if too great.
 When the storm is once blown over,
 Soon the ocean quiet grows;
 But a constant faithful lover
 Seldom meets with true repose.

A S O N G.

WHILST I fondly view the charmer,
 Thus the God of love I sue,
 Gentle Cupid, pray disarm her,
 Cupid, if you love me, do :
 Of a thousand sweets bereave her,
 Rob her neck, her lips and eyes,
 The remainder still will leave her
 Power enough to tyrannize.

Shape and feature, flame and passion,
 Still in every breast will move,
 More is supererrogation,
 Meer idolatry of love :
 You may dress a world of Chloes
 In the beauties she can spare ;
 Hear him, Cupid, who no foe is
 To your altars, or the fair.

Foolish mortal, pray be easy,
 Angry Cupid made reply,
 Do Florella's charms displease you,
 Die then, foolish mortal die :
 Fancy not that I'll deprive her
 Of the captivating store ;
 Shepherd, no, I'll rather give her
 Twenty thousand beauties more.

Were Florella proud and sour,
 Apt to mock a lover's care ;

Justly

Justly then you'd pray that power
 Shou'd be taken from the fair :
 At tho' I spread a blemish o'er her,
 No relief in that you'll find ;
 Still, fond shepherd, you'll adore her
 For the beauties of her mind.

The Braes of Yarrow.

mer, **B**USK ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsom marrow,
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
 And let us leave the braes of Yarrow.

Where got ye that bonny bonny bride,
 Where got ye that winsom marrow ?
 I got her where I durst not well be seen,
 Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride,
 Weep not, weep not, my winsom marrow,
 Nor let thy heart lament to leave
 Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride ?
 Why does she weep thy winsom marrow ?
 And why dare ye nae mair well be seen,
 Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow ?

Lang must she weep, lang must she, must she weep,
 Lang must she weep with dole and sorrow,
 And lang must I nae mair well be seen
 Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint her lover, lover dear,
 Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow,
 And I have slain the comeliest swain,
 That ever pue'd birks on the braes of Yarrow.

Why

Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, reid?
 Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
 And why yon melancholious weeds,
 Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flood?
 What's yonder floats? O dole and sorrow,
 O 'tis the comely swain I slew
 Upon the doleful braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds his wounds in tears,
 His wounds in tears of dole and sorrow,
 And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
 And lay him on the braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters sisters sad,
 Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,
 And weep around in woful wise,
 His helpless fate on the braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless useless shield,
 My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
 The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast
 His comely breast on the braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee not to, not to love,
 And warn from fight? but to my sorrow,
 Too rashly bold, a stronger arm
 Thou met'st and fell on the braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the
 Yellow on Yarrow's braes the gowan, (grass,
 Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
 Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet, as sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,
 As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,
 As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
 The apple from its rocks as mellow.

Fair

Fair was thy love, fair, fair indeed thy love,
 In flow'ry bands thou him didst fetter,
 Tho' he was fair, and well belov'd again,
 Then me he never lov'd thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride,
 Busk ye, then busk, my winsom marrow,
 Busk ye, and loe me on the banks of Tweed,
 And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.

How can I busk a bonny bonny bride,
 How can I busk a winsom marrow,
 How loe him on the banks of Tweed,
 That slew my love on the braes of Yarrow?

O Yarrow fields, may never, never rain,
 No dew thy tender blossoms cover,
 For there was vilely kill'd my love,
 My love as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
 His purple vest, 'twas my awn sewing,
 Ah! wretched me, I little, little knew,
 He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,
 Unheedful of my dole and sorrow,
 But e'er the toofal of the night,
 He lay a corps on the braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoic'd that woeful, woeful day,
 I sung, my voice the woods returning,
 But lang e'er night, the spear was flown
 That slew my love, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
 But with his cruel rage pursue me?
 My lover's blood is on thy spear;
 How can'st thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

L

My

My happy sisters may be, may be proud,
 With cruel and ungentle scoffing,
 May bid me seek on Yarrow's braes,
 My lover nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid,
 And strive with threatening words to move me.
 My lover's blood is on thy spear,
 How canst thou ever bid me love thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love,
 With bridal sheets my body cover,
 Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
 Let in the expected husband lover.

But who the expected husband husband is?
 His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter.
 Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon,
 Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,
 O lay his cold head on my pillow;
 Take aff, take aff these bridal weeds,
 And crown my careful head with yellow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best belov'd,
 O could my warmth to life restore thee;
 Yet lye all night between my breasts;
 No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed, O lovely, lovely youth!
 Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
 And lye all night between my breasts,
 No youth shall ever lye there after.

Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,
 Return and dry thy useless sorrow,
 Thy lover heeds nought of thy sighs,
 He lies a corps in the braes of Yarrow.

HARDI-

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HARDIKNUTE.

A Fragment of an old heroic Ballad.

I

STATELY stept he east the wa,
 And stately stept he west,
 Full seventy years he now had seen,
 With scarce seven years of rest.
 He liv'd when Britons breach of faith
 Wrought Scotland meikle wae:
 And ay his sword tauld to their cost,
 He was their deadly fae.

II.

Hie on a hill his castle stude,
 With halls and tours a hight,
 And guidly chambers fair to see,
 Where he lodg'd mony a knight.
 His dame sae peirless apes and fair,
 For chaste and beauty deimt,
 Nae marrow had in all the land,
 Save Elenor the Queen.

III.

Full thirteen sons to him she bare,
 All men of valour stout;
 In bluidy fight, with sword in hand,
 Nyne lost their lives bot doubt;
 Four yet remain, lang may they live
 To stand by liege and land:
 Hie was their fame, hie was their might,
 And hie was their command.

IV.

Great love they bare to Fairly fair,
 Their sister fast and deir,
 Her girdle shawd her middle jimp,
 And gowden glist her hair
 What waefou wae her bewtie bred?
 Waefou to young and auld.
 Waefou I trow to kyth and kin,
 As story ever tauld.

V.

The King of Norſe in ſummer tyde,
 Puſt up with power and might,
 Landed in fair Scotland the iſle,
 With mony a hardy knight:
 The tydings to our gude Scots King
 Came, as he ſat at dyne,
 With noble chiefs in brave aray,
 Drinking the blude-reid wyne.

VI.

‘ To horſe, to horſe, my royal liege,
 ‘ Your ſaes ſtand on the ſtrand,
 ‘ Full twenty thouſand glittering ſpears
 ‘ The King of Norſe commands.
Bring me my ſtead, Maage, dapple gray,
Our gude king raiſe and cry’d;
A truſtier beaſt in all the land,
A Scots King never ſeyd.

VII.

Go, little page, tell Hardyknute,
That lives on hill ſo hie,
To draw his ſword, the dreid of ſaes,
And haſte and follow me.
 The little page ſlew ſwift as dart
 Flung by his maſter’s arm,
Come down, come down, Lord Hardyknute,
And redd your king frae harm.

VIII.

Then reid, reid grew his dark brown cheiks,
 Sae did his dark brown brow;
 His looks grew keen as they were wont
 In dangers great to do;
 He has tane a horn, as green as graſs,
 And gien five ſounds ſae ſhrill,
 That trees in green wood ſhook thereat,
 Sae loud rang ilka hill.

IX.

His ſons in manly ſport and glic,
 Had paſt that ſummers morn,

When

When lo ! down in a grassy dale,
 They heard their father's horn.
That horn, quoth they, neer sounds in peace,
We have other sport to byde ;
 And soon they heyd them up the hill,
 And soon were at his syde .

X.

Late, late yestreen I weind in peace
 To end my lengthned life,
 My age might weil excuse my arm
Frae manly feats of strife ;
 But now that Nor se does proudly boast
 Fair Scotland to enthrall,
Its neir be said of Hardyknute,
 He fear'd to fight or fall.

XI.

Robin of Rothsay, bend thy bow,
 Thy arrow shoot sae leil,
 Mony a comely countenance
 They have turn'd to deidly pale :
 Brade Thomas, take ye but your lance
 Ye nief nae weapons mair,
 Gif ye fight weit as ye did anes
 'Gainst Westmorland's fierce heir.

XII.

Malcom, light of foot as stag
 That runs in forest wyld,
 Get me my thousands three of men
 Well bred to sword and shield :
 Bring me my horse and harnisine,
 My blade of mettall cleir.
 If faes kend but the hand it bare,
 They soon had fled for fear.

XIII.

Fareweil, my dame, sae pierless good,
 And took her by the hand,
 Fairer to me in age you seem,
 Than maids for bewty fam'd :
 My youngest son sall here remain
 To guard these stately towirs

*And shut the silver bolt that keeps
Sae fast your painted bowirs.*

XIV.

*And first she wet her comely cheiks,
And then her boddice green,
Hir silken cords of twirtle twiſt,
Weil plett with silver ſheen;
And apron ſet with mony a dyce
Of needle-wark ſae rare,
Wove by nae hand, as ye may gueſs,
Save that of Fairly fair.*

XV.

*And he has ridden owre muir and moſs,
Owre hills and mony a glen,
When he came to a wounded knight
Making a heavy mane;
Here maun I lye, here maun I dye,
By treacheries false gyles;
Witleſs I was that eir gave faith
To wicked womans ſmyles.*

XVI.

*Sir knight, gin ye were in my bowir,
To lean on ſilken ſeat,
My ladys kindlie care you'd prove,
Wha neir kend deidly hate;
Hir ſelf wald watch ye all the day,
Hir maids a deid of nicht;
And Fairly fair your heart wald cheir,
As ſhe ſtands in your ſight,*

XVII.

*Ariſe, young knight, and mount your ſteid,
Full lowns the ſhynand day,
Chuſe frae my menzie whom ye pleaſe
To lead ye on the way,
With ſmyleſs look and viſage wan,
The wounded knight reply'd,
Kynd chiftain, your intent purſue,
For heir I maun abyde.*

XVIII.

*To me nae after day nor night
Can eir be ſweet or fair,*

*But ſoon bene
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But

*But soon beneath some draping trie,
 Could death fall end my care.
 With him nae pleading might prevail;
 Brave Hardyknute to gain,
 With fairest words and reason strang,
 Strave courteously in vain.*

XIX.

*Syne he has gane far hynd attowre,
 Lord Chattans land sae wyde,
 That lord a worthy wight was ay,
 When faes his courage seyde:
 Of Pictish race by mothers syde,
 When Picts ruld Caledon,
 Lord Chattan claimd the princely maid,
 When he sav'd Pictish crown.*

XX.

*Now with his fierce and stalwart train,
 He reach'd a ryding height,
 Whair braid encampit on the dale,
 Norse army lay in sight;
 Yonder, my valiant sons and feirs,
 Our raging revers wait
 On the unconquer'd Scottish swaird,
 To try with us their fate.*

XXI.

*Mak orisons to him that sav'd
 Our fauls upon the rude,
 Syne bravely shaw your veins are filld
 With Caledonian blude.
 Then furth he drew his trusty glaive,
 While thousands all around,
 Drawn frae their sheaths glanst in the sun,
 And loud the bougills found.*

XXII.

*To join his king adoun the hill
 In hast his merch he made,
 Whyle, play and pibrochs, minstralls meit
 Afore him stately strade.
 Thryse welcom vallant stoup of weir,
 Thy nations sheild and pryde;
 Thy king nae reason has to feir
 When thou art by his syde.*

But

When

When bows were bent and darts were thrawn,
 For thrang scarce could they flie,
 The darts clove arrows as they met,
 The arrows dart the trie.
 Lang did they rage and fight full fierce,
 With little skaith to man,
 But bludy, bludy was the field,
 Or that lang day was done.

The king of Scots that findle bruid
 The war that lookt like play,
 Drew his braid sword, and brake his bow.
 Sen bows seimt but delay:
Quoth noble Rothsay, Myne I'll keip,
I wate its bled a score.
Haste up, my merry men, cry'd, the king,
 As he rade on before.

The king of Norfe he sought to find,
 With him to mense the fight,
 But on his forehead there did light
 A sharp unfonsie shaft;
 As he his hand put up to find
 The wound, an arrow keen,
 O waefou chance! there pinnd his hand
 In midit between his een.

Revenge, revenge, cryd Rothsays heir,
Your mail-coat fall nocht byde.
The strength and sharpness of my dart ;
 Then sent it through his syde:
 Another arrow weil he markd
 It pierc'd his neck in twa,
 His hands then quat the silver reins,
 He laigh as card did fa.

Sair bleids my leige, sair, sair he bleids.
 Again with might he drew
 And gesture dreid his sturdy bow,
 Fast the braid arrow flew.

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Wae to the knight he ettled at,
 Lament now, Quene Elgried ;
 Hie dames too wail your darlings fall,
 His youth and comely meid.

XXVIII.

Take aff, take aff his costly jupe
 (Of gold weil was it twynd,
 Knit lyke the fowlers net through which
 His steilly harness shynd)
Take, Norfè, that gift frae me, and bid
Him venge the blude it beirs ;
Say, if he face my bended bow,
He sure nae weapon fears.

XXIX.

Proud Norfè with giaint body tall,
 Braid shoulders and arms strong,
 Cry'd, *Where is Hardyknute sae famd,*
And feird at Britains throne :
The Britons tremble at his name,
I soon sall make him wail
That eir my sword was made sae sharp,
Sae saft his coat of mail.

XXX.

That brag his stout heart coud na byde,
 It lent him youthful might :
 I'm Hardyknute *this day, he cry'd,*
To Scotlands king I height.
To lay thee law as horses hufe,
My word I mean to keip.
 Syne with the first strake eir he strake,
 He garrd his body bleid.

XXXI.

Norfè ene lyke gray gofchawks staird wyld,
 He fight with shame and spyte ;
Disgracd is new my far fam'd arm
That left thee power to stryke :
 Then gave his head a blaw sae fell,
 It made him down to stoup,
 As law as he to ladies us'd
 In courtly gyse to lout.

Full

Full soon he rais'd his bent body,
 His bow he marvell'd fair,
 Sen blaws till then on him but darred
 As touch of Fairly fair :
 Norse ferliet too as fair as he
 To see his stately look,
 Sae soon as eir he strake a fae,
 Sae soon his lyfe he took.

XXXIII.

Whair like a fyre to het her set,
 Bauld Thomas did advance,
 A sturdy fae with look enragd
 Up towards him did prance ;
 He spurd his steid throw thickest ranks
 The hardy youth to quell,
 Wha stood unmov'd at his approach
 His furie to repell.

XXXIV.

*That short brown shaft sae meanly trimd
 Looks like poor Scotlands geir,
 But driedful seems the rusty poynt !
 And loud he leugh in jeir.
 Aft Britains blude has dimd its shyne,
 This poynt cut short their vaunt ;
 Syne pierc'd the boaster's bairded cheik,
 Nae time he took to taunt.*

XXXV.

Short while he in his saddle swang,
 His stirrip was nae stay,
 Sae feible hang his unbent knee,
 Sure taken he was fey :
 Swith on the hardened clay he fell,
 Right far was hard the thud,
 But Thomas look'd not as he lay
 All waltering in his blude.

XXXVI.

With cairles gesture, mynd unmov'd,
 On raid he north the plain,
 His seim in thrang of fiercest stryfe,
 When winner ay the same :

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Nor yet his heart dames dimpelit cheik,
 Coud meise fast love to bruik,
 Till vengeful Ann return'd his scorn,
 Then languid grew his look.

XXXVII.

In thrawis of death, with wailowit cheik
 All panting on the plain,
 The fainting corps of warriours lay,
 Neir to arylse again ;
 Neir to return to native land,
 Nae mair with blythsom sounds,
 To boast the glories of the day,
 And shaw their shyning wounds.

XXXVIII.

On Norways coast the widow'd dame
 May wash the rocks with teirs,
 May lang look owre the shiples seis,
 Before hir mate appeirs.
 Ceise, Emma, ceise to hope in vain,
 Thy lord lyis in the clay,
 The valiant Scots nae revers thole
 To carry lyfe away.

XXXIX.

There on a lie whair stands a cross,
 Set up for monument,
 Thousands full fierce that summers day
 Filld keen waris black intent,
 Let Scots, while Scots, praise Hardyknute,
 Let Norse the name ay dreid,
 Ay how he faught, aft how he spaird,
 Sal latest ages reid.

XL.

Loud and chill blew westlin wind,
 Sair beat the heavy showir,
 Mirk grew the night eir Hardyknute
 Wan neir his stately tower ;
 His tower that usd with torches bleise,
 To shyne fae far at night,
 Seimd now as black as mourning weid
 Nae marvel sair he seight.

Theres

There's nae light in my ladys bowir,
 There's nae light in my hall ;
 Nae blink shyne round my Fairly fair,
 Nor Ward stands on my wall.
 What bodes it ? Robert, Thomas say,
 Nae answer fits their dreid.
 Stand back, my sons I'll be your gyde,
 But by they past with speid.

XLII.

As fast as I haef sped owre Scotlands faes,
 Their ceist his brag of weir,
 Sair sham'd to mynd ought but his dame,
 And maiden Fairly fair,
 Black fear he felt. but what to fear
 He wist not yet with dreid ;
 Sair, shook his body, fair his limbs,
 And all the warrior fled.

* * * * *

*On our Ladies being dressed in Scots Manu-
 factory, at a Publict Assembly.*

A S O N G,

To the tune of *O'er the hills and far away.*

LET me ner beauties use their art,
 And range both Indies for their dress,
 Our fair can captivate the heart
 In native weeds, nor look the less.
 More bright unborrowed beauties shine,
 The artless sweetness of each face
 Sparkle with lustres more divine.
 When freed of every foreign grace.

The tawny nymph on scorching plains,
 May use the aid of gems and paint,
 Deck with brocade and Tyrian strains
 Features of ruder form and taint,

What

What Cledonian ladies wear,
 Or from the lint or woolen twine,
 Adorn'd by all their sweets, appear :
 Whate'er we can imagine fine.

Apparel neat becomes the fair,
 The dirty dress may lovers cool,
 But clean, our maids need have no care,
 If clad in linnen, silk, or wool.
 T'adore Myrtilla, who can cease?
 Her active charms our praise demand,
 Clad in a mantua, from the fleece,
 Spun by her own delighted hand.

Who can behold Calista's eyes,
 Her breast, her cheek, and snowy arms,
 And mind what artists can devise,
 To rival more superior charms?
 Compar'd with those, the diamond's dull,
 Launs, satins, and the velvets fade,
 The soul with her attractions full,
 Can never be by these betray'd.

Saphira, all o'er native sweets,
 Not the false glare of dress regards,
 Her wit, her character completes,
 Her smile her lovers sighs rewards,
 When such first beauties lead the way,
 The inferior rank will follow soon ;
 Then arts no longer shall decay,
 But trade encourag'd be in tune.

Millions of fleeces shall be wove,
 And flax that on the valleys blooms,
 Shall make the naked nations love
 And bless the labours of our looms ;
 We have enough, nor want from them,
 But trifles hardly worth our care,
 Yet for these trifles let them claim
 What food and cloth we have to spare.

M

How

What

How happy's Scotland in her fair!
 Her amiable daughters shall,
 By acting thus with virtuous care,
 Again the golden age recal:
 Enjoying them, Edina ne'er
 Shall miss a court; but soon advance
 In wealth, when thus the lov'd appear
 Around the scenes, or in the dance.

Barbarity shall yield to sense,
 And lazy pride to useful arts,
 When such dear angels in defence
 Of virtue thus engage their hearts.
 Blest guardians of our joys and wealth,
 True fountains of delight and love,
 Long bloom your charms, fixt be your health,
 'Till tir'd with earth ye mount above.

*The following SONGS taken out of the
 Gentle Shepherd.*

SANG I. *The wawking of the fauld.*

Sung by Patie.

MY Peggy is a young thing,
 Just enter'd in her teens,
 Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
 Fair as the day, and always gay.
 My Peggy is a young thing,
 And I'm not very auld,
 Yet well I like to meet her at
 The wawking of the fauld.
 My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
 Whene'er we meet alane.
 I wish nae mair, to lay my care,
 I wish nae mair, of a' that's rare.
 My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
 To a' the lave I'm cauld;

But
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But she gars a' my spirits glow
At wawking of the fauld.

And Peggy smiles fae kindly,
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown,
My Peggy smiles fae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld,
And naithing gie's me sic delight,
As wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings fae fastly,
When on my pipe I play ;
By a' the rest, it is confest,
By a' the rest, that she sings best.
My Peggy sings fae fastly,
And in her sangs are tald,
With innocence the wale of sense,
At wawking of the fauld.

SANG II. Fy gar rub her o'er with strae.

Sung by Patie.

DE A R Roger, if your Jenny geck,
And answer kindness with a slight,
Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
For women in a man delight :
But them despise who're soon defeat,
And with a simple face give way
To a repulse—then be not blate,
Push bauldly on, and win the day.
When maidens, innocently young,
Say aften what they never mean,
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
But tent the language of their' een :
If these agree, and she persist
To answer all your love with hate,

M 2

Seek

Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
And let her sigh when 'tis too late.

SANG III. *Polwart on the Green.*

Sung by Peggy.

THe dorty well repent,
' If lover's heart grow cauld,
And nane her smiles will tent,
Soon as her face looks auld:
'The dawted bairn thus takes the pet,
Nor eats, tho' hunger crave,
Whimpers and tarrows at its meat,
And's laught at by the lave;
They jest it till the dinner's past,
Thus by it fell abus'd,
The fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
Or eat what they've refus'd.

SANG IV. *O dear Mother, what shall I do?*

Sung by Jenny.

O Dear Peggy, love's beguiling,
We ought not to trust his smiling,
Better far to do as I do,
Lest a harder luck betyde you.
Lasses when their fancy's carried,
Think of nought but to be married;
Running to a life destroys
Heartsome, free, and youthfu' joys.

SANG V. *How can I be sad on my wedding day.*

Sung by Peggy.

HOW shall I be sad when a husband I hae,
That has better sense than any of thae
Sour weak silly fellows, that study like fools
To sink their ain joy, and make their wives snools.

The

The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
 Or with dull reproaches encourages strife;
 He praises her virtues, and ne'er will abuse
 Her for a small failing, but find an excuse.

SANG VI. *Nanfy's to the green wood gane.*

Sung by Jenny.

I Yield, dear lassie, you have won,
 And there is nae denying,
 That sure as light flows frae the sun,
 Frae love proceeds complying;
 For a' that we can do or say,
 'Gainst love nae thinker heeds us,
 They ken our bosoms lodge the fae,
 That by the heart-strings leads us.

SANG VII. *Cauld Kale in Aberdeen.*

Sung by Glaud or Simon.

CAULD be the rebel's cast,
 Oppressors base and bloody,
 I hope we'll see them at the last
 Strung a' up in a woody.
 Blest be he of worth and sense,
 And ever high his station,
 That bravely stands in the defence
 Of conscience, king and nation.

SANG VIII. *Mucking of Geordy's Byer.*

Sung by Symon.

THE laird who in riches and honour
 Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,
 Nor rack the poor tenants, who labour
 To rise aboon poverty:
 Else, like the pack horse that's unfather'd
 And burden'd, will tumble down faint;

Thus virtue by hardship is smother'd,
And rackers aft tine their rent.

SANG IX. *Carle and the King come.*

Sung by Maufe.

PEGGY, now the king's come,
Peggy, now the king's come,
Thou may dance, and I shall sing,
Peggy, since the king's come.
Nae mair the hawkies thou shalt milk,
But change thy plaiding-coat for silk,
And be a lady of that ilk,
Now, Peggy, since the king's come.

SANG X. *Winter was cauld and my claithing
was thin.*

Sung by Peggy and Patie.

PEGGY.

WHEN first my dear laddie gade to the green hill,
And I at ew-milking first sey'd my young skill,
To bear the milk-bowie, nae pain was to me,
When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee.

PATIE. (bells)

When corn-riggs wav'd yellow, and blew hether-
Bloom'd bonny on moorland and sweet rising fells,
Nae birns, brier, or breckens, gave trouble to me,
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,
And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain:
Thy ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me;
For nane can put, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

PATIE.

Our Jenny sings saftly the *Cowden Broom-Knows*,
And Rosie liltis sweetly the *Milking the ewes*;
There's few Jenny Nettles like Nanfy can sing,
At Throw the wood laddie, Bess gars our lugs ring:

But

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But when my dear Peggy sings with better skill,
The *Boat-man*, *Tweedside*, or the *Lass of the mill*,
'Tis many times sweeter and pleasing to me ;
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee,

PEGGY.

How easy can lasses trow what they desire ?
And praises sae kindly increases love's fire ;
Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be
To make my self better and sweeter for thee.

SANG XI. *By the delicious warmness of thy mouth.*

Sung by Patie and Peggy.

PATIE.

BY the delicious warmness of thy mouth,
And rowing eye, which smiling tells the truth,
I guess, my lassie, that as well as I,
You're made for love, and why should ye deny ?

PEGGY.

But ken ye, lad gin ye confess o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done :
The maiden that o'er quickly tines her pow'r,
Like unripe fruit, will taste but hard and sow'r.

PATIE.

But when they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their sweetness they may tine, and sae may ye :
Red-cheeked you compleatly ripe appear,
And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang haff year.

PEGGY.

Then dinna pu' me ; gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's arms for good and a' :
But stint your wishes to this frank embrace,
And mint nae farther till we've got the grace.

PATIE.

O charming armsfu' ! hence, ye cares, away.
I'll kiss my treasure a' the live lang day :
A' night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
'Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

CHORUS.

*Sun, gallop down the westlin skies,
Gang soon to bed, and quickly rise;
O lash your steeds, post time away,
And hast about our bridal day:
And if ye're weary'd, honest light,
Sleep gin ye like a week that night.*

SANG XII. *Happy Clown.*

Sung by Sir William.

HID from himself, now by the dawn
He starts as fresh as roses blawn,
And ranges o'er the heights and lawn,
After his bleeting flocks.
Heathful, and innocently gay
He chants, and whistles out the day;
Untaught to smile, and then betray,
Like courtly weathercocks.

Life happy from ambition free,
Envy and vile hypocrisie,
Where truth and love with joys agree,
Unfullied with a crime:
Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,
In proping of their pride and state;
He lives, and unafraid of fate,
Contented spends his time.

SANG XIII. *Leith-Wynd.*

Sung by Jenny and Roger.

WEre I assur'd you'll constant prove,
You should nae mair complain,
The easy maid beset with love,
Few words will quickly gain;
For I must own, now since you're free,
This too fond heart of mine
Has lang, a black-sole true to thee,
Wish'd to be pair'd with thine,

ROGER.

ROGER.

I'm happy now, ah ! let my head
 Upon thy breast recline ;
 Thy pleasure strikes me near-hand dead ;
 Is Jenny then sae kind ?——
 O let me bris thee to my heart !
 And round my arms entwine :
 Delightful thought ; we'll never part !
 Come press thy mouth to mine.

SANG XIV. *O'er Bogie.**Sung by Jenny.*

WELL I agree, ye're sure of me ;
 Next to my father gae.
 Make him content to give consent,
 He'll hardly say you nay :
 For you have what he wad be at,
 And will commend you well,
 Since parents auld think love grows cauld,
 Where bairns want milk and meal.

Shou'd he deny, I carena by,
 He'd contradict in vain.
 Tho' a' my kin had said and sworn,
 But thee I will have nane.
 Then never range, or learn to change,
 Like these in high degree :
 And if you prove faithful in love,
 You'll find nae fault in me.

SANG XV. *Wat ye wha I met yestreen.**Sung by Sir William.*

NOW from rusticity, and love,
 Whose flames but over lowly burn,
 My gentle shepherd must be drove,
 His soul must take another turn :
 As the rough diamond from the mine,
 In breakings only shews its light,

'Till

'Till polishing has made it shine;
Thus learning makes the genius bright.

SANG XVI. *Kirk wad let me be.*

Sung by Patie.

DUTY and part of reason,
Plead strong on the parents side,
Which love superior calls treason;
The strongest must be obey'd;
For now tho' I'm one of the gentry,
My constancy falshood repels;
For change in my heart is no entry,
Still there my dear Peggy excels.

SANG XVII. *Woes my heart that we should sunder.*

Sung by Peggy.

SPEAK on! — I speak thus, and still my grief,
Hold up a heart that's sinking under
These fears, that soon will want relief,
When Pate must from his Peggy sunder.
A gentler face, and silk attire,
A lady rich in beauty's blossom,
Alake poor me! will now conspire
To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.

No more the shepherd who excell'd
The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
Shall now his Peggy's praises tell,
Ah! I can die, but never sunder.
Ye meadows where we often stray'd,
Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
Sweet scented rucks round which we play'd,
You'll loss your sweets when we're asunder.

Again ah! shall I never creep
Around the know with silent duty,
Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
And wonder at thy manly beauty?

Hear,

Hear, heaven
Tho' thou
Throw life
Nor be a

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Hear, heaven, while solemnly I vow,
 Tho' thou shouldst prove a wandering lover,
 Throw life to thee I shall prove true,
 Nor be a wife to any other.

SANG XVIII. *Tweed-side.**Sung by Peggy.*

WHEN hope was quite sunk in despair,
 My heart it was going to break;
 My life appear'd worthless my care,
 But now I will sav't for thy sake.
 Where'er my love travels by day,
 Wherever he lodges by night,
 With me his dear image shall stay,
 And my soul keep him e'er in sight.

With patience I'll wait the long year,
 And study the gentlest charms;
 Hope time away till thou appear,
 To lock thee for ay in those arms.
 Whilst thou wast a shepherd, I priz'd
 No higher degree in this life;
 But now I'll endeavour to rise
 To a hight is becoming thy wife.

For beauty that's only skin deep,
 Must fade like the gowans of May,
 But inwardly rooted will keep
 For ever, without a decay.
 Nor age, nor the changes of life,
 Can quench the fair fire of love,
 If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
 And the husband have sence to approve.

SANG XIX. *Bush aboon Traquair.**Sung by Peggy.*

AT setting day and rising morn,
 With soul that still shall love thee,

I'M

I'll ask of heaven thy safe return,
 With all that can improve thee.
 I'll visit oft the birken-bush,
 Where first thou kindly told me
 Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
 Whilst round thou didst enfold me.

To all our hants I will repair,
 By greenwood-shaw or fountain;
 Or where he summer-day I'd share
 With thee, upon yon mountain,
 There will I tell the trees and flowers,
 From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
 By vows you're mine, by love is yours
 A heart which cannot wander.

SANG XX. *Bonny gray ey'd Morn.*

Sung by Sir William.

THE bonny gray eyed morning begins to peep,
 And darkness flies before the rising ray,
 The hearty hynd starts from his lazy sleep,
 To follow healthful labours of the day,
 Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow,
 The lark and the linnet tend his levee,
 And he joins their concert, driving his plow,
 From toil of grimace and pageantry free.

While fluster'd with wine, or madden'd with loss,
 Of half an estate, the prey of a main,
 The drunkard and gamester tumble and toss,
 Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain.
 Be my portion health and quietness of mind,
 Plac'd at due distance from parties and state,
 Where neither ambition, or avarice blind,
 Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate.

The ARCHERS march.

SOUND, sound the music, sound it,
 Let hills and dales rebound it:

Let hills and dales rebound it,

In praise of archery :

Its origine divine is,

The practice brave and fine is,

Which generously inclines us

To guard our liberty.

Art by the God imployed,

By which heroes enjoyed,

By which heroes enjoyed

The wreaths of victory.

The Deity of Parnassus,

The God of soft caresses,

Chaste Cynthia and her lasses,

Delight in archery.

See, see yon bow extended !

'Tis Jove himself that bends it,

'Tis Jove himself that bends it,

O'er clouds on high it glows.

All nations, Turks and Parthians,

The Tartars and the Scythians,

The Arabs, Moors and Indians,

With bravery draw their bows.

Our own true records tell us,

That none cou'd e'er excel us,

That none cou'd e'er excel us

In martial archery :

With shafts our fires engaging,

Oppos'd the Romans raging,

Defeat the fierce Norwegian,

And spared few Danes to flee.

Witness Largs and Loncartie,

Largs, where the Norwegians, headed by their valiant King *Haco*, were, Anno 1263, totally defeat by *Alexander III.* King of Scots ; the heroick *Alexander*, great-steward of Scotland, commanded the right wing.

Loncartie, near Perth, where king *Kenneth III.* obtained the victory over the Danes, which was prin-

N

cipal-

Dunkel and Aberlemny,
 Dunkel and Aberlemny,
 Rosline and Bannockburn,
 The Chiviots——all the border;
 Where bowmen in brave order,
 Told enemies, if further
 They mov'd, they'd ne'er return.

Sound, sound the musick, sound it,
 Let hills and dales rebound it,
 Let hills and dales rebound it,
 In praise of archery.
 Us'd as a game it pleases,
 The mind to joy it raises,
 And throws of all diseases
 Of lazy luxury.

Now, now our care beguiling,
 When all the year looks smiling,
 When all the year looks smiling,
 With healthful harmony:
 The sun in glory glowing,
 With morning dew bestowing,

cipally owing to the valour and resolution of the first
 brave *Hay*, and his two sons.

Dunkel, here, and in Kyle, and on the banks of
 Tay, our great King *Corberdus Galdus* in three bat-
 tles overthrew 30000 Romans in the reign of the
 Emperor Domitian.

Aberlemny, four miles from Brechin, where King
Malcolm II. obtained a glorious victory over the
 united armies of Danes, Norwegians and Cumbrians,
 &c. commanded by Sueno King of Denmark, and
 his warlike son Prince *Canute*.

Rosline, about five miles south of Edinburgh, where
 10000 Scots, led by Sir *John Cumin* and Sir *Simon*
Frazer, defeat in three battles in one day 30000 of
 their enemies. Anno 1303.

The battles of Bannockburn and Chiviot, &c. are
 so well known, that they require no notes.

Sweet

Sweet fragrance, life, and growing,
To flowers and every tree.

Tis now the archers royal,
An hearty band and loyal,
An hearty band and loyal,
That in just thoughts agree.
Appear in ancient bravery,
Despising all base knavery,
Which tends to bring in slavery
Souls worthy to live free.

Sound, found the musick, found it,
Fill up the glass and round wi't,
Fill up the glass and round wi't,
Health and prosperity
T' our great CHIEF and Officers,
T' our President and Counsellors :
To all who, like their breave forbears,
Delight in archery.

The Soger Laddie.

MY soger laddie is over the sea,
And he will bring gold and money to me ;
And when he comes hame, he'll make me a lady,
My blessing gang with my soger laddie.

My doughty laddie is handsome and brave,
And can as a soger and lover behave ;
True to his country, to love he is steady,
There's few to compare with my soger laddie.

Shield him ye angels, frae death in alarms,
Return him with lawrels to my langing arms.
Syne frae all my care ye'll pleasantly free me,
When back to my wishes my soger ye gie me.

O soon may his honours bloom fair on his brow,
As quickly they must, if he get his due :

For in noble actions his courage is ready,
Which makes me delight in my foger laddie.

The Cock Laird.

A Cock laird fu cadgie,
With Jenny did meet,
He haws'd her, he kifs'd her,
And ca'd her his sweet.
Wilt thou gae along
Wi' me, Jenny, Jenny?
Thoufe be my ain lemmane,
Jo Jenny, quoth he.

If I gae along w'ye,
Ye maunna fail,
To feaft me with caddels
And good hacket-kail.
The deef's in your nicety,
Jenny, quoth he,
Mayna bannocks of bear-meal
Be as good for thee.

And I maun hae pinner,
With pearling fet round,
A skirt of puddy,
And a waitecoat of broun,
Awa with fiek vanities,
Jenny, quoth he,
For kurchis and kirtles
Are fitter for thee.

My lairdship can yield me
As meikle a year,
As had usin pottage
And good knockit beer:
But having nae tenants,
O Jenny, Jenny,
To buy ought I ne'er have
A penny, quoth he.

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The borrowstoun merchants
 Will sell ye on tick,
 For we maun hae braw things,
 Albeit they sould break.
 When broken, frae care
 The fools are set free,
 When we make them lairds
 In the abbey, quoth she.

A SONG.

To the tune of, *Last time I came o'er the moor.*

YE blytheft lads, and lasses gay,
 Hear what my sang discloses.
 As I ae morning sleeping lay
 Upon a bank of roses,
 Young Jamie whisking o'er the mead,
 By good luck chanc'd to spy me;
 He took his bonnet aff his head,
 And fastly sat down by me.

Jamie tho' I right meikle priz'd,
 Yet now I wadna ken him;
 But with a frown my face disguis'd,
 And strave away to send him:
 But fondly he still nearer prest,
 And by my side down lying,
 His beating heart thumped sae fast,
 I thought the lad was dying.

But still resolving to deny,
 And angry passion feigning,
 I aften roughly shot him by,
 With words full of disdain.
 Poor Jamie bawk'd, nae favour wins,
 Went aff much discontented;
 But I in truth for a' my sins,
 Ne'er haff sae fair repented.

JEANY, *Where has thou been.*

O Jeany, Jeany, where has thou been ?
 Father and mother are seeking of thee.
 Ye have been ranting, playing the wanton,
 Keeping of jocky company.
 O Betty, I've been to hear the mill clack,
 Getting meal ground for the family,
 As fow as it gade I brang hame the sack,
 For the miller has taken nae mowter frae me.

Ha! Jeany, Jeany, there's meal on your back,
 The miller's a wanton billy, and sleet,
 Tho' victual's come hame again hale, what-reck,
 I fear he has taken his mowter aff thee.
 And Betty, ye spread your linen to bleech,
 When that was done, where cou'd you be ?
 Ha! las! I saw ye slip down the hedge,
 And wanton Willy was following thee.

Ay Jeany, Jeany, ye gade to the kirk ;
 But when it skail'd, where cou'd thou be ?
 Ye came na hame till it was mirk,
 They say the kissing clerk came w'ye.
 O filly lassie, what will thou do ?
 If thou grow great, they'll heez thee hie.
 Look to your sell, if Jock prove true :
 The clerk frae creepies will keep me free.

Bonny CHRISTY.

HOW sweetly smells the simmer green !
 Sweet taste the peach and cherry ;
 Painting and order please our een,
 And claret makes us merry :
 But finest colours, fruits and flowers,
 And wine, tho' I be thirsty,
 Lofs a' their charms and weaker powers,
 Compar'd with those of Christy.

When

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry park,
 No nat'ral beauty wanting,
 How lightsome is't to hear the lark,
 And birds in consort chanting?
 But if my Christy tunes her voice,
 I'm rapt in admiration;
 My thoughts with extasies rejoice,
 And drap the hale creation.

Whene'er she smiles a kindly glance,
 I take the happy omen,
 And aften mint to make advance,
 Hoping she'll prove a woman :
 But, dubious of my ain desert,
 My sentiments I smother ;
 With secret sighs I vex my heart,
 For fear she love another.

Thus sang blate Edie by a burn,
 His Christy did o'er-hear him ;
 She doughtna let her lover mourn,
 But e'er he wist drew near him.
 She spake her favour with a look,
 Which left nae room to doubt her ;
 He wisely this white minute took,
 And sang his arms about her.

My Christy!——witness, bonny stream,
 Sic joys frae tears arising,
 I with this may na be a dream ;
 O love the maist surprising!
 Time was too precious now for tauk ;
 This point of a' his wishes
 He wadna with set speeches bauk,
 But war'd it a' on kisses.

The Bush aboon TRAQUAIR.

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and every swain,
 I'll tell how Peggy grieves me,

Tho'

When

Tho' thus I languish, thus complain,
 Alas ! she ne'er believes me.
 My vows and sighs, like silent air,
 Unheeded never move her ;
 At the bonny bush aboon Traquair,
 'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smil'd, and made me glad,
 No maid seem'd ever kinder ;
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,
 So sweetly there to find her.
 I try'd to sooth my am'rous flame,
 In words that I thought tender ;
 If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
 I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flees the plain,
 The fields we then frequented ;
 If e'er we meet she shews disdain,
 She looks as ne'er acquainted.
 The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May,
 Its sweets I'll ay remember ;
 But now her frowns make it decay,
 It fades as in December.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,
 Why thus should Peggy grieve me ?
 Oh ! make her partner in my pains,
 Then let her smiles relieve me.
 If not, my love will turn despair,
 My passion no more tender,
 I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
 To lonely wilds I'll wander.

An O D E.

To the Tune of, Polwarth on the Green.

TH O' beauty, like the rose
 That smiles on Polwarth green,

in various colours shows,
 As 'tis by fancy seen :
 Yet all its different glories ly
 United in thy face,
 And vertue, like the sun on high,
 Gives rays to ev'ry grace.

So charming is her air,
 So smooth, so calm her mind,
 That to some angel's care
 Each motion seems assign'd :
 But yet so chearful, sprightly, gay,
 The joyful moments fly,
 As if for wings they stole the ray
 She darteth from her eye.

Kind am'rous Cupids, while
 With tuneful voice she sings,
 Perfume her breath and smile,
 And wave their balmy wings :
 But as the tender blushes rise,
 Soft innocence doth warm,
 The soul in blissful extasies
 Dissolveth in the charm.

T W E E D - S I D E .

W H A T beauties does Flora disclose ?
 How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed ?
 Yet Mary's still swetter than those ;
 Both nature and fancy exceed.
 Nor daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
 Not all the gay flowers of the field,
 Not Tweed gliding gently thro' those,
 Such beauty and pleasure does yield,

The warblers are heard in the grove,
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
 The black-kird, and sweet cooing dove,
 With musick enchant ev'ry bush.

Come,

Come, let us go forth to the mead,
 Let us see how the primroses spring,
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
 And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
 Does Mary not 'tend a few sheep?
 Do they never carelessly stray,
 While happily she lyes asleep?
 Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest;
 Kind nature indulging my bliss,
 To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excell,
 No beauty with her may compare;
 Love's graces all round her do dwell,
 She's fairest, where thousands are fair.
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
 Oh! tell me at noon where they feed;
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

S O N G.

To the tune of, *Woe's my heart that we should sunder.*

IS Hamilla then my own?
 O! the dear, the charming treasure:
 Fortune now in vain shall frown;
 All my future life is pleasure.

See how rich with youthful grace,
 Beauty warms her ev'ry feature;
 Smiling heaven is in her face,
 All is gay, and all is nature.

See what mingling charms arise,
 Rosy smiles, and kindling blushes;
 Love sits laughing in her eyes,
 And betrays her secret wishes.

Haste

Haste then from th' Idalian grove,
 Infant smiles, and sports, and graces;
 Spread the downy couch for love,
 And lull us in your sweet embraces.

Softest raptures, pure from noise,
 This fair happy night surround us;
 While a thousand sp'ritly joys
 Silent flutter all around us.

Thus unsow'r'd with care or strife,
 Heaven still guard this dearest blessing!
 While we tread the path of life,
 Loving still, and still possessing.

A S O N G.

LET's be jovial, fill our glasses,
 Madnes' 'tis for us to think,
 How the world is rul'd by asses,
 And the wise are sway'd by chink.
Fa, la, ra, &c.

Then never let vain cares oppress us,
 Riches are to them a snare;
 We're ev'ry one as rich as Croesus,
 While our bottle drowns our care.
Fa, la, ra, &c.

Wine will make us red as roses,
 And our sorrows quite forget:
 Come, let us fuddle all our noses,
 Drink ourselves quite out of debt.
Fa, la, ra, &c.

When grim death is looking for us,
 We are toping at our bowls,
 Bacchus joining in the chorus:
 Death be gone, here's none but souls.
Fa, la, ra, &c.

God.

Godlike Bacchus thus commanding,
 Trembling death away shall fly,
 Ever after understanding
 Drinking souls can never dy.
Fa, la, ra, &c.

Muirland Willie.

HARKEN and I will tell you how
 Young Muirland Willie came to woo,
 Tho' he could neither say nor do;
 The truth I tell to you.
 But ay he cries, whate'er betide,
 Maggy, I'll ha'e her to be my bride,
With a fal, dal, &c.

On his gray yade, as he did ride,
 With durk and pistol by his side,
 He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,
 Wi' meikle mirth and glee.
 Out o'er yon moss, out o'er yon muir,
 Till he came to her dady's door,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,
 I'm come your doghters love to win,
 I care no for making meikle din;
 What answer gi' ye me?
 Now, wooer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down,
 I'll gie ye my doghters love to win,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Now, wooer, sin ye are lighted down,
 Where do ye win, or in what town?
 I think my doghter winna gloom
 On sic a lad as ye.
 The wooer he step'd up the house,
 And wow but he was wond'rous crouse,
With a fal, dal, &c.

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I have three owfen in a plough,
Twa good ga'en yads, and gear enough,
The place they ca' it Cadeneugh;

I scorn to tell a lie :

Besides, I had frae the great laird,
A peat-pat, and a lang kail-yard,
With a fal, &c.

The maid put on her kirtle brown,
She was the brawest in a' the town;
I wat on him she did na gloom,
But blinkit bonnilie.

The lover he stended up in haste,
And gript her hard about the waste,
With a fal, &c.

To win your love, maid, I'm come here,
I'm young, and hae enough o' gear.
And for my sell you need na fear,

Troth try me when ye like.

He took aff his bonnet, and spat in his chew,
He dightd his gab, and he pri'd her mou',
With a fal, &c.

The maiden busht, and bing'd fulaw,
She had na will to say him na,
But to her dady she left it a'

As they twa cou'd agree.

The lover he ga'e her the tither kifs,
Syne ran to her dady, and tell'd him this,
With a fal, &c.

Your doghter wad na say me na,
But to your sell she has left it a',

As we cou'd gree between us twa;

Say what'll ye gi' me wi' her ?

Now, wooer, quo' he, I ha'e na meikle,
But sic's I ha'e ye's get a pickle,
With a fal, &c.

A kilnfu of corn I'll gi'e to thee,
Three soums of sheep, twa good mik ky,
Ye's ha'e the wadding dinner free;

Troth I dow do na mair.

Content, quo' he, a bargain be't,
I'm far frae hame, make haste let's do't,
With a fal, &c.

The bridal day it came to pass,
Wi' mony a blythsome lad and lass;
But sicken a day there never was,
Sic mirth was never seen.

This winsome couple straked hands,
Mefs John ty'd up the marriage bands,
With a fal, &c.

And our bride's maidens were na few,
Wi' tap-knots, lug-knots, a' in blew,
Frae tap to tae they were braw new,
And blinkit bonnillie.

Their toys and mutches were sae clean,
They glanced in our ladses' een,
With a fal, &c.

Sic hirdum, dirdum, and sic din,
Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him;
The minstrels they did never blin,
Wi' meikle mirth and glee.
And ay they bobit, and ay they beckt,
And ay their wames together met,
With a fal, &c.

The promis'd Joy.

To the tune of, *Carle and the king come.*

WHEN we meet again, Phely,
When we meet again, Phely,
Raptures will reward our pain,
And loss result in gain, Phely,

Long the sport of fortune driv'n,
To despair our thoughts were giv'n,

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Our odds will all be ev'n, Phely,
When we meet again, Phely, &c.

Now in dreary distant groves,
 Tho' we moan like turtle-doves,
 Suffering best our virtue proves,
 And will enhance our loves, Phely,
When we meet again, Phely, &c.

Joy will come in a surprize,
 Till its happy hour arise ;
 Temper well your love-sick sighs,
 For hope becomes the wise, Phely.
When we meet again, Phely,
When we meet again, Phely,
Raptures will reward our pain,
And loss result in gain, Phely.

*To DELIA, on her drawing him to her
 Valentine.*

To the Tune of, Black ey'd Susan.

YE powers ! was Damon then so blest,
 To fall to charming Delia's share,
 Delia, the beauteous maid, posselt
 Of all that's soft, and all that's fair ?
 Here cease thy bounty, O indulgent heav'n,
 I ask no more, for all my wish is given.

I came, and Delia smiling show'd,
 She smil'd, and show'd the happy name ;
 With rising joy my heart o'erflow'd,
 I felt and blest the new born flame.
 May softest pleasures careless round her move,
 May all her nights be joy, and days be love.

She drew the treasure from her breast,
 That breast where love and graces play,
 O name beyond expression blest !
 Thus lodg'd with all that's fair and gay.

To be so lodg'd! the thought is extasy,
Who would not wish in paradise to ly?

The Faithful Shepherd.

To the Tune of, *Auld lang syne.*

W H E N flow'ry meadows deck the year,
And sporting lambkins play,
When spangl'd fields renew'd appear,
And musick wak'd the day;
Then did my Chloe leave her bow'r,
To hear my am'rous lay,
Warm'd by my love, she vow'd no pow'r
Shou'd lead her heart astray.

The warbling quires from ev'ry bough
Surround our couch in throngs,
And all their tuneful art bestow,
To give us change of songs:
Scenes of delight my soul possess'd,
I blest'd, then hug'd my maid;
I rob'd the kisses from her breast,
Sweet as a noon-day's shade.

Joy transporting never fails
To fly away as air,
Another swain with her prevail
To be as false as fair.
What can my fatal passion cure?
I'll never woo again;
All her disdain I must endure,
Adoring her in vain.

What pity 'tis to hear the boy
Thus sighing with his pain;
But time and scorn may give him joy,
To hear her sigh again.
Ah! fickle Chloe, be advis'd,
Do not thyself beguile,
A faithful lover should be priz'd,
Then cure him with a simile.

To

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To Mrs S. H. on her taking something ill
I said.

To the tune of, *Hallow Ev'n.*

W H Y hangs that cloud upon thy brow?
That beauteous heav'n ere while serene?
Whence do these storms and tempests flow,
Or what this gust of passion mean?
And must then mankind lose that light,
Which in thine eyes was wont to shine,
And ly obscur'd in endless night,
For each poor silly speech of mine?

Dear child, how can I wrong thy name,
Since 'tis acknowledg'd at all hands,
That could ill tongues abuse thy fame,
Thy beauty can make large amends:
Or if I durst profanely try
Thy beauty's pow'rful charms t' upbraid,
Thy virtue well might give the lie,
Nor call thy beauty to its aid.

For Venus every heart t' ensnare,
With all her charms has deckt thy face,
And Pallas with unusual care,
Bids wisdom highten every grace,
Who can the double pain endure?
Or who must not resign the field.
To thee, celestial maid, secure
With Cupid's bow and Pallas' shield?

If then to thee such pow'r is given,
Let not a wretch in torment live,
But smile, and learn to copy, heaven,
Since we must sin ere it forgive.
Yet pitying heaven not only does
Forgive th' offender and th' offence,
But even itself appeas'd bestows,
As the reward of penitence.

The Broom of Cowdenknows.

HO W blyth ilk morn was I to see
 The swain come o'er the hill!
 He skipt the burn, and flew to me;
 I met him with good will.
O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
The broom of Cowdenknows;
I wish I were with my dear swain,
With his pipe and my ewe.

I neither wanted ew nor lamb,
 While his flock near me lay:
 He gather'd in my sheep at night,
 And chear'd me a' the day.
O the broom, &c.

He tun'd his pipe and reed sae sweet,
 The burds stood listning by:
 E'en the dull cattle stood and gaz'd,
 Charm'd with his melody.
O the broom, &c.

While thus we spent our time by turns,
 Betwixt our flocks and play:
 I envy'd not the fairest dame,
 Tho' ne'er sae rich and gay,
O the broom, &c.

Hard fate that I shou'd banish'd be,
 Gang heavily and mourn,
 Because I lov'd the kindest swain
 That ever yet was born.
O the broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour,
 Cou'd I but faithfu' be?
 He staw my heart: cou'd I refuse
 Whate'er he ask'd of me?
O the broom, &c.

My doggie
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My doggie, and my little kit
 That held my wee soup whey,
 My plaidy, broach, and crooked stick,
 May now ly uselefs by.
O the broom, &c.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknows, adieu,
 Farewell a' pleasures there;
 Ye gods, restore me to my swain,
 Is a' I crave or care.
*O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
 The broom of Cowdenknows:
 I wish I were with my dear swain,
 With his pipe and my ewes.*

TO CHLOE.

To the tune of, *I wish my love were in a mire.*

O Lovely maid! how dear's thy pow'r?
 At once I love, at once adore:
 With wonder are my thoughts possest,
 While softest love inspires my breast.
 This tender look, these eyes of mine,
 Confess their am'rous master thine;
 These eyes with Strephon's passion play,
 First make me love, and then betray.

Yes, charming victor, I am thine,
 Poor as it is, this heart of mine
 Was never in another's pow'r,
 Was never pierc'd by love before.
 In thee I've treasur'd up my joy,
 Thou can't give bliss, or bliss destroy:
 And thus I've bound myself to love,
 While bliss or misery can move.

O should I ne'er possess thy charms,
 Ne'er meet my comfort in thy arms;

Were

Were hopes of dear enjoyment gone,
 Still would I love love thee alone.
 But, like some discontented shade
 That wanders where its body's laid,
 Mournful I'd roam with hollow glare,
 For ever exil'd from my fair.

*Upon hearing his picture was in CHLOE'S
 Breast.*

To the tune of, *The fourteen of October.*

YE gods! was Strephon's picture blest
 With the fair heaven of Chloe's breast?
 Move softer, thou fond flutt'ring heart.
 Oh gently throb,----too fierce thou art.
 Tell me thou brightest of thy kind,
 For Strephon was the bliss design'd?
 For Strephon's sake, dear charming maid,
 Didst thou prefer his wand'ring shade?

And thou blest shade, that sweetly art
 Lodged so near my Chloe's heart,
 For me the tender hour improve,
 And softly tell how dear I love.
 Ungrateful thing! it scorns to hear
 Its wretched master's ardent pray'r,
 Ingrossing all that beauteous heaven,
 That Chloe, lavish maid, has given.

I cannot blame thee: Were I lord
 Of all the wealth those breasts afford,
 I'd be a miser too, nor give
 An alms to keep a God alive.
 Oh smile not thus, my lovely fair,
 On these cold looks, that lifeless air,
 Prize him whose bosom glows with fire,
 With eager love and soft desire.

'Tis true thy charms, O powerful maid,
 To life can bring the silent shade: Thou

Thou can'st surpass the painter's art,
 And real warmth and flames impart.
 But oh! it ne'er can love like me,
 I've ever lov'd, and lov'd but thee:
 Then, charmer, grant my fond request,
 Say thou canst love, and make me blest.

CHLOE'S

Song for a Serenade.

ber.

To the tune of, *The broom of Cowdenknows.*

TEACH me, Chloe, how to prove
 My boasted flame sincere:
 'Tis hard to tell how dear I love,
 And hard to hide my care.

Sleep in vain displays her charms,
 To bribe my soul to rest,
 Vainly spreads her silken arms,
 And courts me to her breast.

Where can Strephon find repose,
 If Chloe is not there?
 For ah! no peace his bosom knows,
 When absent from the fair.

What tho' Phoebus from on high
 Withholds his chearful ray,
 Thine eyes can well his light supply,
 And give me more than day.

Love is the Cause of my mourning.

BY a murmuring stream a fair shepherdes lay,
 Be so kind, O ye nymphs, I oftimes heard her say,
 Tell Strephon I die, if he passes this way,
And that love is the cause of my mourning.
 False shepherds that tell me of beauty and charms,
 You deceive me, for Strephon's cold heart never warms;
 Yet

Yet bring me this Strephon, let me die in his arms
Oh Strephon ! the cause of my mourning.

But first, said she, let me go
 Down to the shades below,
 E'rye let Strephon know
 That I have lov'd him so :

Then on my pale cheek no blushes will show
That love was the cause of my mourning

Her eyes were scarce closed when Strephon came by
 He thought she'd been sleeping, and softly drew nigh
 But finding her breathless, oh heavens ! did he cry,
Ah Chloris ! the cause of my mourning.

Restore me my Chloris, ye nymphs, use your art,
 They sighing, reply'd, 'twas yourself shot the dart
 That wounded the tender young shepherdess heart,
And kill'd the poor Chloris with mourning.

Ah then is Chloris dead,
 Wounded by me ! he said ;
 I'll follow thee, chaste maid,
 Down to the silent shade.

Then on her cold snowy breast leaning his head,
Expir'd the poor Strephon with mourning.

To Mrs. A. H. on seeing her at a Consort.

To the tune of, *The bonniest lass in a' the world.*

LOOK where my dear Hamilla smiles,
 Hamilla ! heavenly charmer ;
 See how with all their arts and wiles
 The Loves and Graces arm her.
 A blush dwells glowing on her cheeks,
 Fair seats of youthful pleasures,
 There love in smiling language speaks,
 There spreads his rosy treasures.

O fairest maid, I own thy pow'r,
 I gaze, I sigh, and languish,

Yet

ever, ever will adore,
 And triumph in my anguish.
 ease, O charmer, ease my care,
 And let my torments move thee;
 thou art fairest of the fair,
 So I the dearest love thee.

The Bonny Scot.

To the tune of, The Boat-man.

YE gales that gently wave the sea,
 And please the canny boat-man,
 Hear me frae hence, or bring to me,
 My brave, my bonny Scot——man :
 In haly bands
 We join'd our hands,
 Yet may not this discover,
 While parents rate
 A large estate,
 Before a faithfu' lover.

But I loor chuse in Highland glens
 To herd the kid and goat---man,
 E'er I cou'd for sic little ends
 Refuse my bonny Scot- -man.
 Wae worth the man
 Wha first began
 The base ungenerous fashion,
 Frae greedy views
 Love's art to use,
 While strangers to its passion.

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,
 Hast to thy longing lassie,
 Who pants to press thy bawmy mouth,
 And in her bosom hawse thee.
 Love gi'es the word,
 Then haste on board,

Fair

Fair winds and tenty boat-man,
 Waft o'er, waft o'er
 Frae yonder shore,
 My blyth, my bonny Scot---mán.

Scornfu' Nanfy.

To its own tune.

NANSY's to the Green Wood gane,
 To hear the Gowdspink chatt'ring,
 And Willie he has followed her,
 To gain her love by flatt'ring:
 But a' that he cou'd say or do,
 She geck'd and scorned at him;
 And ay when he began to woo,
 She bade him mind wha gat him.

What ails ye at my dad, quoth he,
 My minny or my aunty?
 With crowdy mowdy they fed me,
 Lang-kail and ranty-tanty:
 With bannocks of good barley-meal,
 Of thae there was right plenty,
 With chapped stocks fou butter'd well;
 And was not that right dainty?

Altho' my father was nae laird,
 'Tis daffin to be vaunty,
 He keepit ay a good kail-yard,
 A ha' house and a pantry:
 A good blew bonnet on his head,
 An owrlay 'bout his cragy;
 And ay until the day he died,
 He rade on good thanks nagy.

Now wae and wander on your snout,
 Wad ye hae bonny Nanfy?
 Wad ye compare ye'r sell to me,
 A docken till a tansie?

I have

Have a wooer of my ain,
 They ca' him souple Sandy,
 And well I wat his bonny mou'
 Is sweet like fugar-candy.

Now Nanfy, what needs a' this din?

Do I not ken this Sandy?
 Am sure the chief of a' his kin
 Was Rab the beggar randy:
 His minny Meg upo' her back
 Bare baith him and his billy;
 Will ye compare a nasty pack
 To me your winsome Willy?

My gutcher left a good braid sword,
 Tho' it be auld and rusty,
 Yet ye may tak it on my word,
 It is baith stout and trusty;
 And if I can but get it drawn,
 Which will be right uneasy,
 I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,
 That he shall get a heezy.

Then Nanfy turn'd her round about,
 And said, Did Sandy hear ye,
 He wadna miss to get a clout,
 I ken he disna fear ye:
 He had ye'r tongue and say nae mair,
 Set somewhere else your fancy;
 For as lang's Sandy's to the fore,
 Ye never shall get Nanfy.

Slighted Nanfy.

To the tune of, *The Kirk wad let me be.*

TIS I have seven braw new gowns,
 And ither seven better to mak,
 And yet for a' my new gowns,
 My wooer has turn'd his back,

I have

P

Besides

Besides I have seven milk-ky,
 And Sandy he has but three ;
 And yet for a' my good ky,
 The ladie winna ha'e me.

My dady's a delver of dikes,
 My mither can kard and spin.
 And am a fine fodge lafs,
 And the filler comes likin in :
 The filler comes likin in,
 And it is fou fair to see,
 And fifty times wow ! O wow !
 What ails the lads at me ?

When ever our Baty does bark,
 Then fast to the door I rin,
 To see gin ony young spark
 Will light and venture but in :
 But never a ane will come in,
 Tho' mony a ane gaes by,
 Syne far ben the house I rin ;
 And a weary wight am I.

When I was at my first prayers,
 I prayed but anes i' the year,
 I wish'd for a handsome young lad,
 And a lad with muckle gear.
 When I was at my n. ist pray'rs,
 I pray'd but now and than.
 I fash'd na my head about gear,
 If I get a handsome young man.

Now when I'm at my last pray'rs,
 I pray on baith night and day,
 And O ! if a beggar wad come,
 With that same beggar I'd gae.
 And O ! and what'll come o' me ?
 And O ! and what'll I do ?
 That sic a braw lassie as I
 Shou'd die for a wooer I trow.

Lucky

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*Lucky Nanfy.**To the tune of, Dainty Davie.*

W H I L E fops in fast Italian verse,
 Ilk fair ane's een and breast rehearse,
 While sangs abound and scene is scare,

These lines I have indited :
 But neither darts nor arrows here,
 Venus nor Cupid shall appear,
 And yet with these fine sounds I swear.
 The maidens are delited.

*I was ay telling you,
 Lucky Nanfy, lucky Nanfy,
 Auld springs wad ding the new,
 But ye wad never throw me.*

Nor snaw with crimson will I mix,
 To spread upon my lassie's cheeks;
 And syne th' unmeaning name prefix,
 Miranda, Chloe, or Phillis,
 I'll fetch nae smile frae Jove,
 My height of extasy to prove,
 Nor sighing,—thus—present my love
 With roses eek and lillies.

I was ay telling you, &c.

But stay,—I had amaist forgot
 My mistress and my sang to boot,
 And that's an unco' faut I wate :

But Nanfy 'tis nae matter.
 Ye see I clink my verse we rhyme,
 And ken ye, that atones the crime ;
 For by, how sweet my numbers chime,
 And slide away like water.

I was ay telling you, &c.

Now ken, my reverend sonfy fair,
 Thy runkled checks and lyart hair,

Thy haif shut een and hodling air,
 Are a' my passion's fewel.
 Nae skyring gowk, my dear, can see,
 Or love, or grace, or heaven in thee;
 Yet thou hast charms anew for me,
 Then smile and be na cruel.

*Leez me on thy snawy pow,
 Lucky Nanfy, lucky Nanfy,
 Dryest wood will eitheft low,
 And Nanfy sae will ye now.*

Troth I have sung the sang to you,
 Which ne'er anither bard wad do;
 Hear then my charitable vow,
 Dear venerable Nanfy.
 But if the world my passion wrang,
 And say, ye only live in sang,
 Ken I despise a stand'ring tongue,
 And sing to please my fancy.
Leez me on thy, &c.

AS COTS Cantata.

The tune after an Italian manner.

Compos' by Signior Lorenzo Bocchi.

RECITATIVE.

ALATE Jonny faintly teld fair Jean his mind;
 Jeany took pleasure to deny him lang;
 He thought her scorn came frae a heart unkind,
 Which gart him in despair tune up this sang.

AIR.

O bonny lassie since 'tis sae,
 That I'm despis'd by thee,
 I hate to live: but O I'm wae,
 And unko sweer to die.
 Dear Jeany, think what dowy hours
 I thole by your disdain;

Ah!

Ah! should a breast sae soft as yours,
Contain a heart of stane?

RECITATIVE.

These tender notes did a' her pity move,
With melting heart she listned to the boy;
O'ercome she smil'd, and promis'd him her love:
He in return thus sang his rising joy.

AIR.

Hence frae my breast, contentious care,
Ye've tint the power to pine;
My Jeany's good, my Jeany's fair,
And a' her sweets are mine.
O spread thine arms, and gi'e me fowth
Of dear enchanting blifs,
A thousand joys around thy mouth
Gi'e heaven with ilka kifs.

The T O A S T.

To the tune of, *Saw ye my P E G G Y.*

COME lets ha'e mair wine in,
Bacchus hates repining,
Venus loos nae dwining,
Let's be blyth and free.
Away with dull, here t'ye, Sir;
Ye'er mistrefs, Robie, gi'es her,
We'll drink her health wi' pleasure,
Wha's below'd by thee.

Then let Peggy warm ye,
That's a lass can charm ye,
And to joys alarm ye,
Sweet is she to me.
Some angel ye wad ca' her,
And never wish ane brawer,
If ye bare-headed saw her
Kiltet to the knee.

Peggy a dainty lass is,
 Come let's join our glasses,
 And refresh our hauses,
 With a health to thee.
 Let coofs their cash be clinking,
 Be statesmen tint in thinking,
 While we with love and drinking,
 Give our cares the lie.

MAGIE'S Tocher.

To its ain tune.

THE meal was dear short syne,
 We buckl'd us a' the gither ;
 And Maggie was in her prime,
 When Willie made courtship till her :
 Twa pistals charg'd beguets,
 To gie the courting shot ;
 And syne came ben the lass,
 Wi' swats drawn frae the butt,
 He first speer'd at the guidman,
 And syne at Giles the mither,
 An ye wad gi's a bit land.
 We'd buckle us e'en the gither.

My daughter ye shall hae,
 I'll gi' you her by the hand ;
 But I'll part wi' my wife by my fae,
 Or I part wi' my land.
 Your tocher it fall be good,
 There's nane fall hae its maik,
 The lass bound in her smood,
 And Crummie who kens her stake :
 With an auld bedden o' claihs,
 Was left me by my mither,
 Thy're jet black o'er wi' flaes,
 Ye may cudle in them the gither.

Ye speak right well, guidman,
 But ye maun mend your hand,

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and think o' modesty,
 sin ye'll not quat your land :
 We are but young, ye ken,
 and now we're gawn the gither.
 A house is butt and benn,
 and Crummie will want, her fother.
 The bairns are coming on,
 and they'll cry, O their mither!
 We have nouthar pat nor pan,
 but four bare legs the gither.

Your tocker's be good enough,
 for that you need na fear,
 Twa good stilts to the pleugh.
 And ye your fell maun steer :
 We shall hae twa good pocks
 That anes were o' the tweel,
 The t'ane to had the grots,
 The ither to had the meal :
 With ane auld kist made of wands,
 And that fall be your coffer,
 Wi' aiken woody bands.
 And that may had your tocher.

Consider well, guidman,
 We hae but borrowed gear,
 The horse that I ride on
 Is Sandy Wilfon's mare :
 The saddle's nane of my ain,
 And thae's but borrowed boots,
 And when that I gae hame,
 I maun take to my coots :
 The cloak is Geordy Watt's,
 That gars me look sae crouse ;
 Come fill us a cogue of swats,
 We'll make nae mair toom ruse.

I like you well, young lad,
 For telling me sae plain,
 I married when little I had
 O' gear that was my ain.

And

But

But sin that things are fae,
The bride she maun come furth,
Tho' a' the gear she'll hae,
It'll be but little worth.

A bargain it maun be,
Fy cry on Giles the mither :
Content am I, quo' she,
E'en gar the hissie come hither.
The bride she gade till her bed,
The bridegroom he came till her ;
The fidler crap in at the fit,
And they cud'd it a the gither.

A S O N G.

To the tune of, *Blink over the burn, sweet Bettie.*

L E A V E kindred and fiends, sweet Betty,
Leave kindred and friends for me ;
Assur'd thy servant is stedd
To love, to honour, and thee.
The gifts of nature and fortune
May fly, by chance as they came ;
They're grounds the destines sport on,
But vertue is ever the same.

Altho' my fancy were roving,
Thy charms so heavenly appear,
That other beauties disproving,
I'd worship thine only, my dear.
And shou'd life's sorrows embitter
The pleasure we promis'd our loves,
To share them together is fitter,
Than moan asunder, like doves.

Oh ! were I but once so blessed,
To grasp my love in my arms !
By thee to be grasp'd ! and kissed !
And live on thy heaven of charms ;

I'd laugh at fortune's caprices,
 Shou'd fortune capricious prove ;
 Tho' death shou'd tear me to pieces,
 I'd die a martyr to love.

A S O N G.

To the tune of, *The bouny gray-cy'd morning.*

Celestial muses, tune your lyres,
 Grace all my raptures with your lays,
 Charming, enchanting Kate inspires,
 In lofty sounds her beauties praise :
 How undesigning she displays
 Such scenes as ravish with delight ;
 Tho' brighter than meridian rays,
 They dazzle not, but please the sight.

Blind God, give this, this only dart,
 I neither will nor can her harm,
 I would but gently touch her heart,
 And try for once if that cou'd charm.
 Go, Venus, use your fav'rite wile,
 As she is beauteous, make her kind,
 Let all your graces round her smile,
 And sooth her till I comfort find.

When thus, by yielding, I'm o'erpaid,
 And all my anxious cares remov'd,
 In moving notes I'll tell the maid,
 With what pure lasting flames I lov'd.
 Then shall alternate life and death,
 My ravish'd flutt'ring soul possess,
 The softest tend'rest things I'll breath,
 Betwixt each am'rous fond care.

SONG.

S O N G.

To the tune of, *The broom of Cowdenknows,*

Subjected to the pow'r of love,
By Nell's resistless charms,
The fancy fixt no more can rove,
Or fly love's soft alarms.

Gay Damon had the skill to shun
All traps by Cupid laid,
Untill his freedom was undone
By Nell the conquering maid.

But who can stand the force of love,
When she resolves to kill?
Her sparkling eyes love's arrows prove,
And wound us with our will.

O happy Damon, happy fair,
What Cupid has begun
May faithful Hymen take a care
To see it fairly done.

S O N G.

To the tune of *Logan Water.*

Vitas hinnuleo me similis, Chloe.

TELL me, Hamilla, tell me why
Thou dost from him that loves thee run?
Why from his soft embraces fly,
And all his kind endearments shun?

So flies the fawn, with fear oppress'd,
Seeking its mother ev'ry where,
It starts at ev'ry empty blast,
And trembles when no danger's near.

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And yet I keep thee but in view,
To gaze the glories of thy face,
Not with a hateful steep pursue,
As age, to rifle every grace.

Cease then, dear wildness, cease to toy,
But haste all rivals to outshine,
And grown mature, and ripe for joy,
Leave *mamma's* arms, and come to *mine*.

A South-Sea Sang.

Tune of, *For our lang biding here.*

W H E N we came to London town,
We dream'd of gowd in gowpings here,
And rantinly ran up and down,
In rising stocks to buy a skair:
We daffly thought to row in rowth,
But for our daffin pay'd right dear;
The lave will fare the war in trouth,
For our lang biding here.

But when we fand our purses toom,
And dainty stocks began to fa',
We hang our lugs, and wi' a gloom
Girn'd at stockjobbing ane and a'.
If ye gang near the South-sea house,
The whilly wha's will grip ye'r gear,
Syne a' the lave will far the war,
For our lang biding here.

Hap me with thy Petticoat.

O B E L L, thy looks have kill'd my heart,
I pass the day in pain,
When night returns I feel the smart,
And wish for thee in vain.

I'm

And

I'm starving in cold, while thou art warm :
 Have pity and incline,
 And grant me for a hap that charm-
 ing petticoat of thine.

My ravish'd fancy in amaze,
 Still wanders o'er thy charms,
 Delusive dreams ten thousand ways,
 Present thee to my arms.
 But waking think what I endure,
 While cruel you decline
 Those pleasures, which can only cure
 This panting breast of mine.

I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,
 Because you still deny
 The just reward that's due to love,
 And let true passion die.
 Oh! turn, and let compassion seize
 That lovely breast of thine;
 Thy petticoat could give me ease,
 If thou and it were mine.

Sure heaven has fitted for delight
 That beauteous form of thine,
 And thou'rt to good its law to slight,
 By hindring the design.
 May all the powers of love agree,
 At length to make thee mine,
 Or loose my chains, and set me free
 From ev'ry charm of thine.

Love inviting Reason.

A SONG to the tune of,—*Chami ma
 chattle, ne duce skar mi.*

WHEN innocent pastime our pleasure did crown,
 Upon a green meadow, or under a tree,
 E'er

E'er Annie became a fine lady in town,
 How lovely and loving and bonny was she?
 Rouze up thy reason, my beautifu' Annie,
 Let ne'er a new whim ding thy fancy a-jee ;—
 O! as thou art bonny, be faithfu' and cany,
 And favour thy Jamie wha doats upon thee.

Does the dearth of alintwhite give Annie the spleen?
 Can tyning of trifles be uneasy to thee;
 Can lap-dogs and monkies draw tears frae these een,
 That look with indifference on poor dying me?
 Rouze up thy reason, my beautifu' Annie,
 And dinna prefer a paroquet to me;
 O! as thou art bonny, be prudent and cany,
 And think on thy Jamie wha doats upon thee.

Ah! shou'd a new manto or Flanders lace head,
 Or yet a wee cottie, tho' never sae fine,
 Gar thee grow forgetfu', and let his heart bleed,
 That anes had some hope of purchasing thine?
 Rouze up thy reason, my beautifu' Annie,
 And dinna prefer ye'r fleegeries to me;
 O! as thou art bonny, be solid and cany,
 And tent a true lover that doats upon thee.

Shall a Paris edition of new-fangle Sany,
 Tho' gilt o'er wi' laces and fringes he be,
 By adoring himself, be admir'd by fair Annie,
 And aim at these benisons promis'd to me?
 Rouze up thy reason, my beautifu' Annie,
 And never prefer a light dancer to me;
 O! as thou art bonny, be constant and cany,
 Love only thy Jamie wha doats upon thee.

O! think, my dear charmer, on ilka sweet hour,
 That slade away fastly between thee and me,
 E'er squirrels, or beaus, or foppery had power
 To rival my love, and impose upon thee.
 Rouze up thy reason, my beautifu' Annie,
 And let thy desires be a' center'd in me;

❶ ! as thou art bonny, be faithfu' and cany,
And love him wha's langing to center in thee.

The Bob of Dumblane.

LASSIE, lend me your braw hemp heckle,
And I'll lend you my thripling kame;
For fainness, deary, I'll gar ye keckle,
If ye'll godance the *Bob of Dumblane*.
Haste ye, gang to the ground of ye'r trunkies,
Busk ye braw, and dinna think shame;
Consider in time, if leading of monkies
Be better than dancing the *Bob of Dumblane*.

Be frank, my lassie, lest I grow fickle,
And take my word and offer again,
Syn e ye may chance to repent it mickle,
Ye did nae accept of the *Bob of Dumblane*.
The dinner, the piper and priest shall be ready,
And I'm grown dowy with lying my lane,
Away then leave baith minny and dady,
And try with me the *Bob of Dumblane*.

SONG complaining of Absence.

To the tune of, *My Apron deary*.

AH Chloe! thou treasure, thou joy of my breast,
Since I parted from thee, I'm a stranger to rest,
I fly to the grove, there to languish and mourn,
There sigh for my charmer, and long to return,
The fields all around me are smiling and gay,
But they smile all in vain—my Chloe's away:
The field and the grove can afford me no ease,—
But bring me my Chloe, a desert will please.

No virgin I see that my bosom alarms,
I'm cold to the fairest, tho' glowing with charms,
In vain they attack me, and sparkle the eye;
These are not the looks of my Chloe, I cry.

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These looks where bright love, like the sun, sits enthron'd,

And smiling diffuses his influence round,

'Twas thus I first view'd thee, my charmer, amaz'd;

Thus gaz'd thee with wonder, and lov'd while I gaz'd.

Then, then the dear fair one was still in my sight,

It was pleasure all day, it was rapture all night;

But now by hard fortune remov'd from my fair,

In secret I languish, a prey to despair,

But absence and torment abate not my flame,

My Chloe's still charming, my passion the same;

O! would she preserve me a place in her breast,

Then absence would please me, for I would be blest.

S O N G.

To the tune of, *I fixed my fancy on her.*

BRIGHT Cynthia's power divinely great,

What heart is not obeying?

A thousand Cupids on her wait,

And in her eyes are playing.

She seems the queen of love to reign;

For she alone dispenses

Such sweets as best can entertain

The gust of all the senses.

Her face a charming prospect brings,

Her breath gives balmy blisses;

I hear an angel when she sings,

And taste of heaven in kisses.

Four senses thus she feasts with joy,

From nature's richest treasure:

Let me the other sense employ,

And I shall die with pleasure.

Q.

A S O N G.

A S O N G.

To the Tune of, *I loo'd a bonny Lady.*

TELL me, tell me, charming creature,
Will you never ease my pain?
Must I die for every feature?
Must I always love in vain?
The desire of admiration
Is the pleasure you pursue;
Pray thee, try a lasting passion,
Such a love as mine for you.

Tears and sighing could not move you;
For a lover ought to dare:
When I plainly told I lov'd you,
Then you said I went too far.
Are such giddy ways becoming?
Will my dear be fickle still?
Conquest is the joy of women,
Let their slaves be what they will.

Your neglect with torment fills me,
And my desp'rate thoughts increase;
Pray consider, if you kill me,
You will have a lover less.
If your wand'ring heart is beating
For new lovers, let it be:
But when you have done coquetting,
Name a day, and fix on me.

The R E P L Y.

IN vain, fond youth; thy tears give o'er;
What more, alas! can Flavia do?
Thy truth I own, thy fate deplore:
All are not happy that are true.
Suppress those sighs, and weep no more;
Should heaven and earth with thee combine,

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'Twere all in vain, since any power,
To crown thy love must alter mine.

But if revenge can ease thy pain,
I'll sooth the ills I cannot cure,
Tell that I drag a hopeles chain,
And all that I inflict endure.

The Rose in Yarrow.

To the tune of, *Mary Scot.*

T WAS summer, and the day was fair,
Resolv'd a while to fly from care,
Beguiling thought, forgetting sorrow,
I wander'd o'er the braes of Yarrow;
Till then despising beauty's power,
I kept my heart, my own secure;
But Cupid's art did there deceive me,
And Mary's charms do now enslave me.

Will cruel love no bribe receive?
No ransom take for Mary's slave?
Her frowns of rest and hope deprive me:
Her lovely smiles like light revive me.
No bondage may with mine compare,
Since first I saw this charming fair:
This beauteous flower, this rose of Yarrow,
In nature's gardens has no marrow.

Had I of heaven but one request,
Pd ask to ly in Mary's breast;
There would I live or die with pleasure,
Nor spare this world one moment's leisure;
Despising kings and all that's great,
Id smile at courts and courtiers fate;
My joy complete on such a marrow,
Pd dwell with her, and live on Yarrow.

But tho' such bliss I ne'er should gain,
Contended still I'll wear my chain,

In hopes my faithful heart may move her ;
 For leaving life I'll always love her.
 What doubts distract a lover's mind ?
 That breast, all softness, most prove kind ;
 And she shall yet become my marrow,
 The lovely beauteous rose of Yarrow.

The fair Penitent.

A S O N G,—*To its ain tune,*

A Lovely lass to a frier came
 To confess in a morning early.

In what, my dear, are you to blame ?

Come own it all sincerely.

I've done, Sir what I dare not name,

With a lad who loves me dearly.

The greatest fault in myself I know,

Is what I now discover.

Then you to Rome for that must go,

There discipline to suffer.

Lake a day, Sir ! if it must be so,

Pray with me send my lover.

No, no, my dear, you do but dream,

We'll have no double dealing ;

But if with me you'll repete the same,

I'll pardon your past failing.

I must own, Sir, tho' I blush for shame,

That your penance is prevailing.

The last time I came o'er the Moor.

THE last time I came o'er the moor,
 I left my love behind me ;

Ye powers ! what pain do I endure,

When soft ideas mind me ?

Soon

Soon as the ruddy morn display'd
 The beaming day ensuing,
 I met betimes my lovely maid,
 In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
 Gazing and chafly sporting;
 We kiss'd and promis'd time away.
 Till night spread her black curtain.
 I pitied all beneath the skies,
 Ev'n kings when she was nigh me;
 In raptures I beheld her eyes,
 Which could but ill deny me.

Shou'd I be call'd where cannons roar,
 Where mortal steel may wound me,
 Or cast upon some foreign shore,
 Where dangers, may surround me:
 Yet hopes again to see my love,
 To feast on glowing kisses,
 Shall make my care at distance move,
 In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
 To let a rival enter:
 Since she excels in every grace,
 In her my love shall center.
 Sooner the seas shall cease to flow.
 Their waves the Alps shall cover,
 On Greenland ice shall roses grow,
 Before I cease to love her.

The next time I go o'er the moor,
 She shall a lover find me;
 And that my faith is firm and pure,
 Tho' I left her behind me;
 Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
 My heart to her fair bosom,
 There, while my being does remain,
 My love more fresh shall blossom.

The

The Lass of PEATY'S Mill.

THE Lass of Peaty's mill,
 So bonny, blyth and gay,
 In spight of all my skill,
 Hath stole my heart away.
 When tedding of the hay.
 Bare-headed on the green,
 Love 'midst her locks did play,
 And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms, white, round and smooth,
 Breasts rising in their dawn,
 To age it would give youth,
 To press 'em with his hand.
 Thro' all my spirits ran
 An extasy of bliss,
 When I such sweetness fand
 Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
 Like flowers which grace the wild,
 She did her sweets impart,
 When e'er she spoke or smil'd.
 Her looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguil'd,
 I wish'd her for my bride.

O had I all that wealth
 Hoptoun's high mountains fill,
 Insur'd long life and health,
 And pleasures at my will;
 I'd promise and fulfil,
 That none but bonny she,
 The lass of Peaty's mill,
 Shou'd share the same wi' me.

GREEN

GREEN SLEEVES.

YE watchful guardians of the fair,
 Who skiff on wings of ambient air,
 Of my dear Delia take a care,
 And represent her lover
 With all the gaiety of youth,
 With honour, justice, love and truth;
 Till I return, her passions sooth,
 For me, in whispers move her.

Be careful no base sordid slave,
 With soul sunk in a golden grave,
 Who knows no virtue but to save,
 With glaring gold bewitch her.
 Tell her, for me she was design'd,
 For me, who know how to be kind,
 And have mair plenty in my mind,
 Than one who's ten times richer.

Let all the world turn upside down,
 And fools run an eternal round,
 In quest of what can ne'er be found,
 To please their vain ambition.
 Let little minds great charms espy,
 In shadows which at distance ly,
 Whose hop'd for pleasures, when come nigh,
 Prove nothing in fruition.

But cast into a mold divine,
 Fair Delia does with lustre shine,
 Her virtuous soul's an ample mine,
 Which yields a constant treasure.
 Let poets, in sublimest lays,
 Employ their skill her fame to raise;
 Let sons of music pass whole days,
 With well-tun'd reeds to please her.

The

The Yellow-hair'd Laddie.

IN April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain;
The Yellow-hair'd Laddie would oftentimes go
To wilds & deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and morn:
He sang with so fast and enchanting a sound,
That Silvans and Fairies unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung, Tho' young Maya be fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud air;
But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing,
Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

That Madie in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was unconstant, and never spoke truth:
But Susie was faithful, good-humour'd, and free,
And fair as the goddess who sprung from the sea.

That mama's fine daughter with all her great dow'r,
Was aukwardly airy, and frequently sour:
Then, sighing, he wished, would parents agree,
The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

N A N N Y O.

WHILE some for pleasure pawn their health,
'Twixt Lais and the Bagnio,
I'll save myself, and without stealth,
Kiss and caress my Nanny—O.
She bids more fair t' engage a Jove
Than Leda did or Danae—O.
Were I to paint the queen of love,
None else should sit but Nanny—O.

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How joyfully my spirits rise,
 When dancing she moves finely---O,
 I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
 Which sparkle so divinely---O.
 Attend my vow, ye Gods, while I
 Breathe in the blest Britannia,
 None's happiness I shall envy,
 As long's ye grant me Nanny---O.

CHORUS.

*My bonny, bonny Nanny---O,
 My lovely charming Nanny---O.
 I care not tho' the world know
 How dearly I love Nanny---O.*

Bonny JEAN.

LOVE's Goddess in a myrtle grove,
 Said, Cupid, bend thy bow with speed,
 Nor let the shaft at random rove,
 For Jeany's haughty heart must bleed.
 The smiling boy, with divine art,
 From Paphos shot an arrow keen,
 Which flew, unerring, to the heart,
 And kill'd the pride of bonny Jean.

No more the nymph, with haughty air,
 Refuses Willy's kind address;
 Her yielding blushes shew no care,
 But too much fondness to suppress.
 No more the youth is sullen now,
 But looks the gayest on the green,
 Whilst every day he spys some new
 Surprising charms in bonny Jean.

A thousand transports crowd his breast,
 He moves as light as fleeting wind,
 His former sorrows seem a jest,
 Now when his Jeany is turn'd kind:

Riches

Riches he looks on with disdain,
The glorious fields of war look mean ;
The chearful hound and horn give pain,
If absent from his bonny Jean.

The day he spends in am'rous gaze,
Which even in summer shorten'd seems ;
When sunk in downs, with glad amaze,
He wonders at her in his dreams.
All charms disclos'd, she looks more bright
Than Troy's prize, the Spartan queen,
With breaking day, he lifts his fight,
And pants to be with bonny Jean.

Throw the wood Laddie.

O Sandy, why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn
Thy presence cou'd ease me :
When naithing can please me :
Now dowie I sigh on the bank of the burn.
Or throw the wood, laddie, until thou return.
Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,
While lav'rocks are singing
And primroses springing ;
Yet nane of them pleases my eye or my ear,
When throw the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forsaken, some spare no to tell :
I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,
Baith evening and morning ;
Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
When throw the wood, laddie, I wander my fell.

Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away,
But quick as an arrow,
Haste here to thy marrow,
Wha's living in langour, till that happy day,
When throw the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing and
play.

Down

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Down the burn DAVIE.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
 And broom bloom'd fair to see ;
 When Mary was compleat fifteen,
 And love laugh'd in her eye ;
 Elyth Davy's blinks her heart did move
 To speak her mind thus free,
*Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
 And I shall follow thee.*

Now Davie did each lad surpass,
 That dwelt on this burnside,
 And Mary was the bonniest lass,
 Just meet to be a bride ;
 Her cheeks were rosie, red and white,
 Her een were bonny blue ;
 Her looks were like Aurora bright,
 Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,
 What tender tales they said !
 His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
 And with her bosom play'd ;
 Till baith at length impatient grown,
 To be mair fully blest,
 In yonder vale they lean'd them down ;
 Love only saw the rest.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,
 And naething sure unmeet ;
 For, ganging hame, I heard them say,
 They lik'd a wa'k sae sweet ;
 And that they aften shou'd return
 Sic pleasure to renew.
 Quoth Mary, Love, I like the burn,
 And ay shall follow you.

R

SONG.

S O N G.

To the tune of, *Gilder Roy.*

AH ! Cloris, cou'd I now but sit
 As unconcern'd, as when
 Your infant beauty cou'd beget
 No happiness or pain.
 When I this dawning did admire,
 And prais'd the coming day,
 I little thought that rising fire,
 Wou'd take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
 As metals in a mine.
 Age from no face takes more away,
 Than youth conceal'd in thine:
 But as your charms insensibly
 To their perfection prest;
 So late as unperceiv'd did fly,
 And center'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,
 While Cupid at my heart,
 Still as his mother favour'd you,
 Threw a new flaming dart.
 Each gloried in their wanton part;
 To make a lover, he
 Employ'd the utmost of his art;—
 To make a beauty, she.

A S O N G

To the tune of, *The Yellow-hair'd Laddie.*

YE shepherds & nymphs that adorn the gay plain,
 Approach from your sports, & attend to my strain,
 Amongst all your number a lover so true,
 Was ne'er so undone, with such bliss in his view.

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Was ever a nymph so hard-hearted as mine?
 She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine;
 She does not disdain me, nor frown in her wrath,
 But calmly and mildly resigns me to death.

She calls me her friend, but her lover denies:
 She smiles when I'm chearful, but hears not my sighs.
 A bosom so flinty, so gentle an air,
 Inspires me with hope, and yet bids me despair!

I fall at her feet, and implore her with tears;
 Her answer confounds, while her manner endears;
 When softly she tells me to hope no relief,
 My trembling lips bless her in spite of my grief.

By night, while I slumber, still haunted with care,
 I start up in anguish, and sigh for the fair:
 The fair sleeps in peace, may she ever do so!
 And only when dreaming imagine my wo.

Then gaze at a distance, nor farther aspire,
 Nor think she shou'd love, whom she cannot admire;
 Hush all thy complaining, and dying her slave,
 Commend her to heaven, and thyself to the grave.

S O N G.

To the tune of, *When she came ben she bobed.*

COME, fill me a bumper, my jolly brave boys,
 Let's have no more female impert'nence & noise;
 For I've try'd the endearments & pleasures of love,
 And I find they're but nonsense & whimsies, by Jove.

When first of all Betty and I were acquaint,
 I whin'd like a fool, and she sigh'd like a faint,
 But I found her religion, her face and her love,
 Were *hypocrisy, paint, and self-interest*, by Jove.

Sweet Cecil came next with her languishing air,
 Her *outside* was orderly, modest and fair;
 But her *soul* was *sophisticate*, so was her love,
 For I found she was only a *strumpet*, by Jove.

Little double-gilt Jenny's gold charm'd me at last;
 (You know *marriage and money together* does best.)
 But the *baggage* forgetting her *vows* and her love,
 Gave her gold to a *sniv'ling dull coxcomb*, by Jove.

Come fill me a bumper then, jolly brave boys;
 Here's a farewell to female impert'nence and noise;
 I know few of the sex that are worthy my love;
 And for *strumpets* and *jilts*, I abhor them, by Jove.

Dumbarton's Drums.

Dumbarton's drums beat bonny—O,
 When they mind me of my dear Jonny—O,
 How happy am I,
 When my soldier is by,
 While he kisses and blesses his Annie—O!
 'Tis a soldier alone can delight me—O,
 For his graceful looks do invite me—O:
 While guarded in his arms,
 I'll fear no wars alarms,
 Neither danger nor death shall e'er fright me—O.

My love is a handsome laddie—O,
 Genteel, but ne'er foppish nor gaudy—O:
 Tho' commissions are dear,
 Yet I'll buy him one this year;
 For he shall serve no longer a cadie—O.
 A soldier has honour and bravery—O,
 Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery—O:
 He minds no other thing
 But the laddies or the king;
 For every other care is but slavery—O.

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Then I'll be the captain's lady—O,
 Farewell all my friends and my daddy—O,
 I'll wait no more at home,
 But I'll follow with the drum,
 And whene'er that beats I'll be ready—O.
 Dumbarton's drums sounds bonny—O,
 They are sprightly like my dear Jonny—O:
 How happy shall I be,
 When on my soldier's knee,
 And he kisses and blesses his Annie—O!

Auld lang syne.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
 Tho' they return with scars?
 These are the noble hero's lot,
 Obtain'd in glorious wars:
 Welcome, my VARO, to my breast,
 Thy arms about me twine,
 And make me once again as blest,
 As I was lang syne.

Methinks around us on each bough,
 A thousand Cupids play,
 Whilst thro' the groves I walk with you,
 Each object makes me gay:
 Since your return the sun and moon
 With brighter beams do shine,
 Streams murmur soft notes while they run,
 As they did lang syne.

Despise the court and din of state;
 Let that to their share fall,
 Who can esteem such slav'ry great,
 While bounded like a ball:
 But sunk in love, upon my arms
 Let your brave head recline.
 We'll please ourselves with mutual charms,
 As we did lang syne.

Oe'r moor and dale, with your gay friend,
 You may pursue the chace,
 And, after a blyth bottle, end
 All cares in my embrace :
 And in a vacant rainy day
 You shall be wholly mine;
 We'll make the hours run smooth away,
 And laugh at lang syne.

The hero, pleas'd with the sweet air,
 And signs of generous love,
 Which had been utter'd by the fair,
 Bow'd to the pow'rs above :
 Next day, with consent and glade haste,
 Th' approach'd the sacred shrine ;
 Where the good priest the couple blest,
 And put them out of pine.

The Lass of LIVINGSTON.

PAIN'D with her slighting Jamie's love,
 Bell dropt a tear--Bell dropt a tear,
 The Gods descended from above,
 Well pleas'd to hear--well pleas'd to hear,
 They heard the praises of the youth
 From her own tongue--from her own tongue,
 Who now converted was to truth,
 And thus she sung--and thus she sung :

Blest days when our ingenuous sex,
 More frank and kind--more frank and kind,
 Did not their lov'd adorers vex ;
 But spoke their mind--but spoke their mind.
 Repenting now, she promis'd fair,
 Wou'd he return--wou'd he return,
 She ne'er again wou'd give him care,
 Or cause him mourn--or cause him mourn.

Why lov'd I thee, deserving swain,
 Yet still thought shame--yet still thought shame,
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When he my yielding heart did gain,
 To own my flame—to own my flame?
 Why took I pleasure to torment,
 And seem too coy—and seem too coy?
 Which makes me now alas lament
 My slighted joy—my slighted joy.

Ye fair, while beauty's in its spring,
 Own your desire—own your desire,
 While love's young pow'r with his soft wing
 Fans up the fire—fans up the fire.
 O do not with a silly pride,
 Or low design—or low design,
 Refuse to be a happy bride,
 But answer plain—but answer plain.

Thus the fair mourner wail'd her crime,
 With flowing eyes—with flowing eyes.
 Glad Jamie heard her all the time,
 With sweet surprise—with sweet surprise.
 Some God had led him to the grove;
 His mind unchang'd—his mind unchang'd,
 Flew to her arms, and cry'd, My love,
 I am reveng'd—I am reveng'd!

PEGGY, *I must love thee.*

AS from a rock past all relief,
 The shipwrackt Colin spying
 His native soil, o'ercome with grief,
 Half sunk in waves, and dying:
 With the next morning sun he spies
 A ship, which gives unhop'd surprise;
 New life springs up, he lifts his eyes
 With joy, and waits her motion.

So when by her whom long I lov'd,
 I scorn'd was, and deserted,
 Low with despair my spirits mov'd,
 To be for ever parted:

Thus

Thus droopt I, till diviner grace
 I found in Peggy's mind and face;
 Ingratitude appear'd then base,
 But virtue more engaging.

Then now since happily I've hit,
 I'll have no more delaying;
 Let beauty yield to manly wit,
 We lose ourselves in staying:
 I'll haste dull courtship to a close,
 Since marriage can my fears oppose:
 Why should we happy minutes lose,
 Since, Peggy, I must love thee.

Men may be foolish, if they please,
 And deem't a lover's duty,
 To sigh, and sacrifice their ease,
 Doating on a proud beauty:
 Such was my case for many a year,
 Still hope succeeding to my fear,
 False Betty's charms now disappear,
 Since Peggy's far outshine them.

Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.

O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
 They are twa bonny lasses,
 They bigg'd a bower on yon burn-brae,
 And theek'd it o'er wi' rushes.
 Fair Bessy Bell I loo'd yestreen,
 And thought I ne'er cou'd alter;
 But Mary Gray's twa pawky een,
 They gar my fancy falter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint-tap;
 She smiles like a May morning,
 When Phoebus starts frae Thetis' lap,
 The hills with rays adorning:
 White is her neck, fast is her hand,
 Her waste and feet's fu' genty;

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Withilka grace she can command;
Her lips, O wow ! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like a crow,
Her een like diamonds glances ;
She's ay sae clean, redd up and braw,
She kills whene'er she dances ;
Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
She blooming, tight, and tall is ;
And guides her airs sae gracefu' still,
O Jove ! she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
Ye unco fair oppress us ;
Our fancies jee between you twa,
Ye are sic bonny lasses :
Wae's me ! for baith I canna get,
To ane by law we're stented ;
Then I'll draw cuts, and take my fate,
And be with ane contented.

I'll never leave thee.

JONNY.

THOU' for seven years and mair, honour shou'd
reave me,
To fields where cannons rair, thou need na grieve thee:
For deep in my spirits thy sweets are indented ;
And love shall preserve ay what love has imprinted.
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
Gang the world as it will, dearest, believe me.

NELLY.

O Jonny, I'm jealous when'er ye discover
My sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a loose rover ;
And nought i' the world wad vex my heart fairer,
If you prove unconstant, and fancy ane fairer.
Grieve me, grieve me, oh it wad grieve me !
A' the lang night and day, if you deceive me.

JONNY

JONNY.

My Nelly, let never sic fancies oppress ye.
 For, while my blood's warm, I'll kindly carefs ye;
 Your blooming fast beauties first beeted love's fire,
 Your vertue and wit make it ay flame the higher.
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
 Gang the warld as it will, dearest believe me.

NELLY.

Then, Jonny, I frankly this minute allow ye
 To think me your mistress, for love gars me trow ye;
 And gin you prove fause, to ye'r self be it said then,
 Ye'll win but sma' honour to wrang a kind maiden.
 Reave me, reave me, heavens! it wad reave me
 Of my rest night and day, if ye deceive me,

JONNY.

Bid iceshogles hammer red gauds on the study,
 And fair simmer mornings nae mair appear ruddy,
 Bid Britons think ae gate, and when they obey ye,
 But never till that time, believe I'll betray ye.
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee;
 The starns shall gang withershins e'er I deceive thee.

My Deary, if you die.

LOVE never more shall give me pain,
 My fancy's fix'd on thee;
 Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,
 My Peggy, if you die.
 Thy beauties did such pleasure give,
 Thy love's so true to me.
 Without thee I shall never live,
 My deary, if thou die.

If fate shall tear thee from my breast,
 How shall I lonely stray?
 In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,
 In sighs the silent day.
 I ne'er can so much virtue find,
 Nor such perfection see:
 Then I'll renounce all woman-kind,
 My Peggy, after thee.

No

No new blown beauty fires my heart
 With Cupid's raving rage,
 But thine which can such sweets impart,
 Must all the world engage.
 'Twas this that like the morning sun
 Gave joy and life to me;
 And when its destin'd day is done,
 With Peggy let me die.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
 And in such plea ure share;
 You who its faithful flames approve,
 With pity view the fair.
 Restore my Peggv's wonted charms,
 Those charms so dear to me;
 Oh! never rob them from those arms:
 I'm lost, if Peggy die.

My Jo JANET.

SWEET Sir, for your courtesie,
 When ye come by the Bais then,
 For the love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a keeking glafs then
Keek into the draw well,
Janet, Janet;
And there ye'll see ye'r bonny sell,
My Jo Janet.

Keeking in the draw-well clear,
 What if I should fa' in,
 Syne a' my kin will say and swear,
 I drown'd my sell for sin.
Had the better be the brae,
Janet, Janet;
Had the better be the brae,
My Jo Janet.

Good Sir, for your courtesie,
 Coming through Aberdeen then,

No

For

For the love ye bear to me,

Buy me a pair of shoon then.

Clout the auld, the new are dear,

Janet, Janet,

Ae pair may gain ye haff a year,

My Jo Janet.

But what if dancing on the green,

And skipping like a mawking,

If they shou'd see my elouted shoon,

Of me they will be tauking.

Dance ay laigh, and late at e'en,

Janet, Janet,

Syne a' their fauts will no be seen,

My Jo Janet.

Kind Sir, for your courtesie,

When ye gae to the cross then,

For the love ye bear to me,

Buy me a pacing horse then.

Pace upo' your spinning-wheel,

Janet, Janet,

Pace upo' your spinning-wheel,

My Jo Janet.

My spinning-wheel is auld and stiff,

The rock o't winna stand, Sir,

To keep the temper-pin in tiff,

Employs aft my hand, Sir.

Make the best o't that ye can,

Janet, Janet;

But like it never wale a man,

My Jo Janet.

A S O N G.

To the tune of, John Anderson my Jo.

WHat means this niceness now of late,
Since time that truth does prove?

Such

Each distance may consist with state,
 But never will with love.
 'Tis either cunning or disdain
 That does such ways allow;
 The first is base, the last is vain:
 May neither happen you.

For if it be to draw me on,
 You over-act your part;
 And if it be to have me gone,
 You need not ha'ff that art:
 For if you chance a look to cast,
 That seems to be a frown,
 I'll give you all the love that's past,
 The rest shall be my own.

Auld ROB MORRIS.

MITHER.

AULD Rob Morris that wins in yon glen, (men,
 He's the king of good fellows, and wale of auld
 Has fourscore of black sheep, and fourscore too;
 Auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

Ha'd your tongue, mither, and let that abee,
 For his eild and my eild can never agree:
 They'll never agree, and that will be seen!
 For he's fourscore, and I'm but fifteen.

MITHER.

Ha'd your tongue, doughter, and lay by your pride,
 For he's be the bridegroom, and ye's be the bride;
 He shall ly by your side, and kiss ye too.
 Auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

Auld Rob Morris I ken him fou weel,
 'Tis A—— it sticks out like ony peet-creel,
 He's out-shinn'd, in-kneed, and ringle-ey'd too;
 Auld Rob Morris is the man I'll ne'er loo.

MITHER.

Tho' auld Rob Morris be an elderly man,

Such

S

Yet

Yet his auld brass it will buy a new pan ;
Then, daughter, ye shouldna be fae ill to shoe,
For auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo,

DOUGHTER.

But auld Rob Morris I never will hae,
His back is fae stiff, and his beard is grown gray:
I had titter die than live w' him a year ;
Sae mair of Rob Morris I never will hear.

S O N G.

To the tune of, Come kifs with me, come clap with
me, &c.

P E G G Y.

MY Jocky blyth, for what thou'st done,
There is nae help nor mending ;
For thou has jog'd me out of tune
For a' thy fair pretending.
My mither sees a change on me,
For my complexion dashes,
And this, alas! has been with thee
Sae late amang the rashes.

J O C K Y.

My Peggy, what I've said I'll do,
To free thee frae her scouling :
Come then and let us buckle to,
Nae langer lets be fooling ;
For her content I'll instant wed,
Since thy complexion dashes ;
And then we'll try a feather bed,
'Tis sifter than the rashes.

P E G G Y.

Then, Jocky since thy love's so true,
Let mither scoul, I'm easy :
Sae lang I live I ne'er shall rue
For what I've done to please thee.
And there's my hand I's ne'er complain :
Oh ! well's me on the rashes ;
Whene'er thou likes I'll do't again,
And a feg for a their clashes.

A S O N G.

To the tune of, Rothe's Lament; or, Pinky-house.

AS Sylvia in a forest lay
 To vent her wo alone;
 Her swain Sylvander came that way,
 And heard her dying moan,
 Ah! is my love (she said) to you
 So worthless and so vain:
 Why is your wonted fondness now
 Converted to disdain?

You vow'd the light shou'd darkness turn;
 E'er you'd exchange your love;
 In shades now may creation mourn,
 Since you unfaithful prove.
 Was it for this I credit gave
 To ev'ry oath you swore?
 But ah! it seems they most deceive,
 Who most our charms adore.

'Tis plain your drift was all deceit,
 The practice of mankind:
 Alas! I see it, but too late,
 My love had made me blind.
 For you, delighted I could die:
 But oh! with grief I'm fill'd,
 To think that credulous constant I
 Should by your self be kill'd.

This said—all breathless, sick and pale,
 Her head upon her hand,
 She found her vital spirits fail
 And senses at a stand.
 Sylvander then began to melt:
 But ere the word was given,
 The heavy hand of death she felt,
 And sigh'd her soul to heaven.

The young Laird and Edinburgh Katy,

NOW wat ye wha I meet yestreen,
 Coming down the street, my jo?
 My mistris in her tartan screen,
 Fow bonny, braw and sweet, my Jo.
 My dear, quoth I, thanks to the night,
 That never wilht a lover ill,
 Since ye're out of your mither's sight,
 Let's take a wauk up to the hill.

O Katy, wiltu gang wi' me,
 And leave the dinsome town a while ;
 The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,
 And a' the summer's gawn to smile :
 The mavis, nightingale, and lark,
 The bleeting lambs and whistling hynd,
 In ilka dale, green, shaw and park,
 Will nourish health, and glad ye'r mind.

Soon as the clear goodman of day
 Bends his morning draught of dew,
 We'll gae to some burn-side and play,
 And gather flowers to busk ye'r brow.
 We'll pou the daisies on the green,
 The lucken gowans frae the bog :
 Between hands now and then we'll lean,
 And sport upo' the velvet fog.

There's up into a pleasant glen,
 A wee piece frae my father's tower,
 A canny, fast and flow'ry den,
 Which circling birks have form'd a bower :
 When e'er the sun grows high and warm,
 We'll to the cauler shade remove,
 There will I lock thee in mine arm,
 And love and kiss, and kiss and love.

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KATY's Answer.

MY mither's ay glowran o'er me,
 Tho' she did the same before me ;
 I canna get leave
 To look to my loove,
 Or else she'll be like to devour me.

Right fain wad I take ye'r offer,
 Sweet Sir, but I'll tine my tocher ;
 Then, Sandy, ye'll fret,
 And wyte ye'r poor Kate,
 Whene'er ye keek in your toom coffer,

For tho' my father has plenty
 Of filler and plenishing dainty,
 Yet he's unco sweer
 To twin wi' his gear ;
 And sae we had need to be tenty.

Tutor my parents wi' caution,
 Be wylie in ilka motion ;
 Brag well o' ye'r land,
 And there's my leal hand,
 Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

MARY SCOT.

HAPPAY's the love which meets return,
 When in soft flames souls equal burn ;
 But words are wanting to discover
 The torments of a hopeless lover.
 Ye registers of heav'n, relate,
 If looking o'er the rolls of fate,
 Did you there see me mark'd to marrow
 Mary Scot the flower of Yarrow ?

KATY's

Ah no ! her form's too heavenly fair,
 Her love the Gods above must share ;

While mortals with despair explore her,
 And at a distance due adore her.
 O lovely maid ! my doubts beguile,
 Revive and bless me with a smile :
 Alas ! if not, you'll soon debar a
 Sighing swain the banks of Yarrow.

Be hush, ye fears, I'll not despair,
 My Mary's tender as she's fair ;
 Then I'll go tell her all mine anguish,
 She is too good to let me languish :
 With success crown'd, I'll not envy
 The folks who dwell above the sky ;
 When Mary Scot's become my marrow,
 We'll make a paradise on Yarrow.

- O'er Bogie.

I Will a wa' wi' my love,
 I will awa' wi' her,
 Tho' a' my kin had sworn and said,
 I'll o'er Bogie wi' her.
 If I can get but her consent,
 I dinna care a strae ;
 Tho' ilka ane be discontent,
 Awa' wi' her I'll gae.
I will awa', &c.

For now she's mistress of my heart,
 And wordy of my hand,
 And well I wat we shanna part
 For filler or for land.
 Let rakes delyte to swear and drink,
 And beaus admire fine lace,
 But my chief pleasure is to blink
 On betty's bonny face.
I will awa', &c.

There's a' the beauties do combine,
 Of colour, treats and air,

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 Wh

The saul that sparkles in her een
 Makes her a jewel rare :
 Her flowing wit gives shining life
 To a' her other charms ;
 How blest I'll be, when she's my wife,
 And lockt up in my arms !
I will awa', &c.

There blythly will I rant and sing,
 While o'er her sweets I range,
 I'll cry, Your humble servant, King,
 Shamefa' them that wa'd change
 A kifs of Betty, and a smile,
 Abeit ye wad lay down
 The right ye hae to Britains isle,
 And offer me ye'r crown.
I will awa, &c.

O'er the moor to Maggy.

AND I'll o'er the moor to Maggy,
 Her wit and sweetness call me,
 Then to my fair I'll show my mind,
 Whatever may befall me.
 If she love mirth, I'll learn to sing ;
 Or like the Nine to follow,
 I'll lay my lugs in Pindus' spring,
 And invoke Apollo.

If she admire a martial mind,
 I'll sheathe my limbs in armour;
 If to the softer dance inclin'd,
 With gayest airs I'll charm her :
 If she love grandeur, day and night
 I'll plot my nations glory,
 Find favour in my prince's sight,
 And shine in future story.

Beauty can wonders work with ease,
 Where wit is corresponding;

And bravest men know best to please,
 With complaisance abounding.
 My bonny Maggy's love can turn
 Me to what shape she pleases,
 If in her breast that flame shall burn,
 Which in my bosom blazes.

POLWART *on the GREEN.*

AT Polwart on the green
 If you'll meet me the morn,
 Where lasses do convene
 To dance about the thorn.
 A kindly welcome you shall meet
 Frae her wha likes to view
 A lover and a lad compleat,
 The lad and lover you.

Let dorty dames say na,
 As lang as e'er they please,
 Seem caulder than the sna',
 While inwardly they bleez;
 But I will frankly shaw my mind,
 And yield my heart to thee;
 Be ever to the captive kind,
 That langs na to be free.

At Polwart on the green,
 Among the new-muan hay,
 With sangs and dancing keen
 We'll pass the heartsome day.
 At night, if beds be o'er thrang, laid
 And thou be twin'd of thine,
 Thou shall be welcome, my dear lad,
 To take a part of mine.

JOHN HAY's bonny Lassie.

BY smooth winding Tay a swain was reclining,
 Aft cry'd he, Oh hey! maun I still live pining
 My

My sell thus away, and darna discover
To my bonny Hay that I am her lover ?

Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxes stranger ;
If she's not my bride, my days are nae langer ;
Then I'll take a heart, and try at a venture,
May be, e'er we part, my vows may content her.

She's fresh as the spring, and sweet as Aurora,
When birds mount and sing, bidding day a good-morn
The sward of the mead, enamel'd with daisies, (row:
Look wither'd and dead, when twin'd of her graces.

But if she appear where verdures invite her,
The fountains run clear, & flowers smell the sweeter :
'Tis heaven to be by, when her wit is a flowing,
Her smiles and bright eye set my spirits a glowing.

The mair that I gaze the deeper I'm wounded ;
Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is confounded :
I'm all in a fire, dear maid, to carefs ye,
For a' my desire is Hay's bonny lassie.

Katharine Ogie.

AS walking forth to view the plain,
Upon a morning early,
While May's sweet scent did chear my brain,
From flowers which grow so rarely :
I chanc'd to met a pretty maid,
She shin'd tho' it was fogie ;
I ask'd her name : Sweet Sir, she said,
My name is Katharine Ogie.

I stood a while, and did admire,
To see a nymph so stately ;
So brisk an air there did appear
In a country maid so neatly :
Such natural sweetness she display'd,
Like a lillie in a bogie ;

Diana's

Diana's self was ne'er array'd
Like this same Katharine Ogie.

Thou flow'r of females, beauty's queen,
Who sees thee, sure must prize thee;
Tho' thou art drest in robes but mean,
Yet these cannot disguise thee:
Thy handsome air, and graceful look,
Far excels any clownish rogie;
Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
My charming Katharine Ogie.

O were I but some shepherd-swain!
To feed my flock beside thee,
At boughting-time to leave the plain,
In milking to abide thee;
I'd think myself a happier man,
With Kate, my club, and dogie,
Than he that hugs his thousands ten,
Had I but Katharine Ogie.

Then I'd despise th' imperial throne,
And statesmens dangerous stations:
I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
I'd smile at conquering nations:
Might I carefs and still possess
This lass, of whom I'm vogie;
For these are toys and still look less,
Compar'd with Katharine Ogie.

But I fear the Gods have not decreed
For me so fine a creature,
Whose beauty rare makes her exceed
All other works in nature.
Clouds of despair surround my love,
That are both dark and fogie:
Pity my case, ye powers above,
Else I die for Katharine Ogie.

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Ann

Ann thou were my ain thing.

O F race divine thou needs must be,
 Since nothing earthly equals thee;
 For heaven's sake, oh! favour me,
 Who only lives to love thee.

*Ann thou were my ain thing,
 I would love thee, I would love thee;
 Ann thou were my ain thing,
 How dearly would I love thee!*

The gods one thing peculiar have,
 To ruin none whom they can save;
 O! for their sake, support a slave,
 Who only lives to love thee.

Ann thou were, &c.

To merit I no claim can make,
 But that I love, and for your sake,
 What man can name, I'll undertake,
 So dearly do I love thee.

Ann thou were, &c.

My passion, constant as the sun,
 Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done
 Till fates my threed of life have spun,
 Which breathing out, I'll love thee.

Ann thou were, &c.

Like bees that suck the morning dew,
 Frae flowers of sweetest scent and hew,
 Sae wad I dwell upo' my mou,
 And gar the Gods envy me.

Ann thou were, &c.

Sae lang I had the use of light,
 I'd on thy beauties feast my sight,
 Syne in fast whispers through the night,
 I'd tell how much I loo'd thee.

Ann thou were, &c.

How

How fair and ruddy is my Jean,
 She moves a Goddeſs o'er the green;
 Were I a king, thou ſhould be queen,
 Nane but my ſell aboon thee.

Ann thou were, &c.

I'd graſp thee to this breſt of mine,
 Whilſt thou, like ivy, or the vine,
 Around my ſtronger limbs ſhou'd twine,
 Form'd hardy to defend thee.

Ann thou were, &c.

Time's on the wing, and will not ſtay,
 In ſhining youth lets make our hay,
 Since love admits of nae delay,
 O let nae ſcorn undo thee.

Ann thou were, &c.

While love does at his altar ſtand,
 Hae there's my heart, gi'e me thy hand,
 And, with ilk ſmile thou ſhalt command
 The will of him wha loves thee.

Ann thou were, &c.

There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

MY ſweeteſt May, let love incline thee;
 T' accept a heart which he deſigns thee;
 And, as your conſtant ſlave, regard it,
 Syne for its faithfulneſs reward it.
 'Tis proof a-ſhot to birth or money,
 But yields to what is ſweet and bonny;
 Receive it then with a kiſs and ſmily.
 There's my thumb it will ne'er beguile ye.

How tempting ſweet theſe lips of thine are.
 Thy boſom white, and legs ſae fine are,
 That when in pools I ſee thee clean 'em;
 They carry away my heart between 'em.
 I wiſh, and I wiſh, while it gaes duntin,

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BEN
Y

O gin I had thee on a mountain,
 Tho' kith and kin and a' shou'd revile thee,
 There's my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Alane through flow'ry hows I dander,
 Tenting my flocks lest they shou'd wander,
 Gin thou'll gae alang, I'll dawt thee gaylie,
 And gi'e my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.
 O my dear lassie, it is but daffin,
 To had thy wooer up ay niff naffin,
 That na, na, na, I hate it must vilely,
 O say, Yes, and I'll ne'er beguile thee.

For the love of JEAN.

JOCKY said to Jeany, Jeany, wilt thou do't?
 Ne'er a fit, quo' Jeany, for my tocher good,
 For my tocher good, I winna marry thee,
 E'ens ye like, quo' Jonny, ye may let it be.

I hae gowd and gear, I hae land enough,
 I hae seven good owfen ganging in a pleugh,
 Ganging in a pleugh, and lingking o'er the lee,
 And gin ye wanna take me, I can let ye be.

I hae a good ha'house, a barn and a byer,
 A stack a fore the door, I'll make a rantin fire:
 I'll make a rantin fire, and merry shall we be;
 And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be.

Jeany said to Jocky, gin ye winna tell,
 Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass my fell.
 Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free,
 Ye're welcomer to take me than to let me be.

S O N G.

To the tune of, *Peggy, I must love thee.*

BENEATH a beech's grateful shade,
 Young Colin lay complaining;

T

He

He sigh'd, and seem'd to love a maid,
 Without hopes of obtaining :
 For thus the swain indulg'd his grief,
 Tho' pity cannot move thee,
 Tho' thy hard heart gives no relief,
 Yet, Peggy, I must love thee

Say, Peggy, what has Colin done,
 That thus you cruelly use him ?
 If love's a fault, 'tis that alone,
 For which you should excuse him :
 'Twas thy dear self first rais'd this flame,
 This fire by which I languish ;
 'Tis thou alone can quench the flame,
 And cool its scorching anguish.

For thee I leave the sportive plain,
 Where ev'ry maid invites me ;
 For thee, sole cause of all my pain,
 For thee that only slights me :
 This love that fires my faithful heart,
 By all but thee's commended.
 Oh ! would thou act so good a part,
 My grief might soon be ended.

That beauteous breast, so soft to feel,
 Seem'd tenderness all over,
 Yet it defends thy heart like steel,
 'Gainst thy despairing lover.
 Alas ! tho' it should ne'er relent,
 Nor Colin's care e'er move thee,
 Yet till life's latest breath is spent,
 My Peggy, I must love thee.

Genty Tibby, and jonsy Nelly.

To the tune of, Tibby Fowler in the glen.

Tibby has a store o' charms,
 Her genty shape our fancy warms ;

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How strangely can her sma' white arms
 Fetter the lad who looks but at her;
 Frae'er ancle to her slender waste,
 These sweets conceal'd invite to dawt her;
 Her rosy cheek, and rising breast,
 Gar ane's mouth gush bowt fu' o' water.

Nelly's gawfy, fast and gay,
 Fresh as the lucken flowers in May;
 Ane that sees her, crys, Ah hey
She's bonny! I wonder at her.
 The dimples of her chin and cheek,
 And limbs sae plump invite to dawt her;
 Her lips sae sweet, and skin sae sleek,
 Gar mony mouths beside mine water.

Now strike my finger in a bore,
 My wyson with the maiden shore,
 Sin I can tell whilk I am for,
 When these twa stars appear the gither,
 O love! why dost thou gi'e thy fires
 Sae large, while we're oblig'd to neither?
 Our spacious fauls immense desires,
 And ay be in a hankerin swither.

Tibby's shape and airs are fine,
 And Nelly's beauties are divine:
 But since they canna baith be mine,
 Ye Gods, give ear to my petition,
 Provide a good lad for the tane,
 But let it be with this provision,
 I get the other to my lane,
 In prospect plano and fruition.

Up in the Air.

NOW the sun's gane out o' sight,
 Beet the ingle, and snuff the light:
 In glens the fairies skip and dance
 And witches wallop o'er to france.

Up in the air

T 2

The

On my bonny grey mare,
And I see her yet, and I see her yet.
Up in, &c.

The wind's drifting hail and sna',
O'er frozen hags, like a foot-ba';
Nae starns keek thro' the azure slit,
'Tis cauld, and mirk as ony pit.
The man i' the moon
Is corousing aboon;
D' ye see, d' ye see, d' ye see him yet?
The man, &c.

Take your glafs to clear your een,
'Tis the elixir heals the spleen,
Baith wit and mirth it will inspire,
And gently puffs the lover's fire.
Up in the air,
It drives away care;
Ha'e wi' ye, ha'e wi' ye, and ha'e wi' ye, lads, yet
Up in, &c.

Steek the doors, keep out the frost;
Come, Willie, gi's about ye'r toft;
'Tilt, lads, and lilt it out,
And let us ha'e a blythsome bout.
Up wi't there, there,
Dinna cheat, but drink fair:
Huzza, huzza, and huzza, lads, yet.
Up wi't, &c.

Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae.

G I N ye meet a bonny lassie,
Gi'e her a kiss, and let her gae;
But if ye meet a dirty hussy,
Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae.

Be sare ye dinna quat the grip
Of ilka joy, when ye are young,
Before auld age your vitals nip,
And lay ye twafald o'er a rung.

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Sweet youth's a blyth and heartsome time ;
 Then, lads and lasses, while 'tis May,
 Gae pu' the gowan in its prime,
 Before it wither and decay.

Watch the fast minutes of delyte,
 When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,
 And kisses, laying a' the wyte
 On you, if she kepp ony skaith.

Haith ye're ill-bred, she'll smiling say,
 Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook ;
 Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,
 And hide herself in some dark nook.

Her laugh will lead you to the place,
 Where lies the happiness ye want,
 And plainly tell you to your face,
 Nineteen na-says are haff a grant.

Now to her heaving bosom cling,
 And sweetly toolie for a kifs :
 Frae her fair finger whoop a ring,
 As taiken of a future blifs.

These bennifons, I'm very sure,
 Are of the Gods indulgent grant :
 Then, surly carles, whisht forbear
 To plague us with your whinning cant.

The Mill, Mill—O.

BENEATH a green shade I fand a fair maid,
 Was sleeping sound and still—O ;
 A' lowan wi' love, my fancy did rove
 Around her with good will—O :
 Her bosom I prest ; but, sunk in her rest,
 She stir'dna my joy to spill—O :
 While kindly she slept, close to her, I crept,
 And kifs'd, and kifs'd her my fill—O.

Oblig'd by command in Flanders to land,
 T' employ my courage and skill — O,
 Frae her quietly I staw, hoist sails and awa,
 For wind blew fair on the bill — O.
 Twa years brought me hame, where loud fraising
 Tald me with a voice right shill — O, (same
 My lass, like a fool, had mounted the stool,
 Nor kend wha had done her the ill — O.

Mair fond of her charms, with my son in her arms,
 I ferlying speer'd how she fell — O.
 Wi' the tear in her eye, quoth she, Let me die,
 Sweet Sir, gin I can tell — O.
 Love gave the command, I took her by the hand,
 And bad her a' fears expell — O,
 And nae mair look wan, for I was the man
 Wha had done her the deed myfell — O.

My bonny sweet lass, on the gowany grafs,
 Beneath the shilling-hill — O,
 If I did offence, I'll make ye amends
 Before I leave Peggy's mill — O.
O the mill, mill — O, and the kill, ki l — O,
And the cogging of the wheel — O ;
The sack and the sieve, a' that ye maun leave,
And round with a sodger reel — O.

COLIN and GRISY parting.

To the tune of, *Woes my heart that we should sunder.*

WI TH broken words, and down-cast eyes,
 Poor Colin spoke his passion tender ;
 And, parting with his Grisy, crys,
 Ah ! woe's my heart that we should sunder.

To others I am cold as snow,
 But kindle with thine eyes like tinder :
 From thee with pain I'm fore'd to go ;
 It breaks my heart that we should sunder,

chain'd

chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range,
 No beauty new my love shall hinder,
 For time nor place shall ever change
 My vows tho' we're oblig'd to sunder.

The image of thy graceful air,
 And beauties which invites our wonder,
 Thy lively wit, and prudence rare,
 Shall still be present, tho' we sunder.

Dear nymph, believe thy sawin in this,
 You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder;
 Then seal a promise with a kiss,
 Always to love me tho' we sunder.

O gods, take care of my dear lass,
 That as I leave her I may find her :
 When that blest time shall come to pass,
 We'll meet again, and never sunder.

The Gaberlunzie-man.

THE pawky auld carle came o'er the lee,
 Wi' many good e'ens and days to me,
 Saying, Goodwife, for your courtesie,
 Will ye lodge a silly poor man ?
 The night was cauld, the carle was wat,
 And down aount the ingle he sat ;
 My daughter's shoulders he 'gan to clap,
 And cadgily ranted and sang.

O wow ! quo' he, were I as free,
 As first when I saw this country,
 How blyth and merry wad I be !
 And I wad never think lang.
 He grew canty, and she grew fain ;
 But little did her auld minny ken
 What thir slee ewa together were say'n,
 When wooing they were sae thrang.

And O ! quo' he, ann ye were as black,
 As e'er the crown of my dady's hat,

'Tis

'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
 And awa' wi' me thou shou'd gang.
 And O! quo she, ann I were as' white,
 As e'er the snaw lay on the dike,
 I'd clead me braw, and lady like,
 And awa' with thee I'd gang.

Between the twa was made a plot;
 They raise awee before the cock,
 And wilily they shot the lock,
 And fast to the bent are they gane.
 Up the morn the auld wife raise,
 And at her leisure pat on her claife;
 Syne to the servants bed she gaes,
 To speer for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the begger lay,
 The strae was cauld, he was away,
 She clapt her hand, cry'd, waladay,
 For some of our gear will be gane.
 Some ran to coffers, and some to kists,
 But nought was stown that cou'd be mist,
 She danc'd her lane, cry'd, praise be blest,
 I have lodg'd a leal poor man.

Since naithing's awa' as we can learn,
 The kirn's to kirn, and milk to earn,
 Gae butt the house, las, and waken my bairn,
 And bid her come quickly ben,
 The servant gade where the daughter lay,
 The sheets was cauld, she was away,
 And fast to her goodwife can say,
 She's aff with the Gaberlunzie-man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
 And hast and find these traytors again;
 For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,
 The wearifu' Gaberlunzie-man.
 Some rade upo' horse, some ran a fit,
 The wife was wood, and out o' her wit:
 She cou'd na gang, nor yet cou'd she fit,
 But ay she curs'd and she ban'd.

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Mean time far hind out o'er the lee,
 Yu' snug in a glen, where nane cou'd see,
 The twa, with kindly sport and glee,

Cut frae a new cheefe a whang :
 The priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,
 To lo'e her for ay, he gae her is aith.
 Quo' she, to leave thee I will be laith,
 My winsome Gaberlunzie-man.

O kend my minny I were wi' you,
 Illfardy wad she crook her mrou,
 Sic a poor man she'd never trow,
 After the Gaberlunzie-man.

My dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
 And ha' na lear'd the beggars tongue,
 To follow me frae town to town,
 And carry the Gaberlunzie on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,
 And spindles and whorles for them wha need,
 Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,
 To carry the Gaberlunzie—O.

I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
 And draw a black clout o'er my eye,
 A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
 While we shall be merry and sing.

The C O R D I A L.

To the tune of, *Where shall our goodman ly.*

H E.

WHere wad bonny Anne ly ?
 Alane nae mair ye maun ly ;
 Wad ye a goodman try ?
 Is that the thing ye're laking ?

S H E.

Can a lafs fae young as I,
 Venture on the bridal tie,

Syne

Syne down with a goodman ly?
I'm flee'd he keep me wauking.

H E.

Never judge until ye try,
Mak me your goodman, I
Shanna hinder you to ly,
And sleep till ye be weary.

S H E.

What if I should wauking ly,
When the hoboy's are gawn by,
Will ye tent me when I cry,
My dear, I'm faint and iry?

H E.

In my bosom thou shalt ly,
When thou waukrife art or dry,
Healthy cordial standing by,
Shall presently revive thee.

S H E.

To your will I then comply,
Join us, priest, and let me try
How I'll wi' a goodman ly
Wha can a cordial give me.

Ew-Bughts MARION.

WILL ye go the ew-bughts, Marion,
And wear in the sheep wi' me;
The sun shines sweet, my Marion,
But nae half sae sweet as thee.
O Marion's a bonny lass,
And the blyth blinks in her eye;
And fain wad I marry Marion,
Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's gow'd in your garters, Marion,
And silk on your white haufs-bane;
Fu' fain wad I kiss my Marion
At e'en when I come hame.
There's braw lads in Earnslaw, Marion,
Wha gape, and glowr with their eye,

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At kirk when they see my Marion;
But nane of them lo'es like me.

I've nine milk ews, my Marion,
A cow and a brawny quey,
I'll gi'e them a' to my Marion,
Just on her bridal day;
And ye's get a green sey apron,
And waistcoat of the London brown,
And wow but ye will be vap'ring,
When'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my Marion;
Nane dance like me on the green;
And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
I'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jean:
See put on your pearlins, Marion,
And kyrtle of the cramasie;
And soon as my chin has nae hair on,
I shall come west, and see ye.

The blythsome Bridal.

FY let us a' to the bridal,
For there will be liting there;
For Jocky's to be married to Maggy,
The las wi' the gowden hair.
And there will be lang-kail and pottage,
And bannocks of barley-meal;
And there will be good sawt herring,
To relish a cog of good ale,
Fy let us a' to the bridal, &c.

And their will be Saney the sutor,
And will wi' the meikle mou;
And their will be Tam the bluter,
With Andrew the tinkler I trow;
And their will be bou'd-legged Robbie,
With thumblefs Katie's goodman;

And

And there will be blue cheeked Dowbie,
 And Lawrie the laird of the land.
Fy let us, &c.

And their will be sow-libber Patie,
 And plucky-fac'd Wat i' the mill,
 Capper-nos'd francie and Gibbie,
 That wins in the how of the hill;
 And there will be Alaster Sibbie,
 Wha in with black bessy did mool,
 With snivelling Lilly and Tibby,
 The las that stands aft on the stool.
Fy let us, &c.

And Madge that was buckled to Steenie,
 And coft him grey breeks to his arse,
 Wha after was hangit for stealing,
 Great mercy it happen'd na warfe :
 And there will be gleeed Geordy Janners;
 And Krish with the lilly-white leg,
 Wha gade to the south for manners,
 And bang'd up her wame in Mons meg.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be Judan MacLawrie,
 And blinkin daft Barbara Macleg,
 Wi' flae-lugged sharny fac'd Lawrie,
 And shangy-mou'd halucket Meg.
 And there will be happer-ars'd Nanfy,
 And fairy-fac'd Flowrie by name,
 Muck Madie, and fat hippit Grisfy,
 The las wi' the gowden wame.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be girn-again-Gibbie,
 With his glakit wife Jenny Bell,
 The misle-shinn'd Mungo Macapie,
 The lad that was skipper himsel.
 There lads and lasses in pearlins
 Will feast in the heart of the ha',

in sybows, and rifarts, and earlings,
That are baith sodden and raw.
By let us, &c.

And there will be fadges and brachen,
With fouth of good gabbocks of skate,
owflowdy and drammock, and crowdy,
And caller nowt-feet in a plate,
And there will be partans and buckies,
And whytens and speldings enew,
With singed sheep-heads, and a haggies,
And scadlips to sup till ye spew.
By let us, &c.

And there will be lapper'd-milk kebbucks,
And sowens, and farles, and baps,
With swats, and well scraped paunches,
And brandy in stoups and in caps :
And there will be meal-kail and castocks,
With skink to sup till ye rive.
And roasts to roast on a brander,
Of flowks that were taken alive.
By let us, &c.

apt haddocks, wilks and dulse and tangle,
And a mill of good snishing to prie ;
Then weary with eating and drinking,
We'll rise up and dance till we die.
*Then fy let us a' to the bridal -
For there will be lilting there,
The Jocky's to be married to Maggie,
The lass wi' the gowden hair.*

The Highland Laddie.

THE lawland lads think they are fine ;
But O they're vain and idly gawdy !
How much unlike that gracefu' mein,
And manly looks of my highland laddie ?

U

O my

*O my bonny bonny highland laddie,
My handsome charming highland laddie ;
May heaven still guard, and love, reward
Our lawland lass and her highland laddie.*

*If I were free at will to chuse
To be the wealthiest lawland lady
I'd take young Donald without trows,
With bonnet blew, and belted plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.*

*The brawest beau in borrows-town,
In a' his airs, with art made ready,
Compar'd to him, he's but a clown;
He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.
O my bonny. &c.*

*O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
And leave my lawland kin and dady,
Frae winter's cauld, and summer's sun,
He'll screen me with his highland plaidy,
O my bonny, &c.*

*A painted room and silken bed,
May please a lawland laird and lady ;
But I can kiss, and be as glad
Behind a bush in his highland plaidy.
O my bonny. &c.*

*Few compliments between us pass,
I ca' him my dear highland laddie,
And he ca's me his lawland lass,
Syne rows me in beneath his plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.*

*Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his love is true and steady,
Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end.
While heaven preserves my highland laddie
O my bonny, &c.*

ALL

ALLAN-WATER :

Or, *My love ANNIE'S very bonny,*

WHAT numbers shall the muse repeat ?
What verse be found to praise my Annie ?

On her ten thousand graces wait,

Each swain admires, and owns she's bonny.

Since first she trode the happy plain,

She set each youthful heart on fire ;

Each nymph does to her swain complain.

That Annie kindles new desire.

This lovely darling dearest care,

This new delight this charming Annie,

Like summer's dawn, she's fresh and fair,

When Flora's fragrant breezes fan ye.

All day the am'rous youths convene,

Joyous they sport and play before her ;

All night when she no more is seen,

In blissful dreams they still adore her.

Among the crowd Amyntor came,

He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to Annie;

His risings sighs express his flame,

His words were few his wishes many.

With smiles the lovely maid reply'd,

Kind shepherd, why should I deceive ye ?

Alas! your love must be deny'd,

This destin'd breast can ne'er relieve ye,

Young Damon came with Cupid's art,

His wyles, his smiles, his charms beguiling,

He stole away my virgin heart ;

Cease, poor Amyntor, cease bewailing.

Some brighter beauty you may find,

On yonder plain the nymphs are many ;

Then chuse some heart that's unconfin'd,

And leave to Damon his own Annie,

The Collier's bonny Lassie.

THE collier has a daughter,
 And O she's wonder bonny,
 A laird he was that sought her,
 Rich baith in lands and money;
 The tutors watch'd the motion
 Of this young honest lover;
 But love is like the ocean;
 Wha can its depth discover!

He had the art to please ye,
 And was by a' respected;
 His airs sat round him easy,
 Genteel but unaffected.
 The collier's bonny lassie,
 Fair as the new blown lillie,
 Ay sweet, and never saucy,
 Secur'd the heart of willie.

He lov'd beyond expression
 The charms that were about her,
 And panted for possession,
 His life was dull without her.
 After mature resolving,
 Close to his breast he held her,
 In fastest flames dissolving,
 He tenderly thus tell'd her:

My bonny colliers daughter,
 Let naething discompose ye,
 'Tis no your scanty tocher
 Shall ever gar me lose ye:
 For I have gear in plenty,
 And love says, 'tis my duty
 To ware what heaven has lent me,
 Upon your wit and beauty.

Where

Where HELEN lies.

To——in Mourning

AH! why those tears in Nelly's eyes ;
 To hear thy tender sighs and cries,
 The Gods stand list'ning from the skies,
 Pleas'd with thy piety.
 To mourn the dead, dear nymph, forbear,
 And of one dying take a care,
 Who views thee as an angel fair,
 Of some divinity.

O be less graceful, or more kind,
 And cool this fever of my mind,
 Caus'd by the boy severe and blind :
 Wounded I sigh for thee ;
 While hardly dare I hope to rise
 To such a height by Hymen's ties.
 To lay me down where Helen lies,
 And with thy charms be free.

Then must I hide my love, and die,
 When such a sovereign cure is by ?
 No; she can love, and I'll go try,
 Whate'er my fate may be,
 Which soon I'll read in her bright eyes,
 With those dear agents I'll advise,
 They tell the truth when tongues tell lies,
 The least believ'd by me.

S O N G.

To the Tune of, *Gallowshiels.*

AH the shepherd's mournful fate,
 When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish
 To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
 Nor dare disclose his anguish.

Yet eager looks, and dying sighs,
 My secret soul discover,
 While rapture trembling thro' mine eyes,
 Reveals how much I love her
 The tender glance, the redning cheek,
 O'erspread with rising blushes,
 A thousand various ways they speak
 A thousand various wishes.

For oh! that form so heavenly fair,
 Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
 That artless blush and modest air,
 So fatally beguiling.
 Thy every look, and every grace,
 So charm whene'er I view thee;
 Till death o'ertake me in the chace,
 Still will my hopes pursue thee.
 Then when my tedious hours are past,
 Be this last blessing given,
 Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
 And die in sight of heaven.

To L. M. M.

Tune Rantin roaring Willie.

O Mary! thy graces and glances,
 Thy smiles so enchantingly gay,
 And thoughts so divinely harmonious,
 Clear wit and good humour display.
 But say not thou'lt imitate angels
 Ought farrer, tho' scarcely, ah me!
 Can be found equalizing thy merit,
 A match amongst mortals for thee.

Thy many fair beauties shed fires
 May warm up ten thousand to love,
 Who despairing, may fly to some other,
 While I may despair, but ne'er rove.

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What

What a mixture of sighing and joys
 This distant adoring of thee,
 Gives to a fond heart too aspiring,
 Who loves in sad silence like me?

Thus looks the poor beggar on treasure,
 And shipwreck'd on land skips on shore,
 Be still more divine, and have pity;
 I die soon as hope is no more.
 For Mary, my soul is thy captive,
 Nor loves, nor expects, to be free;
 Thy beauties are fetters delightful,
 Thy slavery's a pleasures to me.

This is no mine ain House.

THIS is not my ain house
 I ken by the rigging o't,
 Since with my love I've changed vows,
 I dinna like the bigging o't,
 For now that I'm young Robie's bride,
 And mistress of his fire-side,
 Mine ain house I'll like to guide,
 And please me with the trigging o't.

Then farewell to my father's house,
 I gang where love invites me;
 The strictest duty this allows.
 When love with honour meets me.
 When Hymen moulds us into ane,
 My Robie's nearer than my kin,
 And to refuse him were a sin,
 Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

When I'm in mine ain house,
 True love shall be at hand ay,
 To make me still a prudent spouse,
 And let my man command ay;

Avoid-

Avoiding ilka cause of strife,
The common pest of married life,
That makes ane wearied of his wife,
And breaks the kindly band ay.

Fint a Crum of thee she faws.

RETURN hameward, my heart, again,
And bide where thou was wont to be,
'Thou art a fool to suffer pain
For love of ane that loves not thee;
My heart, let be sic fantasie
Love only where thou hast good cause;
Since scorn and liking ne'er agree,
The fint a crum of thee she faws.

To what effect should thou be thrall?
Be happy in thine ain free-will,
My heart, be never beaftial,
But ken wha does the good or ill:
An hame with me then tarry still,
And see wha can best play their paws,
And let the filly sling her fill,
For fint a crum of thee she faws.

Tho' she be fair, I will not fenzie,
She's of a kind with mony mae;
For why, they are a felon menzie
That seemeth good, and are not sae.
My heart, take neither sturt nor wae
For Meg, for Marjory, or Maufe,
But be thou blyth and, let her gae,
For fint a crum of thee she faws.

Remember how that Medea
Wild for a sight of Jason yied,
Remember how young Cressida
Let Troilus for Diomede;
Remember Helen, as we read
Brought Troy from blifs unto bair waws:

Then

Then let her gae where she may speed,
 For sint a crum of thee she faws.

Because she said I took it ill,
 For her depart my heart was fair,
 It was beguil'd ; gae where she will,
 Beshrew the heart that first takes care :
 But be thou merry late and air,
 This is the final end and clause,
 And let her feed and fooly fair,
 For sint a crum of thee she faws.

Ne'er dunt again within my breast,
 Ne'er let her slights thy courage spill,
 For gie a fob, altho' she sneest,
 She's fairest paid that gets her will.
 She gecks as gif I mean'd her ill,
 When she glaicks paughty in her braws ;
 Now let her snirt and fyke her fill,
 For sint a crum of thee she faws,

To Mrs. E. C.

Tune, Sae merry as we have been

NOW Phoebus advances on high,
 Nae footsteps of winter are seen ;
 The birds carrol sweet in the sky,
 And lambkins dance reels on the green.
 Thro' plantings, by burnies fae clear,
 We wander for pleasure and health,
 Where buddings and blossoms appear,
 Giving prospects of joy and wealth,

View ilka gay scene all around,
 That are, and that promise to be ;
 Yet in them a' nathing is found
 Sae perfect, Eliza, as thee.
 Thy een the clear fountains excell,
 Thy locks they out-rival the grove ;

When

Then

When zephyres those pleasingly swell,;
 Ilk wave makes a captive to love.

The roses and lillies combin'd,
 And flowers of maist delicate hue,
 By thy cheek and dear breasts are out-shin'd,
 Their tinctures are naithing sae true,
 What can we compare with thy voice?
 And what with thy humour sae sweet?
 Nae musick can bless with sic joys;
 Sure angels are just sae complete.

Fair blossom of ilka delight,
 Whose beauties ten thousand out-shine
 Thy sweets shall be lasting and bright,
 Being mixt with sae many divine.
 Ye powers, who have given sic charms
 To Eliza, your image below,
 O save her frae all human harms!
 And make her hours happily flow.

My Dady forbad, my Minny forbad.

WHen I think on my lad,
 I sigh and am sad,
 For now he is far frae me.
 My dady was harsh,
 My minny was warse,
 That gart him gae yont the sea,
 Without an estate.
 That made him look blate;
 And yet a bravelad is he.
 Gin safe he come hame,
 In spite of my dame,
 He'll ever be welcome to me.

Love speers nae advice
 Of parents o'er wife,
 That have but ae barn like me,

That looks upon cash,
 As naething but trash,
 That shackles what shou'd be free.
 And tho' my dear lad
 Not ae penny had,
 Since qualities better has he ;
 Abeit I'm an heirefs.
 I think it fair is,
 To love him, since he loves me.

Then, my dear Jamie,
 To thy kind Jeanie,
 Haste, haste thee in o'er the sea,
 To her wha can find,
 Nae ease in her mind,
 Without a blyth fight of thee.
 Tho' my daddy forbad,
 And minny forbad,
 Forbidden I will not be ;
 For since thou alone
 My favour hast won,
 Nane else shall e'er get it for me.

Yet them I'll not grieve,
 Or without their leave,
 Gi'e my hand as a wife to thee :
 Be content with a heart,
 That can never desert,
 Till they cease to oppose or be.
 My parents may prove
 Yet friends to our love,
 When our firm resolves they see ;
 Then I with pleasure
 Will yield up my treasure,
 And a' that love orders to thee.

Tune Steer her up and had her gawn.

O Steer her up, and had her gawn,
 Her mither's at the mill, jo ;

But

But gin she winna tak a man,
 E'en let her tak her will, jo.
 Pray thee, lad, leave silly thinking,
 Cast thy cares of love away;
 Let's our sorrows drown in drinking,
 'Tis daffin langer to delay.

See that shining glafs of claret,
 How invitingly it looks;
 Take it aff, and let's have mair o't,
 Pox on fighting, trade, and books.
 Let's have pleasure while we're able,
 Bring us in the meikle bowl,
 Plac't on the middle of the table,
 And let wind and weather gowl.

Call the drawer, let him fill it
 Fou, as ever it can hold:
 O tak tent ye dinna spill it,
 'Tis mair precious far than gold,
 By you've drunk a dozen bumpers,
 Bacchus will begin to prove,
 Spite of Venus and her Mumpers,
 Drinking better is than love.

Clout the Caldron.

HAVE you any pots or pans,
 Or any broken chandlers?
 I am a tinkler to my trade,
 And newly come frae Flanders,
 As scant of filler as of grace,
 Disbanded, we've a bad-run;
 Gar tell the lady of the place,
 I'm come to clout her caldron.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Madam, if you have wark for me,
 I'll do't to your contentment,

And

and dinna care a single flie
 For any man's resentment;
 Or, lady fair, tho' I appear
 To every ane a tinkler,
 Yet to yourself I'm bauld to tell,
 I am a gentle jinker,
La adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Love Jupiter into a swan
 Turn'd for his lovely Leda;
 He like a bull o'er meadows ran,
 To carry aff Europa.
 Then may not I, as well as he,
 To cheat your Argos blinker,
 And win your love, like mighty Jove,
 Thus hide me in a tinkler,
La adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Or, ye appear a cunning man,
 But this fine plot you'll fail in,
 For there is neither pot nor pan
 Of mine you'll drive a nail in.
 Then bind your budget on your back,
 And nails up in your apron,
 For I've a tinkler under tack
 That's us'd to clout my caldron.
La adrie, didle, didle, &c.

The malt-man.

THE malt-man comes on Munday,
 He craves wonder fair,
 Cries, Dame, come gi'e me my filler
 Or malt ye fall ne'er get mair.
 Took him into the pantry,
 And gave him some good cock-broo,
 He paid him upon a gantree,
 As hostler wives should do.

And

X

When

When malt-men come for filler,
 And gaugers with wands o'er soon,
 Wives, tak them a' down to the cellar,
 And clear them as I have done.
 This bewith, when cunzie is scanty,
 Will keep them frae making din,
 The knack I learn'd frae an auld aunty
 The snackest of a' my kin.

The malt-man is right cunning,
 But I can be as slee,
 And he may crack of his winning,
 When he clears scores with me :
 For come when he likes, I'm ready ;
 But if frae hame I be,
 Let him wait on our kind lady,
 She'll answer a bill for me.

Bonny BESSY.

Tune, Bessy's Haggies

BESSY's beauties shine fae bright,
 Were her many vertues fewer,
 She wad ever give delight,
 And in transport make me view her.
 Bonny Bessy, thee alane
 Love I, naething else about thee ;
 With thy comeliness I'm tane,
 And langer cannot live without thee.

Bessy's bosom's fast and warm,
 Milk-white fingers still employ'd,
 He who takes her to his arm,
 Of her sweets can ne'er be cloy'd.
 My dear Bessy, when the roses
 Leave thy cheek, as thou grows aulder,
 Vertue, which thy mind discloses,
 Will keep love frae growing caulder,

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Jeany's tocher is but scanty,
 Yet her face and soul discovers
 These enchanting sweets in plenty
 Must intice a thousand lovers.
 'Tis not money, but a woman
 Of a temper kind and easy,
 That gives happiness uncommon,
 Petted things can nought but teez ye.

Omnia vincit Amor.

AS I went forth to view the spring
 Which Flora had adorned
 In raiment fair; now every thing
 The rage of winter scorned:
 I cast mine eye, and did espy
 A youth, who made great clamor;
 And drawing nigh, I heard him cry,
 Ah! *omnia vincit amor.*

Upon his breast he lay along,
 Hard by a murm'ring river,
 And mournfully his doleful song
 With sighs he did deliver,
 Ah! Jeany's face and comely grace,
 Her locks that shine like lammer,
 With burning rays have cut my days
 For *omnia vincit amor.*

Her glancy een like comets sheen,
 The morning sun out-shining,
 Have caught my heart in Cupid's net,
 And make me die with pining,
 Durst I complain, nature's to blame,
 So curiously to frame her,
 Whose beauties rare make me with care
 Cry, *omnia vincit amor.*

Ye chrystal streams that swiftly glide,
 Be partners of my mourning,

Ye fragrant fields and meadows wide,
 Condemn her for her scorning :
 Let every tree a witness be,
 How justly I may blame her ;
 Ye chanting birds, note these my words,
 Ah ! *omnia vincit amor.*

Had she been kind as she was fair,
 She long had been admir'd,
 And been ador'd for vertues rare,
 Wh' of life now makes me tir'd.
 Thus said, his breath begun to fail,
 He could not speak, but stammer ;
 He sigh'd full sore, and said no more,
 But *omnia vincit amor.*

When I observ'd him near to death,
 I run in haste to save him,
 But quickly he resign'd his breath.
 So deep the wound love gave him.
 Now for her sake this vow I'll make,
 My tongue shall ay defame her,
 While on his herse I'll write this verse,
 Ah ! *omnia vincit amor.*

Straight I consider'd in my mind
 Upon the matter rightly,
 And found, tho' Cupid he be blind,
 He proves in pith most mighty.
 For warlike Mars, nor thund'ring Jove,
 And Vulcan with his hammer,
 Did ever prove the slaves of love,
 For *omnia vincit amor.*

Hence we may see th' effects of love,
 Which gods and men keep under,
 That nothing can his bonds remove,
 Or torments break asunder :
 Nor wise, nor fool, need go to school,
 To learn this from his grammar;

His heart's
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His Thole
 Mother,

His heart's the book where he's to look
For omnia vincit amor.

The auld wife beyont the fire.

I.

There was a wife won'd in a glen,
 And she had dochters nine or ten,
 That sought the house baith but and ben,
 To find their mam a snishing.
The auld wife beyont the fire,
The auld wife aniest the fire,
The auld wife aboon the fire,
She died for lack of snishing.

II.

Her mill into some hole had fawn,
 Whatrecks, quoth she, let it be gawn,
 For I maun hae a young goodman
 Shall furnish me with snishing.
The auld wife, &c.

III.

Her eldest dochter said right bauld,
 Ey, mother, mind that now ye're auld,
 And if ye with a yonker wald,
 He'll waste away your snishing.
The auld wife, &c.

IV.

The youngest dochter ga'e a shout,
 O mother dear! your teeth's a' out,
 Besides haff blind, you have the gout,
 Your mill can had nae snishing.
The auld wife, &c.

V.

Ye lied, ye limmers, cries auld mump,
 For I hae baith a tooth and stump,
 And will nae langer live in dump,
 By wanting of my snishing.
The auld wife, &c.

VI.

Thole ye, says Peg, that pauky slut,
 Mother, if you can crack a nut,

Then

Then we will a' consent to it,
That you shall have a sniishing;
The auld wife, &c.

VII.

The auld ane did agree to that,
And they a pistol-bullet gat;
She powerfully began to crack,
To won herself a sniishing.

The auld wife, &c.

VIII.

Braw sport it was to see her chow't,
And 'tween her gums sae queez and row't,
While frae her jaws the slaver flow'd,
And ay she curs'd poor stumpy,

The auld wife, &c.

IX.

At last she gae a desperate squeeze,
Which brak the lang tooth by the neez,
And syne poor stumpy was at ease,
But she tint hopes of sniishing.

The auld wife, &c.

X.

She of the task began to tire,
And frae her dochters did retire,
Syne lean'd her down ayont the fire,
And dyed for lack of sniishing.

The auld wife, &c.

XI.

Ye auld wives notice well this truth,
Asoon as ye're past mark of mouth,
Ne'er do what's only fit for youth.

And leave aff thoughts of sniishing:

*Else like this wife beyont the fire,
Ye'r bairns against you will conspire;
Nor will ye get, unless ye hire,
A young man with your sniishing.*

I'll never love thee more.

MY dear and only love, I pray,
That little world of thee,

govern'd by no other sway,
 But purest monarchy:
 For if confusion have a part,
 Which virtuous souls abhor,
 I'll call a synod in my heart,
 And never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
 And I will reign alone,
 My thoughts did evermore disdain
 A rival on my throne.
 He either fears his fate too much,
 Or his deserts are small,
 Who dares not put it to the touch,
 To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign, and govern still,
 And always give the law,
 And have each subject at my will,
 And all to stand in aw:
 But 'gainst my batteries if I find
 Thou storm, or vex me sore,
 As if thou set me as a blind,
 I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart,
 Where I should solely be,
 If others do pretend a part,
 Or dares to share with me:
 Or committees if thou erect,
 Or go on such a score,
 I'll smiling mock at thy neglect,
 And never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain
 Thy love and constant word,
 I'll make thee famous by my pen,
 And glorious by my sword.
 I'll serve thee in such noble ways,
 As ne'er was known before;
 I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
 And love thee more and more.

The black bird.

UPON a fair morning for soft recreation,
 I heard a fair lady was making her moan
 With sighing and sobing, and sad lamentation,
 Saying, My black bird most royal is flown.
 My thoughts they deceive me,
 Reflections do grieve me,
 And I am o'erburthen'd with sad misery;
 Yet if death should blind me,
 As true love inclines me,
 My black bird I'll seek out, wherever he be.

Once into fair England my black bird did flourish,
 He was the chief flower that in it did spring;
 Prime ladies of honour his person did nourish,
 Because he was the true son of a king:
 But since that false fortune,
 Which still is uncertain,
 Has caused this parting between him and me,
 His name I'll advance
 In Spain and in France,
 And seek out my black bird, where ever he be.

The birds of the forest all met together,
 The turtle has chosen to dwell with the dove;
 And I am resolv'd in foul or fair weather,
 Once in the spring to seek out my love.
 He's all my heart's treasure,
 My joy and my pleasure;
 And justly (my love) my heart follows thee,
 Who are constant and kind,
 And courageous of mind.
 All bliss on my black bird, wherever he be.

In England my black bird and I were together,
 Where he was still noble, and generous of heart.
 Ah! wo to the time that first he went thither,
 Alas! he was forc'd soon thence to depart.

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In Scotland he's deem'd,
 And highly esteem'd,
 In England he seemeth a stranger to be ;
 Yet his fame shall remain
 In France and in Spain.
 All blifs to my *black bird*, wherever he be.

What if the fowler my *black bird* has taken,
 Then sighing and sobing will be all my tune ;
 But if he is safe, I'll not be forsaken,
 And hope yet to see him in May or in June
 For him through the fire,
 Through mud and through mire,
 I'll go; for I love him to such a degree,
 Who is constant and kind,
 And noble of mind,
 Deserving all blessings, wherever he be.

It is not the ocean can fright me with danger,
 Nor tho' like a pilgrim I wander forlorn,
 I may meet with friendship of one is a stranger,
 More than of one that in Britain is born.
 I pray heaven so spacious,
 To Britain be gracious,
 Tho' some there be odious to both him and me,
 Yet joy and renown,
 And laurels shall crown
 My *black bird* with honour, wherever he be,

Take your auld Cloak about you.

I N winter when the rain rain'd cauld
 And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
 And Boreas, with his blasts sa bauld,
 Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill :
 Then Bell my wife, wha loves na strife,
 She said to me right hastily,
 Get up, goodman, save Cromy's life,
 And tak your auld cloak about ye.

My

My Cromie is an useful cow,
 And she is come of a good kyne ;
 Aft has she wet the bairn's mou,
 And I am laith that she shou'd tynne ;
 Get up, goodman, it is fou time,
 The sun shines in the lift sae hie ;
 Sloth never made a gracious end,
 Go tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a good grey cloak,
 When it was fitting for my wear ;
 But now it's scanty worth a groat,
 For I have worn't this thirty year ;
 Let's spend the gear that we have won,
 We little ken the day we'll die :
 Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn
 To have a new-cloak about me.

In days when our king Robert rang,
 His trews they cost but haff a crown ;
 He said they were a groat o'er dear,
 And call'd the taylor thief and loun.
 He was the king that wore a crown.
 And thou the man of laigh degree
 'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
 Sae tak thy auld cloak about thee

Every land has its ain laugh,
 Ilk kind of corn it has its hool,
 I think the world is a' run wrang,
 When ilka wife her man wad rule ;
 Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
 As they are girded gallantly,
 While I sit hurklen in the ase ;
 I'll have a new cloak about me.

Goodman, I wate 'tis thirty years,
 Since we did ane anither ken ;
 And we have had between us twa,
 Of lads and bonny lassies ten :

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Now they are women grown and men,
 I wish and pray well may they be ;
 And if you prove a good husband,
 E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

Bell my wife, she loves na strife ;
 But she wad guide me, if she can,
 And to maintain an easy life,
 I aft maun yield, tho' I'm goodman :
 Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
 Unless ye give her a' the ;lea :
 Then I'll leave aff where I began,
 And tak my auld cloak about me.

The Quadruple Alliance.

Tune, *Jocky blyth and gay.*

SWIFT, Sandy, Young, and Gay,
 Are still my heart's delight,
 I sing their songs by day,
 And read their tales at night.
 If frae their books I be,
 'Tis dullness then with me ;
 But when these stars appear,
 Jokes, smiles, and wit shine clear

Swift with uncommon stile,
 And wit that flows with ease,
 Instructs us with a smile,
 And never fails to please.
 Bright Sandy greatly sings
 Of heroes, Gods, and kings :
 He well deserves the bays,
 And ev'ry Briton's praise.
 While thus our Homer shines ;
 Young, with Horacian flame,
 Corrects these false designs

We

We push in love of fame.
 Blyth Gay in pawky strains,
 Makes villains, clowns, and swains
 Reprove, with biting leer,
 Those in a higher sphere

Swift, Sandy, Young, and Gay,
 Long may you give delight;
 Let all the dunces bray,
 You're far above their spite
 Such, from a realice four,
 Write nonsense, lame and poor,
 Which never can succeed
 For, who the trash will read?

TO CLARINDA.

A S O N G.

To the Tune of, *I wish my love were in a Min.*

B L E S T as the immortal Gods is he,
 The youth who fondly sits by thee,
 And hears and sees all the while
 Softly speak and sweetly smile, &c.
 So spoke and smil'd the eastern maid;
 Like thine, seraphick were her charms,
 That in Circasia's vineyards stray'd,
 And blest the wisest monarchs arms.

A thousand fair of high desert,
 Strave to enchant the amorous king;
 But the Circasian gain'd his heart,
 And taught the royal bard to sing.
 Clarinda thus our sang inspires,
 And claims the smooth and highest lays,
 But while each charm our bosom fires,
 Words seem too few to sound her praise.

Her mind in ev'ry grace complete,

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To paint surpasses human skill:
 Her majesty, mixt with the sweet,
 Let seraphs sing her if they will.
 Whilst wond'ring, with a ravish'd eye,
 We all that's perfect in her view,
 Viewing a sister of the sky,
 To whom an adoration's due.

A S O N G,

To the Tune of, *Lochaber no more.*

FAREWELL to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean,
 Where heartsome with thee I've mony day been;
 For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
 We'll may be return to Lochaber no more.
 These tears that I shed, they are a' for my dear,
 And no for the dangers attending on weir,
 Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
 May be to return to Lochaber no more.

Tho' hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind.
 Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
 That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
 To leave thee behind me, my heart is fair pain'd,
 By ease that's inglorious, no fame can be gain'd,
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
 And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse,
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?
 Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
 And without thy favour I'd better not be.
 I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,
 And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

Y

The

The auld Goodman.

LA T E in an evening forth I went,
 A little before the sun gade down,
 And there I chanc'd by accident,
 To light on a battle new begun.
 A man and his wife was fawn in a strife,
 I canna well tell ye how it began;
 But ay she wail'd her wretched life,
 And cry'd ever, alake my auld goodman.

H E.

Thy auld goodman that thou tells of,
 The country kens where he was born.
 Was but a silly poor vagabond,
 And ilka ane leugh him to scorn;
 For he did spend, and make an end
 Of gear that his fore-fathers wan,
 He gart the poor stand frae the door,
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

S H E.

My heart alake, is liken to break,
 When I think on my winsome John,
 His blinkan eye, and gate fae free,
 Was nathing like thee, thou dosend drone.
 His rosie face, and flaxen hair,
 And a skin as white as ony swan,
 Was large and tall, and comely withall,
 And thou'lt never be like my auld goodman.

H E.

Why dost thou pleen? I th ee maintain,
 For meal and mawt thou disna want;
 But thy wild bees I canna please,
 Now when our gear gins to grow scant.
 Of household-stuff thou hast enough,
 Thou wants for neither pot nor pan;
 Of siklike ware he left thee bare,
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld goodman.

S H E.

Yes I may tell, and fret my fell,
 To think on these blyth days I had,

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When he and I together lay
 In arms into a well-made bed.
 But now I sigh, and may be sad,
 Thy courage is cauld, thy colour wan,
 Thou falds thy feet, and fa's asleep,
 And thou'lt ne'er be like my auld goodman.

Then coming was the night sae dark,
 And gane was a' the light of day;
 The carle was fear'd to mis his mark,
 And therefore wad nae langer stay,
 Then up he gat, and he ran his way,
 I trow the wife the day she wan
 And ay the o'erword of the fray
 Was ever, *alake my auld goodman.*

S O N G.

To the tune of, *Valiant Jocky.*

On a beautiful, but very young Lady.

Beauty from fancy takes its arms,
 And ev'ry common face some breast may move,
 Come in a look, a shape, or air find charms,
 To justify their choice, or boast their love.
 But had the great Apelles seen that face,
 When he the Cyprian goddess drew
 He had neglected all the female race,
 Thrown his first Venus by, and copied you.
 In that design,
 Great nature would combine
 To fix the standard of her sacred coin;
 The charming figure had enhanc'd his fame
 And shrines been rais'd to Seraphina's name.

II.

But since no painter e'er could take
 That face which baffles all his curious art;
 And he that strives the bold attempt to make,
 As well might paint the secrets of the heart.

O happy glass, I'll thee prefer,
 Content to be like thee inanimate,
 Since only to be gaz'd on thus by her,
 A better life and motion would create.

Her eyes would inspire,
 And like Prometheus' fire,
 At once inform the piece and give desire,
 The charming phantom I would grasp, and flee
 O'er all the orb, though in that moment die.

III.

Let meaner beauties fear the day,
 Whose charms are fading, and submit to time;
 The graces which from them it steals away,
 It with a lavish hand still adds to thine.
 The God of love in ambush lies,
 And with his arms surrounds the fair,
 He points his conquering arrows in these eyes,
 Then hangs a sharpened dart at every hair,
 As with fatal skill,
 Turn which way you will,
 Like Eden's flaming sword each way you kill;
 So ripening years improve rich nature's store,
 And gives perfection to the golden ore.

Lass with a lump of Land.

GI'E me a lass with a lump of land,
 And we for life shall gang the gither,
 Tho' daft or wise, I'll never demand,
 Or black or fair, it maksna whether.
 I'm aff with wit, and beauty will fade,
 And blood alane is no worth a shilling,
 But she that's rich, her market's made,
 For ilka charm about her is killing.

Gi'e me a lass with a lump of land,
 And in my bosom I'll hug my treasure ;
 Gin I had anes her gear in my hand,
 Should love turn dowf, it will find pleasure.

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Laugh on wha likes, but there's my hand,
 I hate with poortith, tho' bonny, to meddle,
 Unless they bring cash, or a lump of land,
 They'se never get me to dance to their fiddle.

There's meikle good love in bands and bags.
 And filler and gowd's a sweet complexion;
 But beauty and wit, and vertue in rags,
 Have tint the art of gaining affection:
 Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,
 And castles and riggs, and muirs and meadows,
 And naithing can catch our modern sparks,
 But well tocher'd lasses, or jointer'd widows.

The Shepherd ADONIS,

I.

THE shepherd Adonis
 Being weary'd with sport,
 He for a retirement
 To the woods did resort
 He threw by his club,
 And he laid himself down;
 He envy'd no monarch,
 Nor wish'd for a crown.

II.

He drank of the burn,
 And he ate frae the tree,
 Himself he enjoy'd,
 And frae trouble was free.
 He wish'd for no nymph.
 Tho' never sae fair,
 Had nae love or ambition,
 And therefore no care.

III.

But as he lay thus
 In an ev'ning sae clear,
 A heavenly sweet voice
 Sounded fast in his ear;
 Which came frae a shady
 Green neighbouring grove,

Where bonny Amynta
Sat singing of love.

IV.

He wander'd that way,
And found wha was there,
He was quite confounded
To see her sae fair :
He stood like a statue,
Not a foot cou'd he move,
Nor knew he what griev'd him ;
But he fear'd it was love.

V.

The nymph, she beheld him
With a kind most grace,
Seeing something that pleased her
Appear in his face.
With blushing a little
She to him did say,
Oh shepherd ! what want ye,
How came you this way ?

VI

His spirits reviving,
He to her reply'd,
I was ne'er sae surpris'd
At the sight of a maid,
Until I beheld thee
From love I was free ;
But now I'm ta'en captive,
My fairest, by thee.

*The Complaint.**To B. I. G.*

To the tune of, *When absent, &c.*

When absent from the nymph I love,
I'd fain shake off the chains I wear ;
But whilst I strive these to remove,
More fetters I'm oblig'd to bear.

My captiv'd
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My captiv'd fancy day and night
 Fairer and fairer represents,
 Bellinda form'd for dear delight,
 But cruel cause of my complaints

All day I wander through the groves,
 And sighing hear from ev'ry tree
 The happy birds chirping their loves,
 Happy compar'd with lonely me.
 When gentle sleep with balmy wings
 To rest fans ev'ry weary'd wight,
 A thousand fears my fancy brings,
 That keep my watching all the night.

Sleep flies, while like the goddess fair,
 And all the graces in her train,
 With melting smiles and killing air
 Appears the cause of all my pain.
 A while my mind delighted flies
 O'er all her sweets with thirling joy,
 Whilst want of worth makes doubts arise,
 That all my trembling hopes destroy.

Thus while my thoughts are fix'd on her,
 I'm all o'er transport and desire
 My pulse beats high, my cheek appears
 All roses, and mine eyes all fire.
 When to myself I turn my view,
 My veins grow chill, my cheek looks wan:
 Thus whilst my fears my pains renew,
 I scarcely look or move a man.

The young Lass contra auld Man.

THE carle he came o'er the croft,
 And his beard new shaven,
 He look'd at me, as he'd been dast,
 The carle trows that I wad hae him.
 Howt awa, I winna hae him!
 Na forsooth, I winna hae him!

For a' his beard new shaven,
Ne'er a bit will I hae him.

A filler broach he gae me niest,
To fasten on my curtchea nooked,
I wor'd a wi upon my breast;
But soon alake! the tongue o't crooked;
And sae may his, I winna hae him,
Na forsooth, I winna hae him!
An twice a bairn's a lass's jest;
Sae ony fool for me may hae him.

The carle has na fault but ane;
For he has land and dollars plenty;
But waes me for him! skin and bane
Is no for a plump lass of twenty.
Howt awa, I winna hae him,
Na forsooth, I winna hae him.
What signifies his dirty riggs,
And cash without a man with them.

But shou'd my canker'd dady gar
Me tak him 'gainst my inclination,
I warn the fumbler to beware,
That antlers dinna claim their station.
Howt awa, I winna hae him!
Na forsooth, I winna hae him!
I'm fice'd to crack the haly band,
Sae lawty says, I shou'd na hae him.

VERTUE *and* WIT *the preservatives of*
LOVE *and* BEAUTY.

To the tune of, *Gillikranky*

HE.

COnfess thy love, fair blushing maid,
For since thine eye's consenting,

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Thy faster thoughts are a' betray'd,
 And na' says no worth tenting.
 Why aims thou to oppose thy mind,
 With words thy wish denying :
 Since nature made thee to be kind,
 Reason allows complying.

Nature and reason's joint consent
 Make love a sacred blessing,
 Then happily that time is spent,
 That's war'd on kind caressing.
 Come then, my Katie, to my arms
 I'll be nae mair a rover;
 But find out heaven in a' thy charms,
 And prove a faithful lover,

S H E.

What you design by nature's law,
 Is fleeting inclination,
 That Willy—Wisp bewilds us a'
 By its infatuation,
 When that goes out, caresses tire,
 And love's na mair in season,
 Syne weakly we blaw up the fire,
 With all our boasted reason

H E.

The beauties of inferior cast
 May start this just reflection;
 But charms like thine maun always last,
 Where wit has the protection.
 Vertue and wit, like April rays,
 Make beauty rise the sweeter;
 The langer then on thee I gaze,
 My love will grow completer.

S O N G.

To the tune of, The happy clown,

Thy **I**T was the charming month of May,
 When all the flow'rs were fresh and gay,

Our

One morning by the break of day,
Sweet Chloe, chaste and fair,

From peaceful slumber she arose,
Girt on her mantle and her hose,
And o'er the flow'ry mead she goes,
To breathe a purer air.

Her looks so sweet, so gay her mein.
Her handsome shape, and dress so clean,
She lookt all o'er like beauties queen,
Drest in her best array.

The gentle winds, a purling stream
Essay'd to whisper Chloe's name,
The savage beasts till then ne'er tame,
Wild adoration pay.

The feather'd people one might see,
Parch'd all around her on a tree,
With notes of sweetest melody
They act a cheerful part.

The dull slaves on the toilsome plow,
Their wearied necks and knees do bow
A glad subjection there they vow,
To pay with all their heart.

The bleating flocks that then came by,
Soon as the charming nymph they spy,
They leave their hoarse and ruful cry,
And dance around the brooks.

The woods are glad, the meadows smile,
And Forth that foam'd and roar'd ere while
Glides calmly down as smooth as oil,
Thro' all its charming crooks,

The finny squadrons are content
To leave their wat'ry element,

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They flutter all along.

The insects, and each creeping thing,
Join'd to make up the rural ring ;
All frisk and dance, if she but sing,
And make a jovial throng.

Kind Phoebus now began to rise,
And paint with red the eastern skies,
Struck with the glory of her eyes,
He shrinks behind a cloud.

Her mantle on a bow she lays,
And all her glory she displays,
She left all nature in amaze,
And skip'd into the wood.

Lady Anne Bothwel's Lament

BAlow, my boy, ly still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep ;
If thou'lt be silent, I'll be glad,
Thy mourning makes my heart full sad.
Balow, my boy, thy mother's joy,
Thy father bred me great annoy.
*Balow, my boy, ly still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep,*

Balow, my darling, sleep a while,
And when thou wak'lt then sweetly smile,
But smile not as thy father did,
To cozen maids, nay God forbid ;
For in thine eye his look I see,
The tempting look that ruin'd me.
Balow, my boy, &c.

When he began to court my love,
And with his sugar'd words to move,

His

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Balow, my boy, &c.

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His

His tempting face, and flatt'ring chear,
 In time to me did not appear;
 But now I see, that cruel he
 Cares neither for his babe nor me.

Ballow, my boy,

Farewell, farewell, thou falsest youth,
 That ever kist a woman's mouth,
 Let never any after me,
 Submit unto thy courtesy:
 For, if they do, O! cruel thou
 Wilt her abuse, and care not how.

Balow, my boy, &c.

I was too cred'lous at the first,
 To yield thee all a maiden durst,
 Thou swore for ever true to prove,
 Thy faith unchang'd, unchang'd thy love;
 But quick as thought the change is wrought,
 Thy love's no more, thy promise nought.

Balow, my boy, &c.

I wish I were a maid again,
 From young men's flattery I'd refrain,
 For now unto my grief I find,
 They all are perjur'd and unkind:
 Bewitching charms bred all my harms,
 Witness my babe lies in my arms.

Balow. my boy, &c.

I take my fate from bad to worse,
 That I must needs be now a nurse,
 And lull my young son on my lap,
 From me, sweet orphan, take the pap.
Balow, my child, thy mother mild
Shall wail as from all bliss exil'd,

Balow, my boy, &c.

Balow, my boy, weep not for me,
Whose greatest grief's for wronging thee,
Nor pity her deserved smart,

Who

Who can blame none but her fond heart;
 or, too soon trusting latest finds,
 With fairest tongues are falsest minds.
Balow, my boy, &c.

Now, my boy, thy father's fled,
 When he the thriftless son has play'd,
 Of vows and oaths, forgetful he
 Prefer'd the wars to thee and me.
 But now perhaps thy curse and mine
 Make him eat acorns with the swine.
Balow, my boy, &c.

But curse not him, perhaps now he,
 Stung with remorse, is blessing thee:
 Perhaps at death; for who can tell
 Whether the judge of heaven and hell,
 By some proud foe has struck the blow,
 And laid the dear deceiver low.
Balow, my boy, &c.

With I were into the bounds
 Where he lies smother'd in his wounds
 Repeating, as he pants for air,
 Thy name, whom once he call'd his fair.
 No woman's yet so fiercely set,
 But she'll forgive, tho' not forget.
Balow, my boy, &c.

Thine lacks, for my love's sake,
 Then quickly to him would I make
 My smock once for his body meet,
 And wrap him in that winding sheet,
 Ah me! how happy had I been,
 If he had ne'er been wrapt therein.
Balow, my boy, &c.

Now, my boy, I'll weep for thee;
 Too soon, alake, thou'lt weep for me:
 My griefs are growing to a sum,

Z

God

God grant thee patience when they come ;
Born to sustain thy mother's shame.

A hapless fate, a bastard's name.

Below, my boy, ly still and sleep,

It grieves me sore to hear thee weep.

S O N G.

She raise and loot me in.

THE night her silent sable wore,
And gloomy were the skies ;
Of glitt'ring stars appear'd no more
Than those in Nelly's eyes.
When at her father's yate I knock'd,
Where I had often been,
She shrowded only with her smock,
Arose and loot me in.

Fast lock'd within her close embrace,
She trembling stood asham'd ;
Her swelling breast and glowing face,
And ev'ry touch inflam'd,
My eager passion I obey'd,
Resolv'd the fort to win ;
And her fond heart was soon betray'd
To yield and let me in.

Then, then, beyond expressing,
Transporting was the joy ;
I knew no greater blessing,
So blest a man was I.
And she, all ravish'd with delight,
Bid me oft come again ;
And kindly vow'd, that ev'ry night
She'd rise and let me in.

But ah ! at last she prov'd with bairn,
And sighing fat and dull,
And I that was as much concern'd:
Look'd e'en just like a fool.

er lovely eyes with tears ran o'er,
Repenting her rash sin :
he sigh'd, and curs'd the fatal hour,
That e'er she loot me in.

ut who cou'd cruelly deceive,
Or from such beauty part :
lov'd her so, I could not leave
The charmer of my heart ;
ut wedded, and conceal'd our crime :
Thus all was well again,
and now she thanks the happy time
That e'er she loot me in.

S O N G.

If Love's a sweet passion.

If Love's a sweet passion, why does it torment :
If a bitter, O tell me whence comes my complaint?
since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain,
Or grieve at my fate, since I know 'tis in vain.
Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,
That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my heart

I grasp her hands gently, look languishing down,
And by passionate silence I make my love known.
But oh! how I'm blest'd when so kind she does prove,
By some willing mistake to discover her love,
When in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame,
And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name.

How pleasing is beauty? how sweet are the charms!
How delightful embraces? how peaceful her arms?
Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love;
'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above:
And to beauty's bright standart all heroes must yield,
For 'tis beauty that conquers, and keeps the fair field.

John Ochiltree.

HONEST man John Ochiltree;
 Mine ain auld John Ochiltree,
 Wilt thou come o'er the moor to me,
 And dance as thou was wont to do.
Alake, alake! I want to do!
Obon, Obon! I want to do!
Now want to do's away frae me,
Frae silly auld John Ochiltree
 Honest man John Ochiltree,
 Mine ain auld John Ochiltree;
 Come anes out o'er the moor to me,
 And do but what thou dow to do.
Alake, alake! I dow to do!
Walaways! I dow to do!
To whoft and birple o'er my tree,
My bonny moor-powt, is a' I may do,

Walaways John Ochiltree,
 For mony a time I tell'd to thee,
 Thou rade sae fast by sea and land,
 And wadna keep a bridle hand;
 Thou'd tine the beast, thy fell wad die,
 My silly auld John Ochiltree.
Come to my arms, my bonny thing,
And chear me up to hear thee sing;
And tell me o'er a' we hae done,
For thoughts maun now my life sustain.
 Gae thy ways John Ochiltree:
 Hae done! it has nae fa'r wi' me.
 I'll set the beast in throw the land,
 She'll may be fa' in a better hand,
 Even sit thou there, and think thy fill,
 For I'll do as I want to do still.

To th

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S O N G.

To the tune of, *Jenny beguil'd the webster,*

The auld chorus.

*Up stairs, down stairs,
Timber stairs fear me.
I'm laith to lye a' night my lane,
And Johny's bed sae near me.*

O Mither dear, I 'gin to fear,
Tho' I'm baith good and bonny,
I winna keep; for in my sleep
I start and dream of Johny.
When Johny then comes down the glen,
To woo me, dinna hinder;
But with content gi' your consent;
For we twa ne'er can finder.

Better to marry, than miscarry:
For shame and skaith's the clink o't,
To thole the dool, to mount the stool,
I downa 'bide to think o't;
Sae while 'tis time, I'll shun the crime,
That gars poor Epps gae whinging,
With hainches fow, and een sae blew,
To a' the bedrals binding.

Had Eppy's apron bidden down,
The kirk had ne'er a kend it;
But when the word's gane thro' the town,
Alake how can she mend it.
Now Tam maun face the minister,
And she maun mount the pillar;
And that's the way that they maun gae,
For poor folk has na filler.

Now ha'd ye'r tongue, my daughter young,
Replied the kindly mither,

Get Johny's hand in haly band,
 Syne wap ye'r wealth together.
 I'm o' the mind, if he be kind,
 Ye'll do your part discreetly;
 And prove a wife, will gar his life,
 And barrel run right sweetly.

S O N G.

To the tune of, *Wat ye wha I met yestreen*, &c.

OF all the birds, whose tuneful throats
 Do welcome in the verdant spring,
 I far prefer the Stirling's notes,
 And think she does most sweetly sing.
 Nor thrush, nor linnet, nor the bird,
 Brought from the far Canary coast,
 Nor can the nightingale afford
 Such melody as she can boast.

When Phoebus southward darts his fires,
 And on our plains he looks aſcance,
 The nightingale with him retires,
 My Stirling makes my blood to dance.
 In spite of Hyem's nipping frost,
 Whether the day be dark or clear,
 Shall I not to her health entoast,
 Who makes it ſummer all the year.

Then by thyſelf, my lovely bird,
 I'll ſtroke thy back, and kiſs thy breſt;
 And if you'll take my honeſt word,
 As ſacred as before the prieſt,
 I'll bring thee where I will deviſe
 Such various ways to pleaſure thee,
 The velvet-fog thou will deſpiſe,
 When on the *downy-hills* with me.

A S O N G,

To its own tune,

IN January laſt,
 On munanday at morn,

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As through the fields I past,
 To view the winter corn,
 I looked me behind,
 And saw come o'er the know,
 Ane glancing in her apron,
 With a bonny brent brow.

I said, Good morrow, fair maid ;
 And she right courteously
 Return'd a beck, and kindly said,
Good day, sweet sir, to you.
 I spear'd, My dear, how far awa
 Do you intend to gae.
 Quoth she, I mean a mile or twa,
 Out o'er yon broomy brae.

H E.

Fair maid, I'm thankfu' to my fate,
 To have sic company ;
 For I'm ganging straight that gate,
 Where ye intend to be.
 When we had gain a mile or twain,
 I said to her, My dow,
 May we not lean us on this plain,
 And kiss your bonny mou.

S H E.

Kind Sir, ye are a wi mistane ;
 For I am nane of these,
 I hope ye some mair breeding ken,
 Than to ruffle womens claise :
 For maybe I have chosen ane,
 And plighted him my vow,
 Wha may do wi' me what he likes,
 And kiss my bonny mou.

H E.

Na, if ye are contracted,
 I hae nae mair to say :
 Rather than be rejected,
 I will gie o'er the play ;
 And chuse anither will respect
 My love and on me rew ;

And

And let me clasp her round the neck,
And kiss her bonny mou.

S H E.

O sir, ye are proud-hearted,
And laith to be said nay,
Else ye wad ne'er a started
For ought that I did say,
For women in their modesty
At first they winna bow;
But if we like your company,
We'll prove as kind as you.

S O N G,

To the Tune of, *I'll never leave thee.*

ONE day I heard Mary say,
How shall I leave thee?
Stay dear ~~est~~ Adonis, stay,
Why wilt thou grieve me.
Alas! my fond heart will break,
If thou should leave me.
I'll live and die for thy sake;
Yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely Adonis, say,
Has Mary deceived thee?
Did e'er her young heart betray
New love, that has griev'd thee;
My constant mind ne'er shall stray,
Thou may believe me.
I'll love the lad night and day,
And never leave thee.

Adonis, my charming youth,
What can relieve thee?
Can Mary thy anguish sooth!
This breast shall receive thee.
My passion can ne'er decay,
Never deceive thee:

Delighted
Pleasure

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S O M N O L E N T
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Delighted shall drive pain away,
Pleasure revive thee.

But leave thee, leave thee, lad,
How shall I leave thee?
O! that thought makes me sad,
I'll never leave thee.
Where would my Adonis fly?
Why does he grieve me?
Alas! my poor heart will die,
If I should leave thee.

Sleepy Body, Drowsy Body.

SOMNOLENTE, *Quaeso repente*
Vigila, vive, me tange.

Somnolente, quaeso repente

Vigila, vive, me tange.

Cum me ambiebas,

Videri solebas

Amoris negotiis aptus ;

At factus maritus,

In lecto sopitus

Somno es, haud amore, tu captus.

O sleepy body,
And drowsy body,
O wiltuna waken and turn thee :
To drivel and drant,
While I sigh and gaunt,
Gives me good reason to scorn thee,

When thou shouldst be kind,
Thou turns sleepy and blind,
And snoters and snores far frae me.
Wae light on thy face,
Thy drowsy embrace
Is enough to gar me betray thee.

General

*General LESLY's March to Longmaston
moor.*

MArch, march,
 Why the d—— do ye na march!
 Stand to your arms, my lads,
 Fight in good order.
 Front about, ye musketeers all,
 Till ye come to the English border.
 Stand till't, and fight like men,
 True gospel to maintain,
 The parliament blyth to see us a coming,
 When to the kirk we come,
 We'll purge it ilka room,
 Frae Popish relicts, and a' sic innovations,
 That a' the world may see,
 There's nane i' the right but we,
 Of the auld Scottish nation.
 Jenny shall wear the hood,
 Jocky the sark of GOD;
 And the kist fou of whistles,
 That make sick a cleiro,
 Our pipers braw,
 Shall hae them a',
 Whate'er come on it.
 Busk up your plaids, my lads,
 Cock up your bonnets.
March, march, &c.

S O N G.

To the tune of, I'll gar ye be fain to follow me.

HE.

ADIEU for a while my native green plains,
 My nearest relations, and neighbouring twains,
 Dear Nelly, frae these I'd start easily free,
 Were minutes not ages, while absent frae thee;

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S H E.

Then tell me the reason thou does not obey
The pleadings of love, but thus hurries away ;
Alake, thou deceiver, o'er plainly I see,
A lover sae roving will never mind me.

H E.

The reason unhappy, is owing to fate
That gave me a being without an estate,
Which lays a necessity now upon me,
To purchase a fortune for pleasure to thee.

S H E.

Small fortune may serve where love has the sway,
Then Johnny be counsel'd na langer to stray,
For while thou proves constant in kindness to me,
Contented I'll ay find a treasure in thee.

H E.

O cease, my dear charmer, else soon I'll betray
A weakness unmanly, and quickly give way.
To fondness which may prove a ruin to thee,
A pain to us baith, and dishonour to me.

Bear witness, ye streams, and witness, ye flowers,
Bear witness, ye watchful invisible powers,
If ever my heart be unfaithful to thee,
May naithing propitious e'er smile upon me.

S O N G.

To the Tune of,

B U S K ye, busk ye, my bonny bride ;
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny marrow ;

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride,

Busk and go to the braes of Yarrow ;

There will we sport and gather dew,

Dancing while lavrock sing the morning ;

There learn frae turtles to prove true ;

O Bell, ne'er vex me with thy scorning.

To westlin breezes Flora yields,

And when the beams are kindly warming.

Blyth-

Blythneſs appears o'er all the fields,
 And nature looks mair freſh and charming.
 Learn frae the burns that trace the mead,
 Tho' on their banks the roſes bloſſom,
 Yet haſtylie they flow to Tweed,
 And pour their ſweetneſs in his boſom.

Haſte ye, haſte ye, my bonny Bell,
 Haſte to my arms, and there I'll guard thee,
 With free conſent my fears repel,
 I'll with my love and care reward thee.
 Thus ſang I faſtly to my fair,
 Wha rais'd my hopes with kind relenting.
 O queen of ſmiles, I aſk na mair,
 Since now my bonny Bell's conſenting.

Corn Riggs are bonny.

MY Patie is a lover gay,
 His mind is never muddy,
 His breath is ſweeter than new hay,
 His face is fair and ruddy.
 His ſhape is handſom, middle ſize;
 He's ſtately in his wawking;
 The ſhining of his een ſurprize;
 'Tis heaven to hear him tawking.

Laſt night I met him on a baw,
 Where yellow corn was growing.
 There mony a kindly word he ſpake,
 That ſet my heart a glowing.
 He kiſs'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
 And loo'd me beſt of ony,
 That gais me like to ſing ſinſyne,
O corn riggs are bonny.

Let maidens of a ſilly mind
 Refuſe what maiſt they're wanting,
 Since we for yielding are deſign'd,
 We chaſtly ſhould be granting;

Then

Then I'll comply, and marry Pate,
 And syne my cockernony
 He's free to touzle air or late,
 Where corn riggs are bonny,

Cromlet's Lilt.

Since all thy vows, false maid,
 Are blown to air,
 And my poor heart betray'd
 To sad despair,
 Into some wilderness,
 My grief I will express,
 And thy hard heartedness
 O cruel fair.

Have I not graven our loves
 On every tree:
 In yonder spreading groves,
 Tho' false thou be:
 Was not a solemn oath
 Plighted betwixt us both,
 Thou thy faith, I my troth,
 Constant to be.

Some gloomy place I'll find,
 Some doleful shade,
 Where neither sun nor wind
 E'er entrance had:
 Into that hollow cave,
 There will I sigh and rave,
 Because thou dost behave,
 So faithlessly.

Wild fruit shall be my meat,
 I'll drink the spring,
 Cold earth shall be my seat:
 For covering

I'll have the starry sky
 My head to canopy,

A a

Un-

Until my soul on hy
Shall spread its wing.

I'll have no funeral fire,
Nor tears for me;
No grave do I desire,
Nor obsequies:
The courteous Red-breast he
With leaves will cover me,
And sing my elegy
With doleful voice.

And when a ghost I am,
I'll visit thee,
O thou deceitful dame,
Whose cruelty
Has kill'd the kindest heart
That e'er felt Cupid's dart,
And never can desert
From loving thee.

S O N G.

We'll a' to K E L S O go,

AN I'll awa to bonny Tweed side,
And see my deary come throw,
And he sall be mine.
Gif sae he incline,
For I hate to lead *apes* below.

While young and fair,
I'll make it my care,
To secure my sell in a jo;
I'm no sic a fool
To let my blood cool,
A syne gae lead *apes* below

Few words, bonny lad,
Will eithly persuade.
Tho' blushing, I dastly say no,

(279)

Gae on with your strain,
And doubt not to gain,
For I hate to lead *apes* below.

Unty'd to a man,
Do what e'er we can,
We never can thrive or dow :
Then I will do well,
Do better wha will,
And let them lead *apes* below.

Our time is precious,
And Gods are gracious
That beauties upon us bestow ;
'Tis not to be thought,
We got them for nought,
Or to be set up for show.

'Tis carried by votes,
Come kilt up ye'r coats,
And let us to Edinburgh go,
Where she that's bonny
May catch a Johnny,
And never lead *apes* below.

William and Margaret.

An old BALLAD.

T WAS at the fearful midnight hour,
When all were fast a sleep,
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was pale like April morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud ;
And clay cold was her lilly hand
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown:

Such

Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flow'r
That fips the silver dew ;
The rofe was budded in her cheek :
Juft opening to the view,

But love had, like the canker worm,
Confum'd her early prime :
The rofe grew pale, and left her cheek ;
She dy'd before her time.

Awake !——ſhe cry'd, thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave :
Now let thy pity hear the maid,
Thy love refus'd to ſave.

This is the dumb and dreary hour,
When injur'd ghoſts complain,
And aid the ſecret fears of night,
To fright the faithleſs man.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath.
And give me back my maiden-vow.
And give me back my troth,

How could you ſay, my face was fair,
And yet that face forſake ?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break ?

Why did you promiſe love to me,
And not that promiſe keep ?
Why ſaid you, that my eyes were bright,
Yet left theſe eyes to weep ?

How could you ſwear, my lips was ſweet,
And made the ſcarlet pale ?

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And why did I, young witlefs maid,
Believe the flatt'ring tale ?

That face, alas! no more is fair ;
These lips no longer red ;
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sister is ;
The winding sheet I wear :
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

But hark!--the cock has warn'd me hence--
A long and late adieu !
Come see, false man! how low she lies,
That dy'd for love of you.

The lark sung out, the morning smil'd,
And rais'd her glist'ring head :
Pale William quak'd in every limb ;
Then, raving, left his bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay,
And stretch'd him o'er the green grass turf
That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name.
And thrice he wept full sore :
Then laid his cheek on her cold grave,
And word spoke never more.

The COMPLAINT.

THE sun was sunk beneath the hill,
The western cloud was lin'd with gold :
Clear was the sky, the wind was still,
The flocks was pen'd within the fold ;
When in the silence of the grove,
Poor Damon thus despair'd of love.

And

A a 3

Who

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant rose,
 From the hard rock or oozy beech;
 Who from each weed that barren grows,
 Expects the grape or downy peach?
 With equal faith may hope to find
 The truth of love in womankind.

No flocks have I, or fleecy care,
 No fields that wave with golden grain,
 No pastures green or gardens fair,
 A woman's venal heart to gain.
 Then all in vain my sighs must prove,
 Whose whole estate, alas! is love.

How wretched is the faithful youth,
 Since womens hearts are bought and sold?
 They ask no vows of sacred truth;
 Whene'er they sigh they sigh to gold.
 Gold can the frowns of scorn remove;—
 Thus I'm scorn'd,—— who have but love

To buy the gems of India's coast,
 What wealth, what riches would suffice?
 Yet India's shore could never boast,
 The lustre of the rival eyes:
 For there the world too cheap must prove;
 Can I then buy?—who have but love.

Then, Mary, since nor gems nor ore
 Can with thy brighter self compare,
 Be just, as fair, and value more,
 Than gems or ore, a heart sincere:
 Let treasure meaner beauties prove;
 Who pays thy worth, must pay in love.

S O N G.

To the tune of, Montrose's *Lines*.

I Toss and tumble thro' the night,
 And with th' approaching day,

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Thinking when darkness yields to light,
 I'll banish care away :
 But when the glorious sun doth rise,
 And cheer all nature round,
 All thoughts of pleasure in me dies ;
 My cares do still abound.

My tortur'd and uneasy mind
 Bereaves me of my rest
 My thoughts are to all pleasure blind,
 With care I'm still oppress'd :
 But had I her with in my breast,
 Who gives me so much pain.
 My raptur'd soul would be at rest.
 And softest joys regain.

I'd not envy the god of war,
 Bless'd with fair Venus' charms,
 Nor yet the thundring Jupiter
 In fair Alcmena's arms :
 Paris with Helen's beauty blest,
 Wou'd be a jest to me ;
 If of her charms I were possess'd,
 Thrice happier wou'd I be.

But since the Gods do not ordain
 Such happy fate for me,
 I dare not 'gainst their will repine,
 Who rule my destiny.
 With sprightly wine I'll drown my care,
 And cherish up my soul ;
 When e'er I think on my lost fair,
 I'll drown her in the bowl.

The DECEIVER.

W Ith tuneful pipe, and hearty glee,
 Young Waty wan my heart ;
 A plyther lad ye cou'dna see,
 All beauty without art.

Think

His

His winning tale
 Did soon prevail
 To gain my fond belief;
 But soon the swain
 Gangs o'er the plain,
 And leaves me full, and leaves me full,
 And leaves me full of grief.

Tho' Colin courts with tuneful sang,
 Yet few regard his mane :
 The lasses a' 'round Waty thrang,
 While Colin's left alane :
 In Aberden
 Was never seen
 A lad that gave sic pain,
 He daily woos
 And still pursues,
 Till he does all, till he does all
 Till he does all obtain.

But soon as he has gain'd the bliss,
 Away then does he run,
 And hardly will afford a kiss.
 To silly me undone :
 Bonny Katy,
 Maggy, Beatty,
 Avoid the roving swain :
 His wyllly tongue
 Be sure to shun,
 Or you, like me; or you, like me,
 Like me will be undone.

Sweet Susan.

To the tune of, *Leader-haugh's*

I.

THE morn was fair, fast was the air,
 All nature's sweets were springing;

The buds d
 Ten tho
 When on t
 Young Ja
 Nae bonnie
 On Lead

How sweet
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 But blef
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Yet tho' s
 Of ever
 Each good
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 O bonny l
 To thin
 Your joys
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 But if y'e
 I'll stud
 Our years
 From a
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O sweetel
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 Thou art
 Would

The

The buds did bow with silver dew,
 Ten thousand birds were singing:
 When on the bent, with blyth content,
 Young Jamie sang his marrow,
 Nae bonnier lass e'er tread the grass
 On *Leader-haugh* and *Farrow*.

II.

How sweet her face, where every grace
 In heavenly beauty's planted;
 Her smiling een, and comely mein
 That nae perfection wanted.
 I'll never fret, nor ban my fate,
 But bless my bonny marrow:
 If her dear simile my doubts beguile,
 My mind shall ken nae sorrow.

III.

Yet tho' she's fair, and has full share
 Of every charm enchanting,
 Each good turns ill, and soon will kill
 Poor me, if love be wanting.
 O bonny lass! have but the grace
 To think, e'er ye gae furder,
 Your joys maun slit, if ye commit
 The crying sin of murder.

IV.

My wand'ring ghaist will ne'er get rest,
 And night and day affright ye;
 But if ye're kind, with joyful mind
 I'll study to delight ye.
 Our years around with love thus crown'd,
 From all thing joys shall borrow;
 Thus none shall be more blest than we.
 On *Leader-haugh* and *Farrow*.

V.

O sweetest Sue! 'tis only you
 Can make life worth my wishes,
 If equal love your mind can move
 To grant this best of blisses.
 Thou art my sun, and thy least frown
 Would blast me in the blossom:

But

But if thou shine, and make me thine,
I'll flourish in thy bosom.

Cowdon-Knows.

WHEN summer comes, the swains on Tweed
Sing their successful loves.
Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
And musick fills the groves.

But my lov'd song is then the broom
So fair on Cowdon-knows;
For sure so sweet, so soft a bloom
Elsewhere there never grows.

There Colin tun'd his oaten reed
And won my yielding heart;
No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed
Could play with half such art.

He sung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,
The hills and dales all round,
Of Leader-haughts and Leader-side,
Oh! how I blest'd the sound.

Yet more delightful is the broom
So fair on Cowden-knows;
For sure so fresh, so bright a bloom
Elsewhere there never grows.

Not Tiviot braes so green and gay
May with this broom compare,
Not Yarrow banks in flow'ry, May,
Nor the bush aboon Traquair.

More pleasing far are Cowden-knows,
My peaceful happy home,
Where I was wont to milk my ewes
At even among the broom.

Ye powers
Where
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And my

SANDY
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Ye powers that haunt the woods and plains
 Where Tweed with Tiviot flows,
 Convey me to the best of swains,
 And my lov'd Cowdon-knows.

h Tweed

Sandy and Betty.

SANDY in Edinburgh was born
 As blyth a lad as e'er gade thence :
 Betty did Stafford-shire adorn
 With all that's lovely to the sense.

Had Sandy still remain'd at hame,
 He had not blinkt on Betty's smile ;
 For why he caught the gentle flame
 On this side Tweed full many a mile.

She like the fragrant violet,
 Still flourish'd in her native mead :
 He, like the stream, improving yet
 The further from his fountain-head.

The stream must now no further stray ;
 A fountain fixt by Venus' power
 In his clear bosom, to display,
 The beauties of his bord'ring flower.

When gracious Anna did unite
 Two jarring nations into one,
 She bade them mutually unite,
 And make each other's good their own.

Hence forth let each returning year
 The *rose* and *thistle* bear one stem :
 The *thistle* be the *rose*'s spear,
 The *rose* the *thistle*'s diadem,

The queen of Britain's high decree,
 The queen of love is bound to keep ;

Anna

Ye

Anna the sovereign of the sea,
Venus the daughter of the deep.

O D E.

To Mrs. A. R.

Tune of, *Love's Goddess in a Myrtle Grove.*

NOW spring begins her smiling round,
And lavish paints th' enamell'd ground;
The birds now lift their chearful voice,
And gay on every bough rejoice:
The lovely *graces* hand in hand
Knit fast in love's eternal band,
With early step, at morning dawn,
Tread lightly o'er the dewy lawn.

Where'er the youthful *sisters* move,
They fire the soul to genial love:
Now, by the river's painted side,
The swain delights his country bride;
While pleas'd, she hears his artless vows,
Each bird his feather'd consort woos:
Soon will the ripen'd summer yield
Her various gifts to every field.

The fertile trees, a lovely show!
With ruby-tinctur'd birth shall glow;
Sweet smells from beds of lillies born
Perfume the breezes of the morn:
The smiling day and dewy night
To rural scenes my fair invite;
With summer sweets to feast her eye,
Yet soon, soon, will the summer fly.

Attend, my lovely maid and know
To profit by th' instructive show,

Now young and blooming thou appears
 All in the flourish of thy years:
 The lovely bud shall soon disclose
 To every eye the blushing rose;
 Now, now the tender stalk is seen
 With beauty fresh, and ever green.

Grove. But when the sunny hours are past,
 Think not the cozz'ning scene will last;
 Let not the flatt'rer hope persuade,
 Ah! must I say, that it will fade?
nd; For see the summer flies away,
 And emblem of our own decay!
 Now winter from the frozen north
 Drives swift his iron chariot forth.

His grizly hands in icy chains
 Fair Tweda's silver stream constrains.
 Cast up thy eyes, how bleak and bare
 He wanders on the tops of Yare;
 Behold his footsteps dire are seen
 Confest o'er ev'ry with'ring green;
 Griev'd at the sight, when thou shalt see
 A snowy wreath to cloath each tree.

Frequenting now the stream no more,
 Thou flies, displeas'd, the frozen shore,
 When thou shall miss the flowers that grew
 But late, to charm thy ravish'd view;
 Then shall a sigh thy soul invade,
 And o'er thy pleasures cast a shade:
 Shall I, ah! horrid! wilt thou say,
 Belike to this some other day?

Now Yet when in snow and dreary frost
 The pleasure of the fields is lost,
 To blazing hearths at home we run,
 And fires supply the distant sun;
 In gay delights our hours employ,
 And do not lose, but change our joy.

Happy ! abandon every care,
To lead the dance, to court the fair.

To turn the page of sacred bards,
To drain the bowl, and deal the cards.
In cities thus with witty friends
In smiles the hoary season ends.
But when the lovely white and red
From the pale ashy cheek is fled,
Then wrinkles dire, and age severe
Make beauty fly, we know not where.

The fair, whom fates unkind disarm,
Ah ! must they ever cease to charm ?
Or is there left some *pleasing art*
To keep secure a captive heart ?
Unhappy love ! may lovers say,
Beauty, thy food, does swift decay ;
When once that short-liv'd stock is spent,
What is't thy famine can prevent ?

Lay in good sense without timeous care,
That love may live on wisdom's fare ;
Tho' *extasy* with *beauty* flies,
Esteem is born when *beauty* dies,
Happy the man whom fates decree
Their richest gift in giving thee :
Thy beauty shall his youth engage,
Thy wisdom shall delight his age.

Horace, Book I. Ode II.

To W. D.

Tune of, *Willy was a wanton wag.*

WILLY ne'er enquire what end
The Gods for thee or me intend ;
How vain the search, that but bestows
The knowledge of our future woes :

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To kiss her

Ha

Happier the man that ne'er repines,
 Whatever lot his fate assigns,
 Than they that idly vex their lives
 With wizards and enchanting wives.

Thy present years in mirth employ,
 And consecrate thy youth to joy;
 Whether the fates to thy old score
 Shall bounteous add a winter more,
 Or this shall lay thee cold in earth
 That rages o'er the Pentland firth,
 No more with Home the dance to lead;
 Take my advice, ne'er vex thy head.

With blyth intent the goblet pour,
 That's sacred to the genial hour,
 In flowing wine still warm thy soul,
 And have no thoughts beyond the bowl.
 Behold the flying hour is lost,
 For time rides ever on the post,
 Even while we speak, even while we think,
 And waits not for the standing drink.

Collect thy joys each present day,
 And live in youth, while best you may;
 Have all your pleasures at command,
 Nor trust one day in fortune's hand.
 Then willy be a wanton wag,
 If ye wad please the lasses braw,
 At bridals then ye'll bear the brag,
 And carry ay the gree awa.'

The Widow.

THE widow can bake, and the widow can brew.
 The widow can shape, and the widow can sew,
 And mony braw things the widow can do;
 Then have at the widow, my laddie.
 With courage attack her baith early and late,
 To kiss her and clap her ye manna be blate;

Speak well and do better, for that's the best gate
To win a young widow, my ladie,

The widow she's youthfu', and never ae hair
The war of the wearing, and has a good skair
Of every thing lovely; she's witty and fair,
And has a rich jointure, my laddie.

What cou'd you with better your pleasure to crowne
Than a widow the bonniest toast in the town,
With naithing, but draw in your stool and sit down,
And sport with the widow, my laddie;

Then till'er and kill'er with courtesie dead,
Tho' stark love and kindness be all ye can plead,
Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succeed

With a bonny gay widow, my laddie.

Strike iron while 'tis het, if ye'd have it to wald,
For fortune ay favours the active and bauld,
But ruins the wooer that's thowless and cauld,
Unfit for the widow, my laddie.

The Highland Lassie.

THE lawland maids gang trig and fine,
But aft they're sour and unco sawcy;
Sae proud, they never can be kind

Like my good humour'd highland lassie,

O my bonny, bonny highland lassie,

My hearty smiling highland lassie,

May never care make thee less fair,

But bloom of youth still blefs my lassie.

Than ony lass in borrows-town,
Wha mak their cheeks with patches motie.

I'd tak my Katie but a gown,
Bare-footed in her little coatie,

O my bonny, &c.

Beneath the brier or brecken bush,
Whene'er I kiss and court my dautie;

Happy

Happy and blyth as ane wad wish,
 My flighteren heart gangs pittie-pattie.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er highest heathery hills I'll stenna
 With cockit gun and ratches tenty,
 To drive the deer out of their den,
 To feast my la's on dishes dainty.
O my bonny, &c.

There's nane shall dare by deed or word,
 Gainst her to wag a tongue or finger,
 While I can weild my trusty sword,
 Or frae my side whisk out a whinger.
O my bonny, &c.

The mountains clad with purple bloom,
 And berries ripe, invite my treasure
 To range with me; let great fowk gloom,
 While wealth and pride confound their pleasure.
*O my bonny, bonny highland lassie,
 My lovely smiling highland lassie,
 May never care make thee less fair,
 But bloom of youth still bless my lassie.*

Jocky blyth and gay.

BLYTH Jocky young and gay,
 Is all my heart's delight;
 He's all my talk by day,
 And all my dreams by night.
 If from the lad I be,
 'Tis winter then with me;
 But when he tarries here,
 'Tis summer all the year.

When I and Jocky met
 First on the flow'ry dale,
 Right sweetly he me tret,
 And love was all his tale.

You are the lass, said he,
That staw my heart frae me;
O ease me of my pain,
And never shaw disdain.

Well can my Jocky kyth
His love and courtesie,
He made my heart full blyth
When he first spake to me.
His suit I ill deny'd,
He kiss'd, and I comply'd:
Sae Jocky promis'd me,
That he wad faithful be.

I'm glad when Jocky comes,
Sad when he gangs away;
'Tis night when Jocky glooms,
But when he smiles 'tis day.
When our eyes meet, I pant,
I colour, sigh and faint;
What lass that wad be kind,
Can better tell her mind?

Had away from me, Donald.

O Come away, come away,
Come away wi' me, Jenny;
Sic frowns I canna bear frae ane
Whase smiles anes ravish'd me, Jenny:
If you'll be kind, you'll never find
That ought fall alter me, Jenny;
For you're the mistress of my mind,
Whate'er you think of me, Jenny.

First when your sweets enslav'd my heart,
You seem'd to favour me Jenny;
But now, alas! you act a part
That speaks unconstancy, Jenny.
Unconstancy is sic a vice,
'Tis not besitting thee, Jenny;

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It suits not with your virtue nice
To carry fae to me, Jenny,

Her Answer.

O Had away, had away,
Had away frae me, Donald;
Your heart is made o'er large for ane,
It is not meet for me, Donald:
Some fickle mistress you may find
Will jilt as fast as thee, Donald;
Toilka swain she will prove kind,
And nae less kind to thee, Donald.

But I've a heart that's naething such,
'Tis fill'd with honesty, Donald,
I'll ne'er love mony, I'll love much,
I hate all levity, Donald.
Therefore nae mair with art, pretend
Your heart is chain'd to mine, Donald;
For words of falsehood I'll defend,
A roving love like thine, Donald.

First when thou courted, I must own
I frankly favour'd you, Donald;
Apparent worth and fair renown,
Made me believe you true, Donald.
Ilk virtue then seem'd to adorn
The man esteem'd by me, Donald;
But now, the mask fallen aff, I scorn
To ware a thought on thee, Donald.

And now, for ever, had away,
Had away from me, Donald;
Gae seek a heart that's like your ain,
And come nae mair to me, Donald;
For I'll reserve my sell for ane,
For ane that's liker me, Donald;
If sic a ane I canna find,
I'll ne'er loo man, nor thee, Donald.

DONALD.

(296)
D O N A L D.

Then I'm thy man, and false report
Has only tald a lie, Jenny ;
To try thy truth, and make us sport,
The tale was rais'd by me, Jenny.

J E N N Y.

When this ye prove, and still can love,
Then come away to me, Donald ;
I'm well content, ne'er to repent
That I have smil'd on thee, Donald.

Todlen butt, and todlen ben.

WHEN I've a saxpence under my thumb.
Then I'll get credit in ilka town :
But ay when I'm poor they bid me gang by ;
O! povery parts good company.
Todlin hame, todlin hame,
Coudna my love come todlin hame.

Fair-fa' the goodwife, and send her good sale,
She gi'es us white bannocks to drink her ale,
Syn'e if that her tippony chance to be sma',
We'll tak a good scour o't, and ca't awa'.
Todlin hame, todlin hame,
As round as a neep come todlen hame,

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,
And twa pint-stoups at our bed's feet ;
And ay when we waken'd we drank them dry :
What think ye of my wee kimmer and I ?
Todlen butt, and todlen ben,
Sae round as my loove comes todlen hame,

Leez me on liquor, my todlin dow,
Ye're ay sae good humour'd when weeting your mou;
When sober sae four, ye'll fight with a flee,
That 'tis a blyth fight to the bairns and me,
When todlen hame, todlin hame,
When round as a neep ye come todlen hame.

The

The auld Man's best Argument

To the tune of, *Widow are ye wawkin?*

O Wha's that at my chamber door?
 "Fair widow are ye wawking?"

Auld carle, your suit give o'er,
 Your love lyes a' in tawking.
 Gi'e me the lad that's young and tight,
 Sweet like an April meadow;
 'Tis sic as he can blefs the sight,
 And bosom of a widow.

"O widow, wilt thou let me in,
 "I'm pawky, wise and thrifty,
 "And come of a right gentle kin;
 "I'm little mair than fifty."

Daft carle, dit your mouth,
 What signifies how pawky,
 Or gentle born ye be,—bot youth,
 In love you're but a gawky.

"Then, widow, let these guineas speak,
 "That powerfully plead clinkan,
 "And if they fail my mouth I'll steek,
 "And nae mair love will think on."

These court indeed, I maun confess,
 I think they make you young, Sir,
 And ten times better can express
 Affection, than your tongue, Sir.

The peremptor Lover.

To the tune of, *John Anderson, my Jo.*

THIS not your beauty, nor your wit,
 That can my heart obtain;

For

For they cou'd never conquer yet,
 Either my breast or brain :
 For if you'll not prove kind to me,
 And true as heretofore,
 Henceforth I'll scorn your slave to be,
 Or doat upon you more.

Think not my fancy to o'ercome,
 By proving thus unkind ;
 No smoothed sight, nor smiling frown,
 Can satisfy my mind.
 Pray let Platonicks play such pranks,
 Such follies I deride ;
 For love, at least, I will have thanks,
 And something else beside.

Then open-hearted be with me,
 As I shall be with you,
 And let our actions be as free,
 As vertue will allow.
 If you'll prove loving, I'll prove kind,
 If true, I'll constant be ;
 If fortune chance to change your mind,
 I'll turn as soon as you.

Since our affections well ye know,
 In equal terms to stand,
 'Tis in your power to love or no,
 Mine's likewise in my hand.
 Dispence with your austerity,
 Unconstancy abhor,
 Or, by great Cupid's deity,
 I'll never love you more.

What's that to you.

To the tune of, *The glancing of her Apron.*

MY Jeany and I have toil'd
 The live-lang simmer day,

'Till

Till we am
 At maki
 Her kurchy
 Ty'd on
 I whisper
 But wh

Her stock
 As tight
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King Sol
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Till we amaiſt were ſpoiled
 At making of the hay :
 Her kurchy was of holland clear,
 Ty'd on her bonny brow,
 I whiſpered ſomething in her ear ;
 But what's that to you ?

Her ſtockings were of Kerſy green,
 As tight as ony ſilk :
 O ſic a leg was never ſeen,
 Her ſkin was white as milk ;
 Her hair was black as ane cou'd wiſh,
 And ſweet, ſweet was her mou,
 Oh! Jeany daintylie can kiſs;
 But what's that to you ;

The roſe and lilly baith combine,
 To make my Jeany fair,
 There is nae bennifon like mine,
 I have amaiſt nae care ;
 Only I fear my Jeany's face,
 May cauſe mae men to rew,
 And that may gar me ſay, alas !
 But what's that to you ?

Conceal thy beauties, if thou can
 Hide that ſweet face of thine,
 That I may only be the man
 Enjoys theſe looks divine.
 O do not prostitute, my dear,
 Wonders to common view,
 And I with faithful heart ſhall ſwear,
 For ever to be true.

King Solomon had wives enew,
 And mony a concubine
 But I enjoy a bleſs mair true,
 His joys were ſhort of mine;
 And Jeany's happier than they,
 She ſeldom wants her due,
 All debts of love to her I pay,
 And what's that to you ?

SONG.

S O N G,

To the absent Florinda.

To the Tune of, Queen of Sheba's March.

COME, Florinda, lovely charmer,
Come and fix this wav'ring heart;
Let those eyes my soul rekindle,
Ere I feel some foreign dart.

Come, and with thy smiles secure me,
If this heart be worth thy care,
Favour'd by my dear Florinda,
I'll be true, as she is fair.

Thousand beauties trip around me,
And my yielding breast assail;
Come and take me to thy bosom,
Ere my constant passion fail.

Come and, like the radiant morning,
On my soul serenely shine,
Then those glimmering stars shall vanish,
Lost in splendor more divine,

Long this heart has been thy victim.
Long has felt the pleasing pain,
Come, and with an equal passion
Make it ever thine remain.

Then, my charmer, I can promise,
If our souls in love agree,
None in all the upper dwellings
Shall be happier than we.

A Bacchanal

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A Bacchanal SONG.

To the Tune of, *Auld Sir Symon the King*

COME here's to the nymph that I love!
 Away ye vain sorrows, away:
 Far, far from my bosom be gone,
 All there shall be pleasant and gay.

Far hence be the sad and the pensive,
 Come fill up the glasses around,
 We'll drink till our faces be ruddy,
 And all our vain sorrows are drown'd.

'Tis done, and my fancy's exulting
 With every gay blooming desire,
 My blood with brisk ardour is glowing,
 Soft pleasures my bosom inspire,

My soul now to love is dissolving,
 Oh fate! had I here my fair charmer,
 I'd clasp her, I'd clasp her so eager,
 Of all her disdain I'd disarm her.

But hold, what has love to do here
 With his troops of vain cares in array?
 Avaunt idle pensive intruder,——
 He triumphs, he will not away.

I'll drown him, come give me a bumper;
 Young Cupid, here's to thy confusion.——
 Now, now, he's departing, he's vanquish'd,
 Adieu to his anxious delusion.

Come, jolly God Bacchus, here's to thee;
 Huzza boys, huzza boys, huzza,
 Sing Io, sing Io to Bacchus——
 Hence all ye dull thinkers withdraw

C c

Come

Come, what shou'd we do but be jovial,
Come tune up your voices and sing ;
What soul is so dull to be heavy,
When wine sets our fancies on wing.

Come, Pegasus lies in this bottle,
He'll mount us, he'll mount us on high,
Each of us a galant young Perseus,
Sublime we'll ascend to the sky.

Come mount, or adieu, I arise,
In seas of wide aether I'm drown'd,
The clouds far beneath me are sailing.
I see the spheres whirling around.

What darkness, what ratling is this
Thro' Chaos' dark regions I'm hurl'd,
And now,—oh my head it is knockt
Upon some confounded new world.

Now, now these dark shades are retiring,
See yonder bright blazes a star,
Where am I?—behold the Empyreum,
With flaming light streaming from far.

To Mrs. A. C.

A S O N G.

To the tune of, *All in the Downs.*

WHEN beauty blazes heavenly bright,
The muse can no more cease to sing.
Than can the lark with rising light,
Her notes neglect with drooping wing.
The morning shines, harmonious birds mount hy :
The dawning beauty smiles, and poets fly.

Young Annie's budding graces claim
Th' inspired thought, and softest lays,

And

And kindle in the breast a flame,
Which must be vented in her praise.
Tell us, ye gentle shepherds, have you seen
E'er one so like an angel tread the green?

Ye youth, be watchful of your hearts;
When she appears, take the alarm:
Love on her beauty points his darts,
And wings an arrow from each charm.
Around her eyes and smiles the graces sport,
And to her snowy neck and breast resort.

But vain must every caution prove;
When such enchanting sweetness shines,
The wounded swain must yield to love,
And wonder, tho' he hopeless pines.
Such flames the foppish butterfly shou'd shun;
The eagle's only fit to view the sun.

She's as the opening lilly fair;
Her lovely features are compleat;
Whilst heaven indulgent makes her share
With angels all that's wise and sweet.
These virtues which divinely deck her mind,
Exalt each beauty of th' inferior kind.

Whether she love the rural scenes,
Or sparkle in the airy town,
O! happy he her favour gains,
Unhappy! if she on him frown.
The muse unwilling quits the lovely theme.
Adieu she sings, and thrice repeats her name.

A Pastoral song.

To the Tune of, My Apron, deary.

JAMIE.

While our flocks are a feeding,
And we're void of care,

C c 2

Come

Come, Sandy, let's tune
 To praise of the fair :
 For, inspir'd by my Susie,
 I'll sing in such lays,
 That Pan, were he judge,
 Must allow me the bays.

SANDY.

While under this hawthorn
 We ly at our ease,
 By a musical stream,
 And refresh'd by the breeze
 Of a zephyr so gentle,
 Yes, Jamie, I'll try
 For to match you and Susie,
 Dear Katie and I.

JAMIE.

Oh ! my Susie so lovely,
 She's without compare,
 She's so comely, so good,
 And so charmingly fair :
 Sure, the Gods were at pains
 To make so compleat
 A nymph, that for love
 There was ne'er one so meet.

SANDY,

Oh ! my Katie's so bright,
 She's so witty and gay ;
 Love, join'd with the graces,
 Around her looks play.
 In her mean she's so graceful,
 In her humour so free :
 Sure the Gods never fram'd
 A maid fairer than she,

JAMIE.

Had my Susie been there,
 When the *shepherd* declar'd
 For the lady of Lemnos,
 She had lost his regard :
 And, o'ercome by a presence
 More beautefully bright,

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He had own'd her undone,
As the darkness by light.

SANDY.

Not fair Helen of Greece,
Nor all the whole train,
Either of real beauties,
Or those poets feign,
Cou'd be match'd with my Katie,
Whose every sweet charm,
May conquer best judges,
And coldest hearts warm.

JAMIE.

Neither riches or honour,
Or any thing great,
Do I ask of the Gods;
But that this be my fate,
That my Susie to all
My kind wishes comply:
For with her wou'd I live.
And with her I wou'd die.

SANDY.

If the fates give me Katie,
And her I enjoy,
I have all my desires;
Nought can me annoy;
For my charmer has every
Delight in such store,
She'll make me more happy
Than swain e'er before.

Love will find out the Way.

OVER the mountains,
And over the waves,
Over the fountains,
And under the graves:
Over floods that are deepest,
Which do Neptune obey;
Over rocks that are steepest,
Love will find out the way.

C c 3

Where

Where there is no place
 For the glow-worm to ly :
 Where there is no space
 For receipt of a fly ;
 Where the midge dares not venture,
 Lest herself fast she lay :
 But if love come, he will enter,
 And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him
 A child in his force ;
 Or you may deem him
 A coward, which is worse :
 But if she whom love doth honour,
 Be conceal'd from the day,
 Set a thousand guards upon her,
 Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him,
 Which is too unkind ;
 And some to suppose him,
 Poor thing, to be blind :
 But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
 Do the best that ye may,
 Blind love, if so ye call him,
 He will find out the way.

You may train the eagle
 To stoop to your fist ;
 Or you may inveigle
 The phoenix of the east ;
 The lionsess, ye may move her
 To give o'er her prey :
 But you'll never stop a lover,
 He will find out his way.

S O N G.

To the tune of, *Thro' the wood laddie.*

AS early I walk'd, on the first of sweet May,
 Beneath a steep mountain,

E:

Beside a clear fountain,
 I heard a grave lute soft melody play,
 Whilst the Echo resounded the dolorous lay.

I listen'd and look'd, and spy'd a young swain,
 With aspect distressed,
 And spirits oppressed,
 Seem'd clearing afresh, like the sky after rain,
 And thus he discovered how he strave with his pain.

Tho' Elisa be coy, why should I repine,
 That a maid much above me,
 Vouchsafes not to love me ?
 In her high sphere of worth I never could shine;
 Then why should I seek to debase her to mine ?

No : henceforth esteem shall govern my desire,
 And, in due subjection,
 Retain warm affection ;
 To shew that self-love inflames not my fire,
 And that no other swain can more humbly admire.

When passion shall cease to rage in my breast,
 Then quiet returning,
 Shall hush my sad mourning ;
 And, lord of my self, in absolute rest,
 I'll hug the condition which heaven shall think best.

Thus friendship unmixt, and wholly refin'd,
 May still be respected,
 Tho' love is rejected :
 Elisa shall own, tho' to love not inclin'd,
 That she ne'er had a friend like her lover resign'd.

May the fortunate youth who hereafter shall woo
 With prosp'rous endeavour,
 And gain her dear favour,
 Know, as well as I, what t' Elisa is due,
 Be much more deserving, but never less true.

Whilst

Whilst I, disengag'd from all amorous cares,
 Sweet liberty tasting,
 On calmest peace feasting,
 Employing my reason to dry up my tears,
 In hopes of heaven's blisses I'll spend my few years.

Ye powers that preside o'er virtuous love,
 Come aid me with patience,
 To bear my vexations;
 With equal desire my flutt'ring heart move,
 With sentiments purest my notions improve.

If love in his fetters e'er catch me again,
 May courage protect me,
 And prudence direct me:
 Prepar'd for all fates remembering the swain,
 Who grew happily wise, after loving in vain.

Rob's Jock. *A very auld Ballat.*

ROB's Jock came to woo our Jenny,
 On ae feast day when we were fou:
 She brankit fast and made her bonny,
 And said, Jock, come ye hear to woo?
 She burnit her bait h breast and brou,
 And made her clear as ony clock:
 Then spak her dame, and said, I trou
 Ye come to woo our Jenny, Jock.

Jock said, Forsuith, I yern fu' fain
 To luk my head, and sit down by you:
 Then spak her minny and said again,
 My bairn has tocher enough to gie you.
 Tehie! go Jenny, kick, kick, I see you:
 Minny, yon man makes but a mock,
 Deil hae the liers——fu leis me o' you,
 I come to woo your Jenny, go Jock.

My bairn has tocher of her awin;
 A guse, a gryce, a cock and he n,

A stirk

A stirk, a staig, an acre sawin,
 A bakbread and a bannock-stane;
 A pig, a pot, and a kirn there-ben,
 A kame but and a kaming-stock:
 With coags and luggies nine or ten:
 Come ye to woo our Jenny, Jock?

A wecht, a peet-creel and a cradle,
 A pair of clips, a graip a flail.
 An ark, an ambry, and a ladle,
 A milsie, and a fowen-pale,
 A rousty whittle to sheer the kail,
 And a timber-mell the bear to knock;
 Twa shelfs made of an auld fir dale:
 Come ye to woo our Jenny, Jock?

A furm, a furlet, and a peck.
 A rock, a reel, and a wheel-band,
 A tub, a barrow, and a feck,
 A spurtil-braid, and an elwand.
 Then Jock took Jenny be the hand,
 And cry'd, a feast! and slew a cock,
 And made a bridal upo' land.
 Now I have got your Jenny go Jock.

Now dame, I have your dochter marri'd,
 And tho' ye mak it ne'er fae tough,
 I let you wit she's nae miscarried,
 Its well kend I have gear enough:
 Ane auld gaw'd gloyd fell owre a heugh,
 A spade, a speet, a spur, a sock;
 Withouten owfen I have a plough:
 May that no ser your Jenny, go Jock?

A treen truncher, a ram-horn spoon,
 Twa buits of barkit blasint leather,
 A graith that ganes to coble shoon,
 And a thrawcruik to twyne a teather,
 Twa croks that moup amang the heather
 A pair of branks, and a fetter lock,

A tough

A teugh purse made of a swine's blather,
To had your tocher, Jenny, go Jock.

Good elding for our winter fire,
A cod of caff wad fill a cradle,
A rake of iron to clat the bire,
A deuk about the dubs to paddle,
The pannel of an auld led-sadle
And Rob my eem hetcht me a stock,
Twa lussy lips to lick a ladle.
May thir no gane your Jenny go Jock?

A pair of hames and brechom fine,
And without bitts a bridle-renzie,
A fark made of the linkome twine,
A gay green cloke that will not stenzie;
Mair yet in store — I needna fenzie,
Five hundred flaes, a fendy flock;
And are not thae a wakrise menzie,
To gae to bed with Jenny and Jock?

Tak thir for my part of the feast,
It is well knawin I am well bodin :
Ye need not say my part is least,
Were they as meikle as they're lodin,
The wife speerd gin the kail was sodin,
When we have done, tak, hame the brok ;
The rost was teugh as raplock hodin,
With which they feasted Jenny and Jock.

S O N G.

To the tune of, *A Rock and a wee pickle Tow.*

I Have a green purse and a wee pickle gowd,
A bonny piece land, and planting on't,
It fattens my flocks, and my bairns it has stow'd ;
But the best think of a's yet wanting o'nt :

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To grace it, and trace it,
 And gie me delight;
 To blefs me, and kifs me,
 And comfort my sight,
 With beauty by day, and kindness by night,
 And nae mair my lane gang fauntring on't.

My Christy she's charming and good as she's fair;
 Her een and her mouth are enchanting sweet,
 She smiles me on fire, her frowns gie despair:
 I love while my heart gaes panting wi't.
 Thou fairest, and dearest,
 Delight of my mind,
 Whose gracious embraces
 By heaven were design'd
 For happiest transports, and blisses refin'd,
 Nae langer delay thy granting sweet.

For thee, bonny Christy, my shepherds and hynds,
 Shall carefully make the year's dainties thine:
 Thus freed frae laigh care, while love fills our minds,
 Our days shall with pleasure and plenty shine.
 Then hear me, and chear me
 With smiling consent,
 Believe me, and give me
 No cause to lament,
 Since I ne'er can be happy, till thou say, *Content*,
I'm pleas'd with my Jamie, and he shall be mine.

S O N G.

To its ain Tune,

ALTHO' I be but a country lass.
 Yet a lofty mind I bear—O,
 And think my sell as good as those
 That rich apparel wear—O.
 Altho' my gown be hame-spun grey,
 My skin it is as fast—O,

As them that fatin weeds do wear,
And carry their heads aloft — O.

What tho' I keep my father's sheep?
The thing that must be done — O.
With garlands of the finest flowers,
To shade me frae the sun — O.
When they are feeding pleasantly,
Where grass and flowers do spring — O,
Then on a flowry bank at noon,
I set me down and sing — O.

My Paisly piggy, cork'd with sage,
Contains my drink but thin — O.
No wines do e'er my brain enrage,
Or tempt my mind to sin — O.
My country curds, and wooden spoon,
I think then unco fine — O.
And on a flowry bank at noon,
I set me down and dine — O.

Altho' my parents cannot raise
Great bags of shining gold — O,
Like them whose daughters now-a-days.
Like swine are bought and sold — O;
Yet my fair body it shall keep
An honest heart within — O;
And for twice fifty thousand crowns,
I value not a prin — O,

I use nae gums upon my hair,
Nor chains about my neck — O.
Nor shining rings upon my hands,
My fingers straight to deck — O,
But for that lad to me shall fa',
And I have grace to wed — O,
I'll keep a jewel worth them a',
I mean my maidenhead — O.

If canny fortune give to me
The man I dearly love — O,

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Tho' we want gear, I dinna care,
 My hands I can improve—O.
 Expecting for a blessing still
 Descending from above—O.
 Then we'll embrace, and sweetie kifs,
 Repeating tales of love—O.

Waly, waly, gin Love be bonny.

O Waly, waly up the bank,
 And waly, waly down the brae,
 And waly, waly yon burn-side,
 Where I and my love went to gae.
 I lean'd my back unto an aik,
 I thought it was a trusty tree,
 But first it bow'd and syne it brak,
 Sae my true love did lightly me.

O waly, waly, but love be bonny,
 A little time while it is new,
 But when 'tis auld it waxeth cauld,
 And fades away like the morning dew.
 O wherefore shou'd I busk my head?
 Or wherefore shou'd I kame my hair?
 For my true love has me forfook,
 And says he'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur-Seat shall be my bed,
 The sheets shall ne'er be fyl'd by me,
 Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,
 Since my true love has forsaken me.
 Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
 And shake the green leaves off the tree?
 O gentle death, when wilt thou come?
 For of my life I am weary.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
 Nor blawing snaw's inclemency;
 'Tis not sic cauld that makes me-cry,
 But my love's heart grown cauld to me.

D d

When

When we came in by Glasgow town,
 We were a comely sight to see;
 My love was cled in the black velvet,
 And I my sell in cramasie.

But had I wist before I kiss'd
 That love had been fae ill to win,
 I'd lock'd my heart in a case of gold,
 And pin'd it with a silver pin.
 Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,
 And set upon the nurse's knee,
 And I my sell were dead and gane.
 For a maid again I'll never be.

The Loving lass and her spinning-wheel.

AS I sat at my spinning-wheel,
 A bonny lad was passing by:
 I view'd him round, and lik'd him weel,
 For trowth he had a glancing eye.
 My heart new panting 'gan to feel,
 But still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

With looks all kindness he drew near,
 And still mair lovely did appear;
 And round about my slender waste
 He clasp'd his arms, and me embrac'd:
 'To kiss my hand, syne down did kneel,
 As I sat at my spinning-wheel.

My milk-white hands he did extol,
 And prais'd my fingers lang and small,
 And said, their was nae lady fair
 That ever cou'd with me compare.
 These words into my heart did steel,
 But still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

Altho' I seemingly did chide,
 Yet he wad never be deny'd,
 But still declar'd his love the mair,
 Until my heart was wounded fair,

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That I my love cou'd scarce conceal,
Yet still I turn'd my spinning wheel.

My hanks of yarn, my rock and reel,
My winnells and my spinning-wheel;
He bid me leave them all with speed,
And gang with him to yonder mead :
My yielding heart strange flames did feel,
Yet still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

About my neck his arms he laid,
And whisper'd, Rise my bonny maid,
And with me to yon hay-cock go,
I'll teach thee better wark to do.
I trowth I loo'd the motion weel,
And loot alane my spinning-wheel.

Amang the pleasant cocks of hay,
Then with my bonny lad I lay;
What lassie, young and fast as I,
Cou'd sic a handsome lad deny ?
These pleasures I cannot reveal,
That far surpass the spinning-wheel.

*On the marriage of the R. H. Lord G——
and Lady K——C——.*

A S O N G.

To the tune of, *The highland Laddie*

BRIGANTIUS.

NOW all thy virgin-sweets are mine,
And all the shining charms that grace thee;
My fair Melinda, come recline
Upon my breast while I embrace thee,
And tell without dissembling art,
My happy raptures on thy blossom :
Thus will I plant within thy heart,
A love that shall forever blossom.

D d z

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

O the happy, happy, brave and bonny,
 Sure the Gods well pleas'd behold ye;
 Their work admire, so great, so fair,
 And well in all your joys uphold ye.

MELINDA.

No more I blush, now that I'm thine,
 To own my love in transport tender,
 Since that so brave a man is mine,
 To my Brigantius I surrender.
 By sacred ties I'm now to move
 As thy exalted thoughts direct me;
 And while my smiles engage thy love,
 Thy manly greatness shall protect me.

CHORUS.

O the happy, &c.

BRIGANTIUS.

Soft fall thy words, like morning dew,
 New life on blowing flowers bestowing;
 Thus kindly yielding makes me bow
 To heaven, with spirit grateful glowing.
 My honour, courage, wealth and wit,
 Thou dear delight, my chiefest treasure,
 Shall be employed as thou thinks fit.
 As agents for our love and pleasure.

CHORUS.

O the happy, &c.

MELINDA.

With my Brigantius I could live
 In lonely cotts, beside a mountain,
 And nature's easy wants relieve
 With shepherds fare, and quaf the fountain.
 What pleases thee, the rural grove,
 Or congress of the fair and witty,
 Shall give me pleasures with thy love,
 In plains retir'd or social city.

CHORUS.

O the happy, &c.

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BRIGANTIUS.

How sweetly canst thou charm my soul,
 O lovely sum of my desires!
 Thy beauties all my cares controul,
 Thy virtue all that's good inspires.
 Tune every instrument of sound,
 Which all the mind divinely raises,
 Till every height and dale rebounds,
 Both loud and sweet, my darling's praises.

CHORUS.

O the happy, &c.

MELINDA.

Thy love gives me the brightest shine,
 My happiness is now completed,
 Since all that's generous, great and fine,
 In my Brigantius is united;
 For which I'll study thy delight,
 With kindly tale the time beguiling,
 And round the chance of day and night,
 Fire throughout life a constant smiling.

CHORUS.

O the happy, &c.

S O N G.

To the tune of, *Woes my heart that we should sunder.*

A D I E U ye pleasant sports and plays,
 Farewel each song that was diverting;
 Love tunes my pipe to mournful lays,
 I sing of Delia and Damon's parting.

Long had he lov'd and long conceal'd
 The dear tormenting pleasant passion,
 Till Delia's mildness had prevail'd
 On him to shew his inclination.

Just as the fair one seem'd to give
 A patient ear to his love story,
 Damon must his Delia leave,
 To go in quest of toilsome glory.

D d 3

Half

Half-spoken words hung on his tongue,
 Their eyes refus'd the usual meeting;
 And sighs supply'd their wonted song,
 These charming sounds were chang'd to weeping.

Dear idol of my soul, adieu:
 Cease to lament but ne'er to love me,
 While Damon lives, he lives for you,
 No other charms shall ever move me.

Alas! who knows, when parted far
 From Delia, but you may deceive her?
 The thought destroys my heart with care,
 Adieu, my dear, I fear for ever.

If ever I forget my vows,
 May then my guardian-angel leave me:
 And more to aggravate my woes,
 Be you so good as to forgive me.

O'er the hills and far away.

JOCK Y met with Jenny, fair,
 Aft be the dawning of the day;
 But Jocky now is fu' of care,
 Since Jenny staw his heart away:
 Altho' she promis'd to be true,
 She proven has alake! unkind;
 Which gars poor Jocky often rue,
 That he e'er loo'd a fickle mind.
 And its o'er the hills and far away.
Its o'er the hills and far away.
Its o'er the hills and far away,
The wind has blawn my plaid away.

Now Jocky was a bonny lad,
 As e'er was born in Scotland fair;
 But now, poor man, he's e'en gane wood,
 Since Jenny has gart him despair.

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Young Jocky was a piper's son,
 And fell in love when he was young;
 But a' the springs that he cou'd play,
 Was *o'er the hills and far away,*
 And *it's o'er the hills, &c.*

He sung—when first my Jenny's face
 I saw, she seem'd sae fu' of grace,
 With meikle joy my heart was fill'd,
 That's now alas! with sorrow kill'd.
 Oh! was she but as true as fair,
 'Twad put an end to my despair.
 Instead of that she is unkind,
 And wavers like the winter-wind.
 And *its o'er the hills, &c.*

Ah! cou'd she find the dismal wae,
 That for her sake I undergae,
 She cou'd nae chuse but grant relief,
 And put an end to a' my grief:
 But oh! she is as fause as fair,
 Which causes a' my sighs and care;
 But she triumphs in proud disdain,
 And takes a pleasure in my pain.
 And *its o'er the hills, &c.*

Hard was my hap, to fa, in love
 With ane that does sae faithle's prove
 Hard was my fate to cou't a maid,
 That has my constant heart betray'd.
 A thousand times to me she sware,
 She wad be true for evermair;
 But, to my grief, alaike, I say,
 She staw my heart and ran away,
 And *it's o'er the hills, &c.*

Since that she will nae pity take,
 I maun gae wander for her sake,
 And, in ilk wood and gloomy grove
 I'll sighing sing, Adieu to love,

Since

Since she is fause whom I adore,
 I'll never trust a woman more ;
 Frae a' their charms I'll flee away
 And on my pipe I'll sweetly play,
O'er hills and dales and far away,
Out o'er the hills and far away,
Out o'er the hills and far away,
The wind has blawn my plaid away.

Jenny Nettles.

SA W ye Jenny Nettles,
 Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,
 Saw ye Jenny Nettles.

Comin' frae the market;
 Bag and baggage on her back,
 Her fee and bountith in her lap;
 Bag and baggage on her back,
 And a babie in her oxter.

I met ayont the kairny,
 Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,
 Singing till her bairny,
 Robin rattles's bastard;
 To flee the dool upo' the stool,
 And ilka ane that mocks her,
 She round about seeks Robin out,
 To stap it in his oxter.

Fy, fy! Robin Rattle.
 Robin Rattles, Robin Rattle;
 Fy, fy! Robin Rattle,
 Use Jenny Nettle kindly:
 Score out the blame, and shun the shame,
 And without mair debate o't,
 Take hame your wain, make Jenny fain,
 The leel and leesomegate o't.

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Jocky's fou and Jenny's fain.

Jocky fou, Jenny fain,
 Jenny was nae ill to gain,
 She was couthy, he was kind,
 And thus the wooer tell'd his mind.

Jenny I'll nae mair be nice,
 Gi'e me love at ony price;
 I winna prig for red or whyt,
 Love alane can gi'e delyt.

Others seek they kenna what,
 In looks, in carriage, and a' that;
 Give me love for her I court:
 Love in love makes a' the sport.

Colours mingl'd unco fine,
 Common motives long finfyne.
 Never can engage my love,
 Until my fancy first approve.

It is na meat but appetite
 That makes our eating a delyt;
 Beauty is at best deceit;
 Fancy only kens nae cheat,

Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

When Phoebus bright, the azure skies
 With golden rays enlightneth,
 He makes all nature's beauties rise,
 Herbs, trees and flowers he quickneth:
 Amongst all those he makes his choice,
 And with delight goes thorow,
 With radiant beams and silver streams,
 Are Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

When

When Aries the day and night
 In equal length divideth,
 Auld frosty Saturn takes his flight,
 Nae langer he abideth :
 Then Flora queen, with mantle green,
 Casts aff her former sorrow,
 And vows to dwell with Ceres sell
 In Leader Haughs and Yarrow,

Pan playing on his aiten reed,
 And shepherds him attending,
 Do here resort their flocks to feed,
 The hills and haughs commending ;
 With cur and kent upon the bent,
 Sing to the sun, Good morrow.
 And swear nae fields mair pleasures yield,
 Than Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

An house their stands on Leader side,
 Surmounting my describing,
 With rooms sae rare, and windows fair
 Like Dedalus' contriving :
 Men passing by, do aften cry,
 In sooth it hath nae marrow ;
 It stands as sweet on Leader side,
 As Newark does on Yarrow.

A mile below wha lists to ride,
 They'll hear the mavis singing ;
 Into St. Leonard's banks she'll bide,
 Sweet birks her head o'er hinging :
 The lintwhite loud, and progne proud,
 With tuneful throats and narrow,
 Into St Leonard's banks they sing,
 As sweetly as in Yarrow,

The lapwing lilteth o'er the lee,
 With nimble wing she sporteth,
 But vows she'll flee far frae the tree
 Where Philomel resorteth :

By break of day, the lark can say,
 I'll bid you a good morrow,
 I'll streek my wing, and mounting sing,
 O'er Leader haughs and Yarrow.

Park, Wantan-waws, and Wooden-cleugh,
 The east and western Mainfes,
 The wood of Lauder's fair enough,
 The corns are good in Blainshes,
 Where aits are fine, and seld be kind,
 That if ye searh all thorow
 Mearns, Buchan, Mar, nane better are
 Than Leader haughs and Yarrow.

In Burn Milk-bog and Whiteslade shaws,
 The fearful hare she haunteth,
 Brig-haugh and Braidwoodsheil she knaws,
 And Chapel-wood frequenteth:
 Yet when she irks, to Kaidfly birks
 She rins and sighs for sorrow,
 That she shou'd leave sweet Leader Haughs,
 And cannot win to Yarrow.

What sweeter musick wad ye hear,
 Than hounds and beigles crying?
 The started hare rins hard with fear,
 Upon her speed relying.
 But yet her strength, it ails at length,
 Nae bielding can she borrow
 In forrel's field, Cleckman or Hag's,
 And sighs to be in Yarrow,

For Rockwood, Ringwood, Spoty, Shag,
 With sight and scent pursue her,
 Till ah! her pith begins to flag,
 Nae cunning can rescue her.
 O'er dub and dyke, o'er seugh and fyke,
 She'll rin the fields all thorow,
 'Till fail'd she fa's in Leader Haughs,
 And bids farewell to Yarrow.

Sing Erffington and Cowdenknows
 Where Homes had anes commanding;
 And Drygrange with thy milk-white ewes,
 'Twixt Tweed and Leader standing:
 The birds that flees throw Reedpath trees
 And Gledfwood banks ilk morrow,
 May chant and sing, Sweet Leader Haughs,
 And bonny howms of Yarrow.

But minstrel Burn cannot affwage
 His grief, while life endureth,
 To see the changes of this age,
 That fleeting time procureth;
 For mony a place stands in hard case,
 Where blyth fowk kend nae sorrow,
 With Homes that dwelt on Leader side,
 And Scots that dwelt on Yarrow

For the sake of somebody

FOR the sake of somebody,
 For the sake of somebody
 I cou'd wake a winter-night,
 For the sake of somebody:
 I am gawn to seek a wife,
 I am gawn to buy a plaidy;
 I have three stane of woo,
 Carling, is thy daughter ready?
For the sake of somebody, &c.

Betty, lassy, say't thy fell,
 Tho' thy dame be ill to shoo,
 First we'll buckle, then we'll tell,
 Let her flyte and syne come too:
 What signifies a mither's gloom,
 When love in kisses come in play?
 Shou'd we wither in our bloom,
 And in simmer mak nae hay?
For the sake &c.

SHE

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SHE.

Bonny lad, I carena by,
 Tho' I try my luck with thee,
 Since ye are content to tye
 The haff-mark bridal band wi' me;
 I'll slip hame and wash my feet,
 And steal on linnings fair and clean,
 Syne at the tryisting place we'll meet,
 To do but what my dame has done.
For the sake, &c.

HE.

Now my lovely Betty gives
 Consent in sick a heartsome gate,
 It me frae a my care relieves,
 And doubts that gart me aft look blate;
 Then let us gang and get the grace,
 For they that have an appetite
 Shou'd eat;—And lovers shou'd embrace;
 If these be faults, 'tis nature's wyte.
For the sake, &c.

Norland Jocky and Southland Jenny.

A Southland Jenny that was right bonny,
 Had for a suitor a norland Johny;
 But he was sican a bathfu' wooer,
 That he cou'd scarcely speak unto her.
 Till blinks of her beauty, and hopes o'her filler,
 Forc'd him at last to tell his mind till her.
 My dear, quoth he, we'll nae langer tarry,
 Gin ye can loo me, let's o'er the march, and marry.

SHE.

Come, come away, then my norland laddie,
 Tho' we gang neatly, some are mair gaudy;
 And albeit I have neither gowd nor money,
 Come, and I'll ware my beauty on thee.

HE.

Ye lasses of the south, ye'r'a' for dressing;
 Lasses of the north, mind milking and threshing;

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My

H E

My minny wad be angry, and sae wad my dady,
 Shou'd I marry ane as dink as a lady.
 For I maun hae a wife that will rise in the morning
 Cradle a' the milk, and keep the house a scauldin',
 Toolie with her nibours, and learn at my minny,
 A norland Jocky maun hae a norland Jenny.

S H E.

My father's only daughter and twentythousandpound
 Shall never be bestow'd on sic a silly clown;
 For a' that I said was to try what was in ye.
 Gae hame, ye norland Jock, and court your norland
 Jenny.

The auld yellow hair'd Laddie.

THE yellow hair'd laddie sat down on yon brae,
 Cries, Milk the ews, lassie, let nane of them gae;
 And ay she milked, and ay she sang,
The yellow hair'd laddie shall be my goodman.
And ay she milked, &c.

The weather is cauld, and my claithing is thin;
 The ews are new clipped, they winna bught in:
 They winna bught in tho' I shou'd die,
 O yellow hair'd laddie, be kind to me:
They winna bught in, &c.

The goodwife cries butt the house, Jenny, come ben
 The cheefe is to mak, and the butter's to kirn,
 Tho' butter, and cheefe, and a shou'd four,
 I'll crack and kifs wi' my love ae haff hour;
 It's ae haff hour, and we's e'en mak it three,
 For the yellow hair'd laddie my husband shall be.

S O N G.

To the tune of, Booth's Minuet.

FAir, sweet and young, receive a prize,
 Reserv'd for your victorious eyes:

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From crowds whom at your feet you see,
Oh! pity, and distinguish me.

No graces can your form improve;
But all are lost unless you love:
If that dear passion you disdain,
Your charms and beauty are in vain.

*Part of an Epilogue sung after the acting of
the Orphan and Gentle Shepherd in Tay-
lors-hall, by a set of young Gentlemen,
January 22, 1729.*

Tune, *Bessy Bell*.

THUS let us study night and day,
To fit us for our station,
That when we're men we parts may play
Are useful to our nation.
For now's the time, when we are young,
To fix our views on merit,
Water its buds, and make the tongue
And action suit the spirit.

This all the fair and wise approve,
We know it by our smiling,
And while we gain respect and love,
Our studies are not toiling.
Such application gives delight,
And in the end proves gainful,
Tho' many a dark and lifeless wight
May think it hard and painful.

Then never let us think our time
And care, when thus employed,
Are thrown away, but deem't a crime,
When youth's by sloth destroyed;
'Tis only active souls can rise
To fame and all that's splendid,

E e 2

And

And favour in these conquering eyes,
'Gainst whom no heart's defended,

The Generous Gentleman. A SANG.

To the tune of, *The bonny Lass of Branksome*

AS I came in by Tiviot-side,
And by the braes of Branksome,
There first I saw my bonny bride,
Young, smiling, sweet and handfom ;
Her skin was faster than the down,
And white as alabaster ;
Her hair a shining wavy brown ;
In straightness nane surpast her.

Life glow'd upon her lip and cheek,
Her clear een were surprising,
And beautifully turn'd her neck,
Her little breasts just rising :
Nae silken hose, with gooshets fine,
Or shoon with glancing laces,
On her fair leg, forbad to shine,
Well shapen native graces,

Ae little coat, and bodice white,
Was sum of a' her claithing ?
Even these o'er mickle ;—mair delyte
She'd given cled wi' naithing
She lean'd upon a flowry brae,
By which a burny trotted ;
On her I glower'd my faul away,
While on her sweets I doated.

A thousand beauties of desert
Before had scarce alarm'd me,
'Till this dear artless struck my heart,
And but designing, charm'd me.
Hurry'd by love close to my breast,
I grasp'd this fund of blisses ;

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Wha smil'd, and said, Without a priest,
Sir, hope for nought but kisses.

I had nae heart to do her harm,
And yet I coudna want her;
What she demanded, ilka charm
Of her's pled, I shou'd grant her.
Since heaven had dealt to me a rowth,
Straight to the kirk I led her,
There plighted her my faith and trowth,
And a young lady made her.

The happy Clown.

HOW happy is the rural crown,
Who, far remov'd from noise of town,
Contemns the glory of a rown,
And in his safe retreat,
Is pleas'd with his low degree,
Is rich in decent poverty,
From strife from care and bus'ness free,
At once baith good and great?

No drums disturb his morning sleep,
He fears no danger of the deep,
Nor noisy law, nor courts ne'er heap
Vexation on his mind:
No trumpets rouse him to the war,
No hopes can bribe, no threats can dare;
From state intrigues he holds afar,
And liveth unconfin'd.

Like those in golden ages born,
He labours gently to adorn
His small paternal fields of corn,
And on their product feeds:
Each season of the wheeling year,
Industrious he improves with care;
And still some ripened fruits appear,
So well his toil succeeds

Now by a silver stream he lies,
 And angles with his baits and flies,
 And next the silvan scence he tries,
 His spirits to regal :
 Now from the rock or height he views
 His fleecy flock, or teeming cows,
 Then tunes his reed, or tries his muse,
 That waits his honest call.

Amidst his harmless easy joys,
 No care his peace of mind destroys,
 Nor does he pass away his time in toys
 Beneath his just regard :
 He's fond to feel the zephyr's breeze,
 To plant and sined his tender trees ;
 And for attending well his bees,
 Enjoys the sweet reward.

The flowry meads, and silent coves,
 The scenes of faithful rural loves,
 And warbling birds on blooming groves,
 Afford a wish'd delight :
 But O ! how pleasant is this life ?
 Blest with a chaste and virtuous wife,
 And children prattling, void of strife,
 Around his fire at night.

Willy was a wanton wag.

Willy was a wanton wag,
 The blytheft lad that e'er I saw,
 At bridals still be bore the brag,
 And carried ay the gree awa :
 His doublet was of Zetland shag,
 And wow ! but Willy he was braw,
 And at his shoulder hang a tag,
 That pleas'd the lasses best of a'.

He was a man without a clag,
 His heart was frank without a flaw ;

And

And ay whatever Willy said,
 It was still hadden as a law,
 His boots they were made of the jag,
 When he went to the weapon-shaw,
 Upon the green nane durst him brag,
 The feind a ane amang them a'.

And was not Willy well worth gowd?
 He wan the love of great and sma';
 For after he the bride had kifs'd,
 He kifs'd the lasses hale-fale a'.
 Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,
 When be the hand he led them a',
 And smack on smack on them bestow'd,
 By virtue of a standing law.

And was nae Willy a great lown,
 As thyre a lick as e'er was seen?
 When he danc'd with the lasses round,
 The bridegroom speer'd where he had been,
 Quoth Willy, I've been at the ring,
 With bobbing, faith my shanks are fair:
 Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,
 For Willy he dow do nae mair.

Then rest ye, Willy, I'll gae out,
 And for a wee fill up the ring.
 But, shame light on his souple snout.
 He wanted Willy's wanton fling,
 Then straight he to the bride did fare,
 Says, well's me on your bonny face,
 With bobbing Willy's shanks are fair,
 And I am come to fill his place.

Bridegroom, she says, you'll spoil the dance,
 And at the ring you'll ay be lag,
 Unless like Willy ye advance;
 (O! Willy has a wanton leg)
 For we't he learns us a' to steer,
 And foremost ay bears up the ring;

We will find nae sick dancing here,
If we want Willy's wanton sing.

*Celia's Reflections on herself for slighting
Philander's Love.*

To the tune of, *The gallant Shoe-maker.*

YOUNG Philander woo'd me lang,
But I was peevish, and forbad him;
I wadna tent his loving sang.

But now I wish, I wish I had him :
Ilk morning when I view my glass,
Then I perceive my beauty going ;
And when the wrinkles seize the face,
Then we may bid adieu to wooing.

My beauty, anes so much admir'd,
I find it fading fast, and flying ;
My cheeks, which coral like appear'd
Grow pale, the broken blood decaying :
Ah ! we may see ourselves to be
Like summer fruit that is unshaken,
When ripe, they soon fall down and die,
And by corruption quickly taken.

Use then your time, ye virgins fair,
Employ your day before 'tis evil ;
Fifteen is a season rare,
But five and twenty is the devil.
Just when ripe, consent unto't,
Hug nae mair your lanely pillow ;
Women are like other fruit,
They lose their relish when too mellow

If opportunity be lost,
You'll find it hard to be regained ;
Which now I may tell to my cost,
Tho' but my sell nane can be blamed :

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If then your fortune you respect,
 Take the occasion when it offers;
 Nor a true lover's suit neglect,
 Lest you be scoff'd for being scoffers.

I, by his fond expressions; thought
 That in his love he'd ne'er prove changing:
 But now, alas! 'tis turn'd to nought,
 And, past my hope, he's gane a ranging.
 Dear maidens, then take my advice,
 And let na coyness prove your ruin;
 For if ye be o'er foolish nice.
 Your suiters will give over wooing,

Then maidens auld you nam'd will be,
 And in that fretfu' rank be number'd
 As lang as life; and when ye die,
 With leading apes be ever cumber'd:
 A punishment, and hated brand,
 With which nane of us are contented;
 Then be not wise behind the hand,
 That the mistake may be prevented.

*The young Ladies Thanks to the Repenting
 Virgin, for her seasonable Advice.*

O Virgin kind! we canna tell
 How many many thanks we owe you,
 For pointing out to us sae well
 These very rocks that did o'erthrow you;
 And we your lesson sae shall mind,
 That e'en tho' a' our kin had swore it,
 E'er we shall be an hour behind,
 We'll take a year or twa before it.

We'll catch all winds blaw in our sails,
 And still keep out our flag and pinnet;
 If young Philander anes affails
 To storm love's fort, then he shall win it:
 We may indeed, for modesty,

Pre-

Present our forces for resistance;
But we shall quickly lay them by
And contribute to his assistance.

The Step Daughter's Relief.

To the tune of, *The Kirk wad let me be,*

I Was anes a well tocher'd lass,
My mither left dollars to me;
But now I'm brought to a poor pass
My step-dame has gart them flee,
My father he's aften frae hame,
And she plays the deel with his gear;
She neither has lateth nor shame,
And keeps the hale house in a steer.

She's barmy-fac'd, thriftless and bauld,
And gars me aft fret and repine;
While hungry, haff-naked and cauld,
I see her destroy what's mine:
But soon I might hope a revenge,
And soon of my sorrows be free,
My poortith to plenty wad change,
If she were hung up on a tree.

Quoth Ringan, wha lang time had loo'd
This bonny lass tenderly,
I'll take thee, sweet May, in thy snood,
Gif thou wilt gae hame with me.
'Tis only your fell that I want,
Your kindness is better to me
Than a' that your step-mother, scant
Of grace, now has taken frae thee.

I'm but a young farmer its true,
And ye are the sprout of a laird;
But I have milk-cattle enow,
And rowth of good rucks in my yard;

Ye fall have naithing to fath ye,
 Sax servants fall jouk to thee :
 Then kilt up thy coat, my lassie,
 And gae thy ways hame with me.

The maiden her reason imployed,
 Not thinking the offer amiss,
 Consented ; —while Ringan o'erjoy'd,
 Recciv'd her with mony a kiss.
 And now she sits blythly singan,
 And joking her drunken step-dame,
 Delighted with her dear Ringan,
 That makes her good-wife at hame.

The G A R L A N D,

I.

THE pride of ev'ry grove I chose,
 The violet sweet, and lilly fair,
 The dappl'd pink, and blushing rose,
 To deck my charming Cloe's hair.

II.

At morn the nymph vouchsaf't to place
 Upon her brow the various wreath ;
 The flow'rs less blooming than her face
 The scent less fragrant than her breath.

III.

The flow'rs she wore along the day ;
 And ev'ry nymph and shepherd said,
 Then in her hair they lookt more gay,
 Than glowing in their native bed.

IV.

Undrest at evening, when she found
 Their odours lost, their colours past ;
 She chang'd her look, and on the ground
 Her garland and her eye she cast.

V.

That eye dropt sense distinct and clear,
 As any muse's tongue cou'd speak ;

When from it's lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous Check.

VI,

Dissembling what I knew too well,
My love, my life, said I, explain
This change of humour : pr'ythee tell :
That falling tear— -What does it mean?

VII.

She sigh; she smil'd : and to the flow'rs
Pointing, the lovely moralist said :
See ! friend, in some few fleeting hours,
See yonder, what a change is made

VIII.

Ah me ! the blooming pride of May,
And that of beauty are but one :
At morn both flourish bright and gay,
Both fade at evening, pale, and gone.

IX.

At dawn poor Stella danc'd and fung;
The am'rous youth around her bow'd :
At night her fatal knell was rung ;
I saw, and kiss'd her in her shroud.

X.

Such as she is, which dy'd to day,
Such I, alas ! may be to morrow :
Go, Damon, bid thy muse display
The justice of thy Cloe's sorrow.

A Marriage S O N G.

BEAUTY and vigour have conspir'd
To meet in pleasure's main together
Sure Venus never can be tir'd
While pow'rful Mars directs the rudder.

Push on, push on, ye happy pair !
Push on, nor ly a moment idle !
Push till the muggles seize the fair,
And the unruly breaks his bridle.

Go emulate on yonder hutt'

The little male and female sparrow,
Till one complains a ruin'd butt,
And t' other points a pithless arrow.

Restrain not the prime joys of earth,
Let pleasure flow with mutual fury,
The skilful Esculape * of Perth,
Can fill again your tubes and cure you.

J O C K E Y.

I'LL sing of my lover all night and all day,
He's ever good natur'd frolicksome and gay ;
His voice is as sweet as the Nightingale's lay,
And well on the bag-pipe my shepherd can play
And a bonny young lad is my Jocky,
And a bonny young lad is my Jocky.

He tells me he loves me, I'm witty and fair,
He praises my eyes, my lips and my hair ;
Rose violets nor lillies with me can compare
If this be to flatter, 'tis pretty I swear.
And a bonny, &c.

He kneels at my feet, and with many a sigh
He cries, O my dear, will you never comply
If you mean to destroy me, why say it I'll die,
I tremble all over, and answered, Not I.
And a bonny, &c.

Around the tall May-pole he dances so neat,
And sonnets of love my dear boy can repeat ;
He's constant he's valiant, he's mild and discreet,
His looks are so kind and his kisses so sweet.
And a bonny &c.

F f

At

* Mr. Smith at Perth Surgeon,

At Eve', when the sun sinks repos'd in the west,
 And May's tuneful Chorists all skim to their nest,
 When I meat on the plain the dear lad I love best,
 My heart is just ready to burst from my breast.

And a bonny &c.

O see how the meadows are moist'ned with dew,
 O come my dear shepherd, I wait but for you,
 Let us live for each other, both constant and true,
 And taste of these raptures no monarch e'er knew.

And a bonny &c.

S O N G.

Will you go and marry, Kitty ?
 Can you think to take a man ?

'Tis a pity one so pretty

Should not do the thing they can.

You, a charming lovely creature,

Wherefore should you lie alone ?

Beauty's of a fading nature,

Has a season to be gone.

Therefore while you're blooming, Kitty,

Listen to a loving swain.

Take example by fair Betty,

Once the darling of the men ;

Who, with coy and fickle nature,

Trifled off till she's grown old,

Now she's left by every creature ;

Let not this of thee be told.

But, my dear and lovely Kitty,

This one thing I have to tell,

I could wish no man to get you,

Save it were my very sel.

Take me, Kitty, at my offer,

Or be-had, and I'll take you :

We's mak nae din about your tocher !

Marry, Kitty, then we'll woo.

Many

Many words are needless, Kitty,
 You do want, and so do I;
 If you would a man should get you,
 Then I can that want supply :
 Say then, Kitty say you'll take me,
 As the very choice of men,
 Neverafter to forsake me,
 And the priest shall say Amen.

Then, O ! then, my charming Kitty,
 When we're marry'd, what comes then ?
 Then no other man can get you,
 But you'll be my very ain :
 Then we'll kiss and clap at pleasure,
 Nor be troubled at envy ;
 If once I had my lovely treasure,
 Let the rest admire and die.

S O N G.

AT St Osyth by the mill
 There lives a lovely lass ;
 O, had I her good-will,
 How gayly life would pass !
 No bold intruding care
 My bliss should e'er annoy ;
 Her smiles would kill despair,
 And brighten ev'ry joy.

Like nature's rural scene,
 Her artless beauties charm ;
 Like them, with joys serene.
 Our wishing hearts they warm.
 Her wit, with sweetness crown'd,
 Steals every sense away ;
 The list'ning swains around
 Forget the short'ning day.

Health, freedom, wealth, and ease,
 Without her, tasteless are ;

F f 2

She

She makes them pow'r to please,
 And makes them worth our care.
 Is there, ye fates, a bliss
 Reserv'd, my future share?
 Indulgent hear my wish,
 And grant it all in her.

S O N G.

Welcome, welcome, brother debtor,
 To this poor, but merry place,
 Where no bailiff dun, nor setter,
 Dare to shew his frightful face:
 But, kind Sir, as you're a stranger,
 Down your garnish you must lay,
 Or your coat will be in danger;
 You must either strip or pay.

Ne'er repine at your confinement,
 From your children, or your wife;
 Wisdom lies in true resignation,
 Through the various scenes of life.
 Scorn to shew the least resentment,
 Though beneath the frowns of fate;
 Knaves and beggars find contentment,
 Fears and cares attend the great.

Though our creditors are spiteful,
 And restrain our bodies here,
 Use will mak a goal delightful,
 Since there's nothing else to fear.
 Ev'ry island's but a prison,
 Strongly guarded by the sea;
 Kings and princes, for that reason,
 Pris'ners are as well as we.

Pray what made great Alexander
 Weep at his unfriendly fate?
 'Twas because he could not wander
 Beyond the world's strong prison-gate.

For

For the world is also bounded,
 By the heav'ns and stars above;
 Why should we then be confounded,
 Since there's nothing free but Jove?

Tune, Alloa-house.

MY time, O ye muses, was happily spent,
 When Phebe went with me where-ever I went;
 Ten thousand sweet pleasures I felt in my breast;
 Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest:
 But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
 What a marvellous change on a sudden I find!
 When things were as fine as could possibly be,
 I thought 'twas the spring; but, alas! it was she.

With such a companion, to tend a few sheep.
 To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep;
 I was so good-humour'd, so chearful and gay,
 My heart was as light as a feather all day:
 But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,
 So strangely uneasy as never was known:
 My fair-one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd,
 And my heart—I am sure, it weighs more than a
 (pound.

The fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
 And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among,
 Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phebe was there,
 'Twas pleasure to look at, 'twas music to hear:
 But now she is absent, I walk by its side,
 And still, as it murmurs, do nothing but chide;
 Must you be so chearful, while I go in pain?
 Peace then with your bubbling, and hear me complain.

When my lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
 And when Phebe and I were as joyful as they,
 How pleasant their sporting, how happy the time,
 When spring, love, and beauty were all in their prime!

But now, in their frolicks, when by me they pass,
 I fling at their fleeces a hand of grass ;
 Be still then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
 To see you so merry, while I am so sad.

My dog I was ever well pleased to see,
 Come wagging his tail to my fair-one and me ;
 And Phebe was pleas'd too, and to my dog said,
 Come hither, poor fellow, and patted his head :
 But now, when he's fawning, I with a frow look
 Cry, Sirrah, and give him a blow with my crook ;
 And I'll give him another ; for why should not Tray
 Be as dull as his master, when Phebe's away ?

When walking with Phebe, what sights have I seen ?
 How fair was the flower, how fresh was the green ?
 What a lovely appearance the trees and the shade,
 The corn-fields and hedges, and every thing made ?
 But now she has left me, though all are still there,
 They none of them now so delightful appear ;
 'Twas nought but the magic, I find, of her eyes,
 Made so many beautiful prospects arise,

Sweet music went with us both, all the wood thro',
 The lark, linnet, thrush, and nightingale too ;
 Winds over us whisper'd, flocks by us did bleat,
 And chirp went the grasshopper under our feet :
 But now she is absent, tho' still they sing on,
 The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone ;
 Her voice in the consort, as now I have found,
 Gave every thing else its agreeable sound.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue ?
 And where is the violet's beautiful blue ?
 Does ought of their sweetness the blossoms beguile ?
 That meadows, those daisies, why do they not smile !
 Ah rivals, I see why it was that you dress'd,
 And made yourselves fine ; for a place in her breast ;
 You put on your colours to pleasure her eye,
 To be pluck'd by her hand, on her bosom to die.

How

How slowly time creeps till my Phebe return,
 While amidst the soft Zephyr's cool breezes I burn ?
 Methinks, if I knew wher about he would tread,
 I could breathe on his wings, and 'twould melt down
 (the lead.

Fly swifter, ye minutes, bring hither my dear,
 And rest so much longer for't when she is here,
 Ah ! Colin, old time is yet full of delay,
 Nor will budge one foot faster for all thou canst say.

Will no pitying pow'r, that hears me complain,
 Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain ?
 To be cur'd, thou must, Colin, thy passion remove.
 But what swain is so silly as to live without love ?
 No deity bids the dear nymph to return,
 Though ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.
 Ah ! what shall I do ! I shall die with despair !
 Take heed, all ye swains, how you love one so fair.

The charms of lovely Peggy.

ONCE more, I'll tune the vocal shell,
 To hills and dales my passion tell,
 A flame which time can never quell,
 But burns for thee my Peggy :
 Yet greater bard the lyre should hit,
 For say what subject is more fit ?
 Than to record the sparkling wit,
 And bloom of lovely Peggy.

The sun first rising in the morn,
 That paints the dewy spangling thorn,
 Does not so much the day adorn
 As does my lovely Peggy :
 And when in Thetis lap to rest,
 He streaks with gold the ruddy west,
 He's not so beautilous as undrest,
 Appears my lovely Peggy.

When

When Zephers on the violets blow,
 Or breaths upon the damask rose
 He does not half the sweets disclose,
 As does my lovely Peggy
 I stole a kiss the other day,
 And trust me nought but truth I say,
 The fragrant breath of blooming May,
 Is not so sweet as Peggy.

Were she array'd in rustick weed
 With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
 And pipe upon my oaten reed,
 To please my lovely Peggy,
 With her a cottage would delight,
 All's happy when she's in my sight,
 And when she's gone its endless night,
 All's dark without my Peggy.

While bees from flower to flower shall rove,
 And linnets warble thro' the grove,
 Or stately swan the water love,
 So long as I love Peggy.
 And when death with his pointed dart,
 Shall strike the blow that breaks my heart
 My word shall be when I depart,
 adieu! my lovely Peggy.

S O N G.

Kitty, tender, gay, and blooming,
 Lover! wouldst thou hope to gain?
 Warmly court, grow more presuming,
 Maids despise the bashful swain.
 When she's coldest, press her boldest;
 Fondly seize her, clasp her, squeeze her,
 Kiss her lips, her neck, her breasts,
 And you'll soon, you'll soon be blest, &c.
 But if after ev'ry trial,

Every

Every proof of tender art,
 She, with coldness and denial,
 Still proves coy, and mocks your smart,
 Cease dull whining, moping, pining,
 Vex her, grieve her, slight her, leave her,
 Stamp, frown, swear, and bid adieu,
 Cease to court,—and she'll court you, &c.

A S O N G.

O Say ! what is that thing call'd *light*.
 Which I can ne'er enjoy ?
 What is the blessing of the sight ?
 O tell your poor blind boy.

You talk of wond'rous things you see;
 You say the sun shines bright.
 I feel him warm ; but how can he
 Ere make it day or night ?

My day or night my self I make,
 Whene'er I sleep or play ;
 And could I always keep awake,
 It would be always day.

With heavy sighs, I often hear
 You mourn my hopeless woe ;
 But sure, with patience, I may bear
 A loss I ne'er can know,

Then let not what I cannot have
 My cheer of mind destroy.
 Whilst thus I sing, I am a king.
 Altho' a poor blind boy.

S O N G.

Tune, Dear Colin, prevent my warm blushes.

D Ear Jenny, your charms have undone me,
 And robb'd me of freedom and joy ;

I prithee, dear Jenny, smile on me,
 For death is my fate if you're coy.
 I prithee, dear charmer, be cautious;
 Since death is so heinous, comply,
 And torture me not with delaying,
 Since ev'ry cross jade can deny.

Nay, angel, don't fancy that nature,
 In forming you, took such delight,
 To make you the fairest in feature,
 For nought but to dazzle the sight.
 Nay, Jove, when he gave you these graces,
 Intended you solely for love,
 And made thee the fairest of lasses.
 The kindest of females to prove.

I prithee, dear Jenny, remember,
 The rose that is blooming in May
 Is faded and shrunk in September,
 And thrown disregarded away.
 'Tis so with the peevish young charmer,
 That takes at her lover distaste,
 And trifles till thirty does arm her,
 And so dies a maid at the last.

S O N G.

She. **A**ND canst thou leave thy Nancy,
 And quit thy native shore?
 It comes into my fancy,
 I ne'er shall see thee more,

He. Yes, I must leave my Nancy,
 To humble haughty Spain;
 Let fears ne'er fill thy fancy,
 For we shall meet again.

She. Amidst the foaming billows,
 Where thun'dring cannons rore,

You'll

You'll think on these green willows,
And wish yourself on shore.

He. I fear no land nor water,
I fear no sword nor fire;
For sweet revenge and slaughter
Are all that I desire.

She. May guardian gods protect thee
From water, fire, and steel;
And may no fears affect thee,
Like those which now I feel.

He. I leave to Heaven's protection
My life, my only dear!
You have my sole affection,
So still conclude me here.

S O N G.

Beaunting, belling, dancing, drinking,
Breaking windows, damning, sinking,
Ever raking, never thinking,
Live the rakes at Malo.
Spending faster than it comes,
Beating bawds, whores, and duns,
Bacchus' true-begotten sons.
Live the rakes at Malo.

Sometimes nought but claret drinking,
Then, like politicians, thinking
How to raise the fund when sinking,
Live the rakes at Malo.
Sometimes flush of money store,
Then like any poet poor,
Kissing queans and then a whore,
Live the rakes at Malo.

When at home with daddy dining,
Still for Malo's waters whining,

When

When good claret is declining,
 Live the rakes at Malo.
 Living short but merry lives,
 Going where the devil drives,
 Keeping mistresses and no wives,
 Live the rakes at Malo.

Racking tenants, stewards teasing,
 Swiftly spending slowly raising,
 Wishing to spend all their days in
 Raking thus at Malo.
 Then, to end a rakish life,
 They grow sober, take a wife,
 Ever after live in strife
 With their wives at Malo.

S O N G.

TO all you laddies now at land
 We men at sea indite;
 But first would have you understand
 How hard it is to write:
 The muses now, and Neptune too,
 We must implore to write to you.
Fa, la, la, &c.

For though the muses should prove kind,
 And fill our empty brain;
 Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind,
 To wave the azure main,
 Our paper, pen and ink, and we
 Roul up and down our ships at sea.

Then if we write not ev'ry post,
 Think not we are unkind,
 Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
 By Dutchmen, or by wind;
 Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
 The tide shall bring them twice a-day.

The

The king, with wonder and surprise,
 Will swear the seas grow bold,
 Because the tides will higher rise
 Than e'er they did of old.
 But let him know it is our fears
 Brings floods of tears to Whitehall stairs.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
 Our sad and dismal story,
 The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
 And quit their fort at Goree ;
 For what resistance can they find
 From men who've left their hearts behind ?

Let wind and weather do its worst,
 Be you to us but kind ;
 Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
 No sorrow we shall find ;
 'Tis then no matter how things go,
 Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.

To pass our tedious hours away,
 We throw a merry main ;
 Or else at serious Ombre play.
 But why should we in vain
 Each other's ruin thus pursue ?
 We were undone when we left you.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
 And cast our hopes away,
 Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
 Sit careless at a play ;
 Perhaps permit some happier man
 To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.

When any mournful tune you hear,
 That dies in ev'ry note,
 And if it sigh'd with each man's care,
 For being so remote ;
 Think then, how often love we've made
 To you, when all those tunes were play'd.

In justice you cannot refuse
 To think of our distress,
 When we, for hopes of honour, lose
 Our certain happiness;
 All those designs are but to prove
 Ourselves more worthy of your love.

And now we've told you all our loves,
 And likewise all our fears :
 In hopes this declaration moves
 Some pity for our tears;
 Let's hear of no inconstancy,
 We have too much of that at sea.

A S O N G.

I'll sing to my Jenny all day and all night,
 She's always good natur'd and full of delight;
 Her looks are so pleasant, her eyes are so bright
 That I always am happy when she's in my sight:
And a beautiful girl is my Jenny.

To me Jenny's love is oft express'd,
 Of all her young gallants she loves me the best,
 Her lips I have kiss'd, and her bosom I've prest,
 She is sweeter than roses in June I protest:
And a beautiful, &c.

Of all the gay lasses that dance on the green,
 'Tis Jenny that excel for air and a mein;
 She sings like a Syren, and looks like a queen,
 And as to her age, 'tis hardly nineteen:
And a beautiful, &c.

Come hither sweet Jenny, no longer delay,
 Join hands with your Jocky, to church let's away;
 Don't trust till to morrow, be happy to day,
 And gladly the summons of Cupid obey:
 Then love shall bless Jocky and Jenny.

F I N I S.

EX

A'

Aboon,

Ae, on

Aff, off

Aften,

Aik, o

Ain, o

Aith,

Air, e

Ajee,

Alane,

Amaif

Ambr

Ane,

Anith

Awa,

Auld,

Ayont

B A

Bane,

Banno

Baps,

Bawn

Bauk,

Bedra

Beet,

Bend

Benn

Bent,

EXPLANATION

OF THE

SCOTS WORDS.

A' all.
Abeit, *albeit*.

Aboon, *above*.

Ae, *one*.

Aff, *off*.

Aften, *often*.

Aik, *oak*.

Ain, *own*.

Aith, *oath*.

Air, *early*.

Ajee, *aside*.

Alane, *alone*.

Amaist, *almost*.

Ambry, *cupboard*.

Ane, *one*.

Anither, *another*.

Awa, *away*.

Auld, *old*.

Ayont, *beyond*.

B

BA', *ball*.

Baith, *both*.

Bane, *bone*.

Bannocks, *oat-bread*.

Baps, *roll-bread*.

Bawm, *balm*.

Bauk, *bauk*.

Bedralls, *beedles*.

Beet, *to help or repair*.

Bend, *to drink*.

Bennison, *blessing*.

Bent, *the open fields*.

Bewith, *somewhat in the mean time*

Birks, *birch*.

Bigg, *build*.

Billy, *brother*.

Binding, *becking, bending*.

Blate, *bashful*.

Blaw, *blow*.

Bleeze, *blaze*.

Blink, *glance of the eye*.

Bluter, *blunder*.

Bode, *predict*.

Bodin, *stored*.

Bot or But, *without*.

Bougils, *sounding horns*.

Bountith, *a gratuity*.

Bowt, *bolt*.

Brachen, *a sort of broth*.

Brae, *rising ground*.

Brankit, *prim'd up*.

Braid, *broad*.

Brander, *a gridiron*.

Braw, *finely drest*.

Broach, *a buckle*.

Brack broken part, *or refuse*.

Brow, *the forehead*.

Bruik, *to love or enjoy*.

Bught, *sheep-fold*.

Burnist, *polished*.

Burn, *a rivulet*.

Busk, *to deck*.

Bnt

EXPLANATION of

But and ben, *be out and be in.*

Byer, *a cow-house.*

C.

CA', *call.*
 Cadgie, *cheerful.*
 Caff, *calf.* Id. *chaff*
 Canna, *cannot.*
 Canker'd, *angry.*
 Canny, *cautious, lucky.*
 Carlings, *old women.* Id. *boil'd pease.*
 Cautd, *cold.*
 Caulder, *cool, fresh.*
 Cawk, *chalk.*
 Clag, *failing or imperfection.*
 Clat, *a rake.*
 Claiths, *cloaths.*
 Clashes, *tittle tattle,*
 Clock, *a beetle.*
 Cockernony, *the hairbound up.*
 Cod, *a pillow.*
 Coft, *bought.*
 Cogg, *a wooden dish.*
 Coof, *a blockhead.*
 Coots, *joint of the ancle.*
 Courchea or Curtchea, *a handkerchief*
 Crack to boast.
 Creel, *basket or hamper.*
 Crocks, *lean sheep.*
 Croft, *corn-land*
 Crouse, *brisk, bold.*
 Crowdy-mowdy, *a sort of gruel.*

Crummy *a cows name.*
 Cunzié, *coin.*

D.

DAFFIN, *folly, wantonness.*
 Dast, *mad, foolish.*
 Dawt, *fondle, caress.*
 Dight, *to wipe.*
 Dinna, *do not.*
 Ding, *beat.*
 Dool, *trouble.*
 Dosend, *frozen, cold.*
 Dorty, *haughty.*
 Dow, *can.* Id. *dove.*
 Downa, *cannot.*
 Dowf, *spiritless.*
 Doughtna *could not.*
 Dowy, *weary, lonely.*
 Drant, *to speak slow.*
 Dramock, *cold gruel.*
 Drap, *drop.*
 Dwining, *decaying.*
 Dunting, *beating.*
 Dulce & tangle, *sea-plants*
 Durk, *a dagger.*

E.

EARD, *earth,*
 Een, *eyes.*
 Eild, *age.*
 Eith, *easy.*
 Elding, *fewel,*
 Eem, *cousin.*
 Ettle, *aim.*
 Eydent, *diligent.*

F.

FV, *fall.*
 Fadg, *a course sort*

of
 Fae,
 Fan,
 Fang
 for
 Farle
 Fash,
 Fauls
 Faut
 Fee,
 Feirs
 Fend
 Fenz
 Ferle
 Fey,
 ty
 Flee,
 Flou
 Flyt
 Fog,
 Fore
 ing
 Fout
 Frae
 Frail
 fo
 Fou

G
 m
 Gab
 han
 Gae,
 Gan
 Gar,
 Gaw

the SCOTS WORDS.

of roll-bread.
 Fac, foe.
 Fand, found.
 Fangle, Newfangle
fond of what's new.
 Farles, thin oat-cakes.
 Fash, trouble.
 Fause, false.
 Faut, fault.
 Fee, wages.
 Feirs, brothers.
 Fendy, active, industrious
 Fenzie, fain.
 Ferley, wonder.
 Fey, attended by a fatali-
 ty.
 Flee, fly.
 Flouks, flounders.
 Flyte, to scold.
 Fog, moss.
 Fore, to the fore, in be-
 ing, or lasting.
 Fouth, plenty.
 Frae, from.
 Fraising, babling with a
 foolish wonder.
 Fou or fu', full.

G.

GAB, the mouth.
 Gabocks, large
 mouthfuls.
 Gaberlunzie, a wallet that
 hangs on the side or loin.
 Gae, gave, Id. go.
 Gane, gone.
 Gar, make or cause.
 Gawsy, jolly, large.

Gate, way.
 Gawn, going.
 Gawd, gall'd. Id, good.
 Gawky, empty, foolish.
 Gawnt, to yawn.
 Geck, to flout and jeer.
 Genty, small and neat.
 Gin and gif, if.
 Glaive, a sword.
 Glakit, idle and rompiſh.
 Glee, joy.
 Glead, squinting.
 Gleen, a hollow between
 hills.
 Gloyd, an old horse.
 Glowr, to stare.
 Gowk, the cuckow. Id. a
 fool.
 Gowping, handſal.
 Graip, to grope. Id. a
 trident fork for dung.
 Graith, accoutrements.
 Grots, skinn'd oats
 Gutcher, grand-father.

H.

HA', hall.
 Hae, have.
 Haf, half.
 Haggies, a boy'd pudding
 made of a sheep's pluck
 mine'd with ſewet.
 Halucket, light-headed,
 whimsical.
 Hale, whole.
 Haly, holy.
 Hame, home.
 Hames and brechoms,

EXPLANATION of

wore about the neck of a
cart-horse.

Hawse, embrace.

Heeze, to lift.

Hecht, promised.

Heugh, any steep place.

Hode, to waddle in walk-
ing.

Hoden, coarse cloath.

Hows, hollows.

Howms, vallies on river
fides.

I.

JEE, to jee back and
again, the motion of a
balance.

Ill-fard, ill-favoured, or
ugly.

Ilka, each.

Ilka, every.

Ingle, fire.

Jo, sweet heart.

Jouk, to bow.

Irk, weary, or tired.

Irie, afraid of ghosts.

Ishogles, icicles.

Ise, I shall.

Ither, other.

K.

KAIRN, or Cairn,
heaps of monumen-
tal stones.

Kail, colwerts. Id. broth

Kame, comb.

Ke buck, a cheese.

Keek, peep.

Ken, know.

Kepp, to catch.

Kilted, tuck'd up.

Kirn, chirn.

Kimmer, a she gossip.

Kirtle, upper-petticoat.

Kurchie, handkerchief.

L.

LAG, to fall behind.

Laigh, low.

Lane, own self.

Laith, loth.

Lapperd, curdled.

Law, low.

Lawty, justice

Lave, the rest.

Lee, fallow ground.

Leesome, lovely.

Leeze me, a phrase used
when one loves or is
pleased with a person.

Leil, exact.

Leugh, laughed.

Lib, to geld.

Lilt, a tune.

Linkan, to move quickly.

Loor, rather.

Loos, loves.

Loun, a sly wench.

Lout, to bow.

Lowan, flaming.

Lown, calm.

Lucken, gathered together,
or close join'd to one a-
nother.

Lyart, hoary, or grey.

MAIK,

the SCOTS WORDS.

M.

MAIK, a mate.
 Mair, more
 Maitt, most.
 Maksna, it matters not.
 Mane, moan.
 March, limits or border
 of grounds.
 Marrow, match.
 Maun, must.
 Mawking, a hare.
 Mavis, the thrush.
 Meikle or Muckle, much.
 Meise, move.
 Mends, revenge.
 Menſe, manners. Id. to
 decorate.
 Menzie, a company or re-
 tinue.
 Milſy, a ſearch for milk.
 Mint attempt.
 Minny, mother.
 Mirk, dark.
 Mons-meg, a very
 large iron cannon in the
 caſtle of Edinburgh,
 capable of holding two
 people.
 Mou, mouth.
 Moup, to eat as wanting
 teeth.
 Mouter, the miller's toll.
 Muck, dung.
 Matches, linnen quoifs or
 hoods.

N.

NA', and Nac, no.
 none.
 Nane, none.
 Nees, noſe.
 Neiſt, next.
 Nither, ſtarve or pinch.
 Nowther, neither.

O.

OE, grand-child.
 Ony, any.
 Owrlly, a cravat.
 Owſen, oxen.
 Oxter, arm-pit.

P.

PANTREY, a buttery
 Partans, crab-fiſh.
 Pat, put.
 Pawky, cunning.
 Paunches, tripe.
 Peat-pot, peat coal-pit.
 Pibroch, a highland tune.
 Pickle, a ſmall ſhare.
 Pig, earthen pot.
 Pillar, ſtool of repentance.
 Pine, pain.
 Pith, ſtrength.
 Plet, to fold. Id. twiſt.
 Poortith, poverty.
 Pou, or Pu, pull.
 Powſowdy, ram-head ſoup
 Prig, haggle.
 Prive, to prove or taſte.

EXPLANATION of

R.

RAIR, *roar.*
 Rashes, *rushes.*
 Red up, *put in order.*
 Renzie, *rein.*
 Rever, *robber.*
 Rifarts, *radishes.*
 Rife, *plenty.*
 Riggs, *ridges.*
 Row, *roll.*
 Rowth, *wealth.*
 Rude, *cross.*
 Runkled, *wrinkled.*
 Rung, *a club.*
 Ruse or roose, *to praise.*

S.

SA E, *so.*
 Saft, *soft.*
 Sair, *fore.*
 Sawt, *salt.*
 Seim, *appearance.*
 Sell, *self.*
 Sey, *try.*
 Shanna, *shall not.*
 Shangy-mouth'd or she-
 vil-gabit, *the mouth*
 much to one side.
 Sharn, *cow-dung.*
 Shaw, *show.* Id. *a woo-*
 dy bank.
 Shoo, *a shoe.*
 Shoon, *shoes.*
 Shore, *to threaten.*
 Shire, *thin.*
 A shire lick, *a smart*
 fellow.

Sic or Sick, *such.*
 Sican, *such an one.*
 Sin or Syne, *since.*
 Sindle, *seldom.*
 Sinsyne, *since that time.*
 Skair, *share.*
 Skaith, *harm, loss.*
 Skink, *strong soup.*
 Sma', *small.*
 Snack, *smart.*
 Snaw, *snow.*
 Sneist, *to snarl.*
 Snithing, *snuff.*
 Snood, *a head-band.*
 Snug, *convenient, neat.*
 Soddan, *boil'd.*
 Sonfy, *fortunate, jolly.*
 Sowens, *a kind of sow-*
 er'd gruel, boil'd like
 paste.
 Soum, *of sheep 20.*
 Spake, *spoke.*
 Speer, *to ask.*
 Spelding, *dry'd white-*
 fish.
 Stane, *stone.*
 Starns, *stars.*
 Steck, *shut.*
 Stend, *stalk hastily.*
 Stirk, *a young bullock.*
 Stoup, *a prop.*
 Strae, *straw.*
 Streek, *stretch.*
 Stenzie, *to stain.*
 Swats, *small ale.*
 Sweer, *unwilling, lazy.*
 Swither, *in doubt.*
 Seybows, *young onions.*
 Syne, *then.*

Tac

the SCOTS WORDS.

T AE, <i>toe.</i>	Waws, <i>walls.</i>
Tald, <i>told.</i>	Wawk, <i>walk.</i> Id. <i>wake.</i>
Taiken, <i>token.</i>	Wawkriſe, <i>not inclin'd to ſleep.</i>
Tane, <i>taken.</i> Id. <i>the one.</i>	Wear in, <i>hem in.</i>
Tap, <i>top.</i>	Wee, <i>little.</i>
Tauk, <i>talk.</i>	Weind, <i>thought.</i>
Thae, <i>thoſe.</i>	Weirs, <i>wars.</i>
Tent, <i>notice.</i>	Wha, <i>who.</i>
Theyſe, <i>they ſhall.</i>	Whang, <i>a large cut.</i>
Thole, <i>to ſuffer.</i>	Whatrecks, <i>what matters it.</i>
Thowleſs, <i>ſpiritleſs.</i>	Whilk, <i>which.</i>
Thud, <i>noiſe of a ſtroke.</i>	Whinging, <i>whining.</i>
Tine, <i>loſe.</i>	Whiſht, <i>hold your peace.</i>
Tint, <i>loſt.</i>	Whillywha, <i>a cheat or bite.</i>
Titter, <i>rather.</i>	Whilks, <i>periwinkles.</i>
Tocher, <i>dowry,</i>	Win, or Won, <i>dwell.</i>
Tooly fight, <i>contend.</i>	Winna, <i>will not.</i>
Todlen, <i>a rolling ſhort ſtep.</i>	Winsome, <i>handſome.</i>
Touzle, <i>to ruffle,</i>	Wiſt, <i>known.</i>
Trig, <i>neat.</i>	Witheſhins, <i>to move contrary.</i>
Trow, <i>believe.</i>	Woo, <i>wooll.</i>
Trifte, <i>appointment.</i>	Wood, <i>mad.</i>
Twin, <i>to part from.</i>	Woody, <i>a withy.</i>

W AD, <i>would,</i>	Wow! <i>wonderful,</i> Id. <i>ab!</i>
Wae, <i>woe.</i>	Wylie, <i>cunning.</i>
Wale, <i>to chuſe the choice.</i>	Wyſon, <i>the gullet.</i>
Waen, <i>child.</i>	Wyre <i>to blame.</i>
Wallowit, <i>faded or withered.</i>	Unco, <i>very ſtranger</i>

Wan, <i>pale.</i> Id. <i>W on.</i>	Y AD, <i>a mare.</i>
Walop, <i>gallop.</i>	Yeſe, <i>ye ſhall,</i>
Wame, <i>womb, belly.</i>	Yern <i>deſire.</i>
Ware, <i>beſtow.</i>	Yeſtreen, <i>yeſternight.</i>
War, <i>worſe.</i>	
Wat, <i>know.</i>	

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